Jan. 28, 1961

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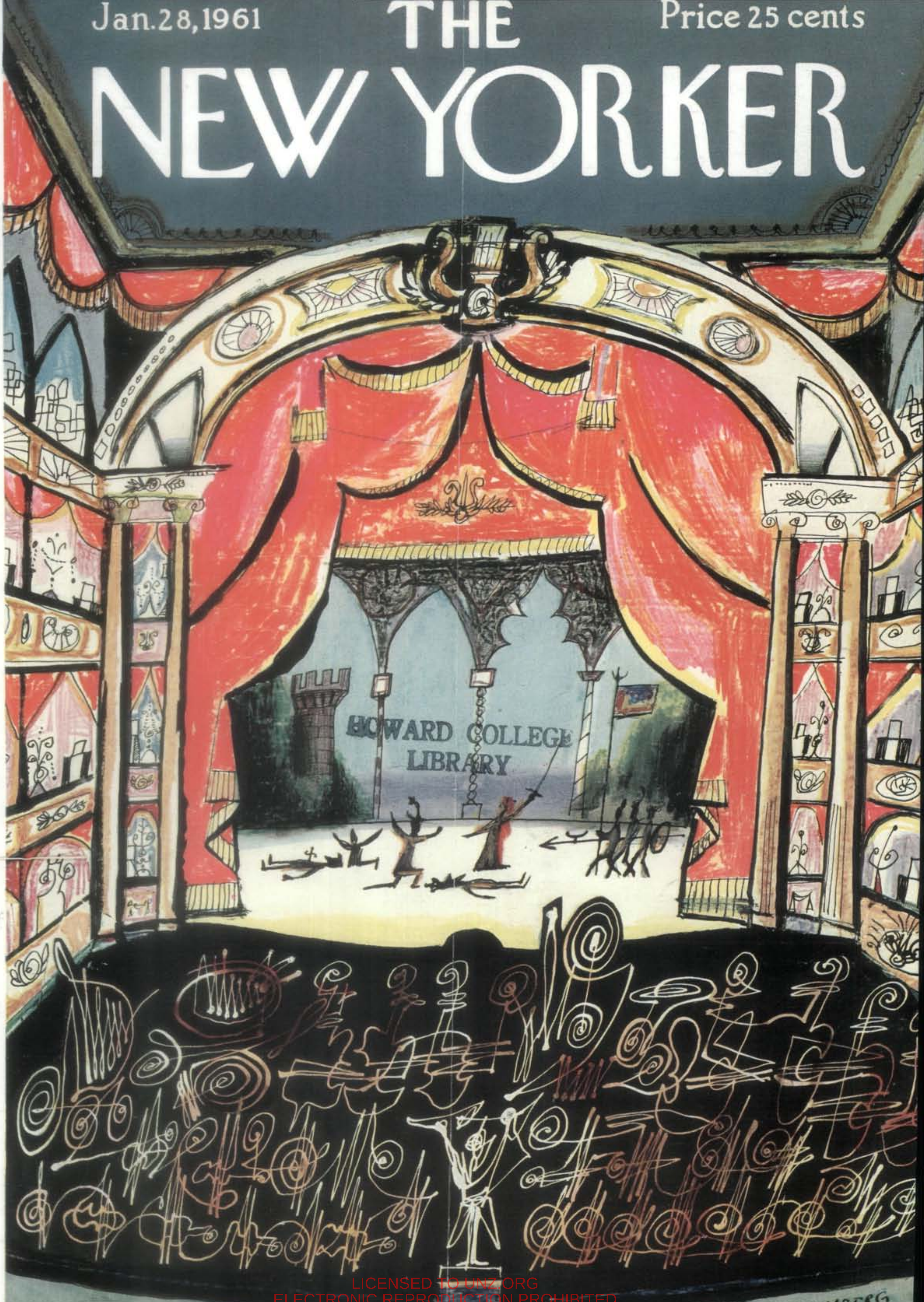
THE NEW YORKER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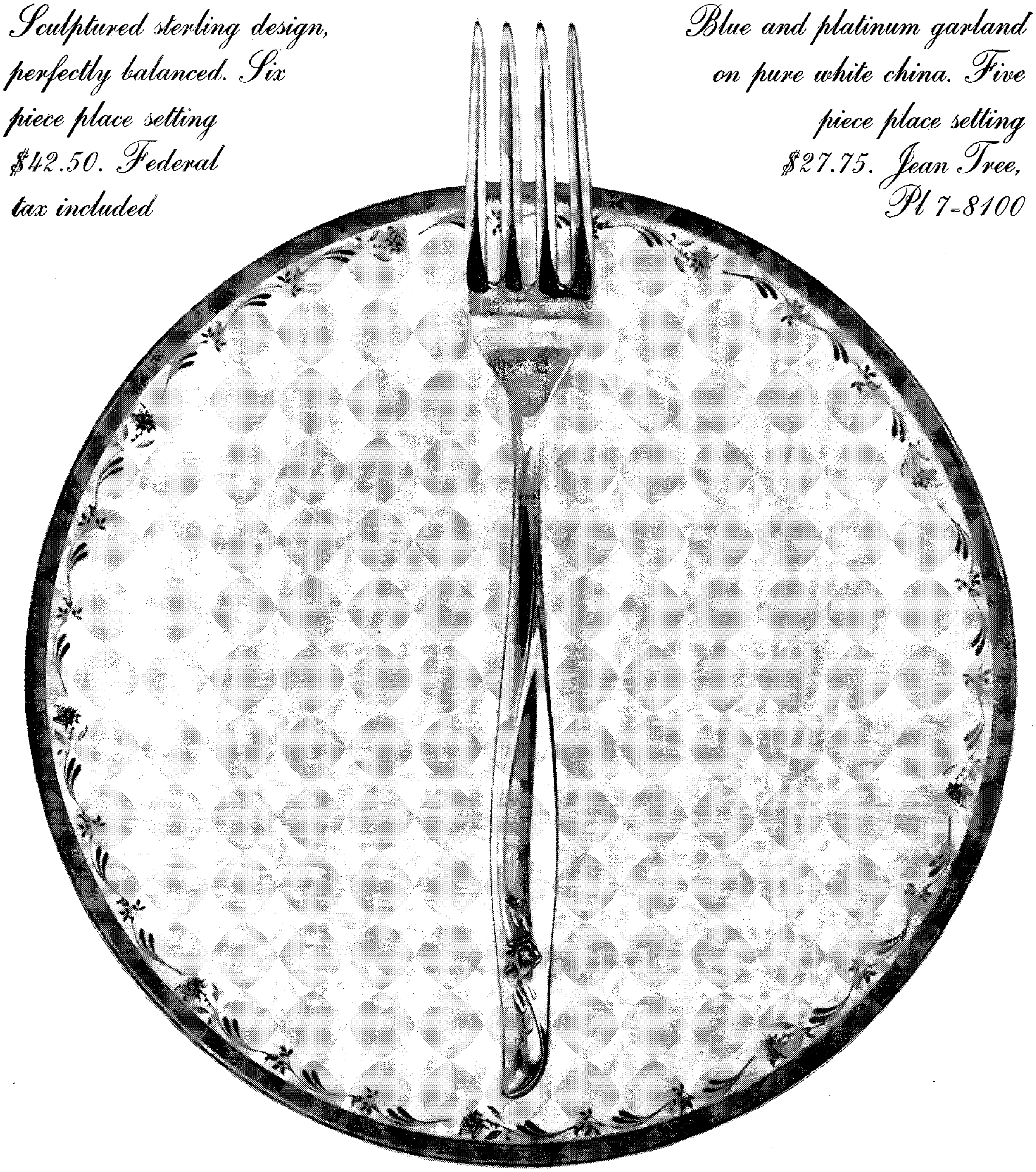

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—A melodrama about life in the governmental purlieus of Washington, where a pack of snarling senators are tearing into one another over the proposal to appoint as Secretary of State a professor who has shown leftward leanings in the past. The author, Loring Mandel (who based his play on the Allen Drury novel), has provided plenty of action, all right, but none of his characters has much depth. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy are some of the legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Becket—Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn in uneasy tandem as, respectively, the Archbishop and the Plantagenet King in Jean Anouilh's sprawling interpretation of the memorable bout between Church and State in the twelfth century. Sir Laurence plays with his usual ease and dexterity, but his style doesn't blend very well with Mr. Quinn's, which is much coarser in texture. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 29.)

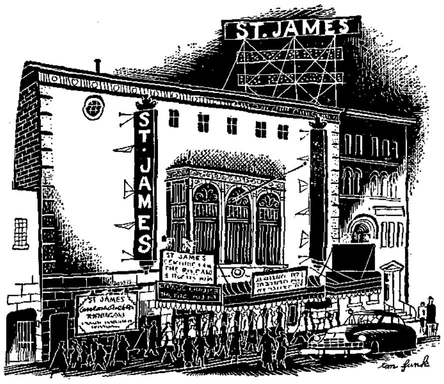
Critic's Choice—A drama reviewer, as well-heeled as a Rockefeller, finds himself at sixes and sevens because his wife has written a play that isn't any good and that integrity compels him to review. Not very brisk, although Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton do manage to give the thing a bit of life every now and then. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Invitation to a March—Confusion on the dunes of the South Shore of Long Island. As outlined by Arthur Laurents, it doesn't make for any real entertainment, although Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, James MacArthur, Eileen Heckart, and Richard Derr do their best with the gritty material. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Period of Adjustment—There are worthy performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy in this Tennessee Williams drama about the marital difficulties of two couples in the South (where else?), but the author's ideas are thin, and his style is fustian. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and comical report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach lead the cast, which is splendid, through all sorts of remarkable capers. The direction, by Joseph Anthony, is imaginative, and the translation from the French, by Derek Prouse, altogether estimable. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

A Taste of Honey—This product of the imagination of a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor—but Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Angela Lansbury, Andrew Ray, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those effectively present. However, it is Joan Plowright, in the role of the daughter, who makes the play outstanding. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A light, very light, comedy, by Lawrence Roman, concerned with a San Francisco virgin who wants to live experimentally with her sweetheart but would like to keep sex out of the arrangement. Sandra Church is sometimes amusing as this peculiar miss, and Dean Jones is adequate as her earnest boy friend. Also on hand is Gig Young, as an amorous landlord, and he is pretty funny. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Wall—An attempt, not too successful, to translate to the stage the horrible predicament of the Jews incarcerated in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. Millard Lampell adapted the play from the John Hersey novel, and among the imprisoned are George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE BEST MAN:** Gore Vidal takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidental convention. Melvyn Douglas, Frank Lovejoy, and Lee Tracy head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MIRACLE WORKER:** The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE TENTH MAN:** Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TOYS IN THE ATTIC:** Lillian Hellman's story of the disintegration of a New Orleans family beset by sex, money, and foolish fantasies. Among the actors are Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, Anne Revere, Irene Worth, and Rochelle Oliver. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling in content, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the formidable team that made "My Fair Lady," participated in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Nancy Walker and Phil Silvers in a somewhat stilted effort to find in the sluggish jukebox business a duplicate of the sort of thing that made "Guys and Dolls" a success. The music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are hardly distinguished, and the book, by Garson Kanin, is rather aimless. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is pretty short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Show Girl—Carol Channing, in an extension of a series of night-club turns, proves that she is one of the most amusing women around. She is assisted capably by Jules Munshin and a French quartet called Les Quat' Jeudis, but the material is a little too slight for the distance it has to travel. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Maurice Evans, playing a turn-of-the-century parson facing the forces of unrighteousness. As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), the show is lively, all right, but

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVI, No. 50, January 28, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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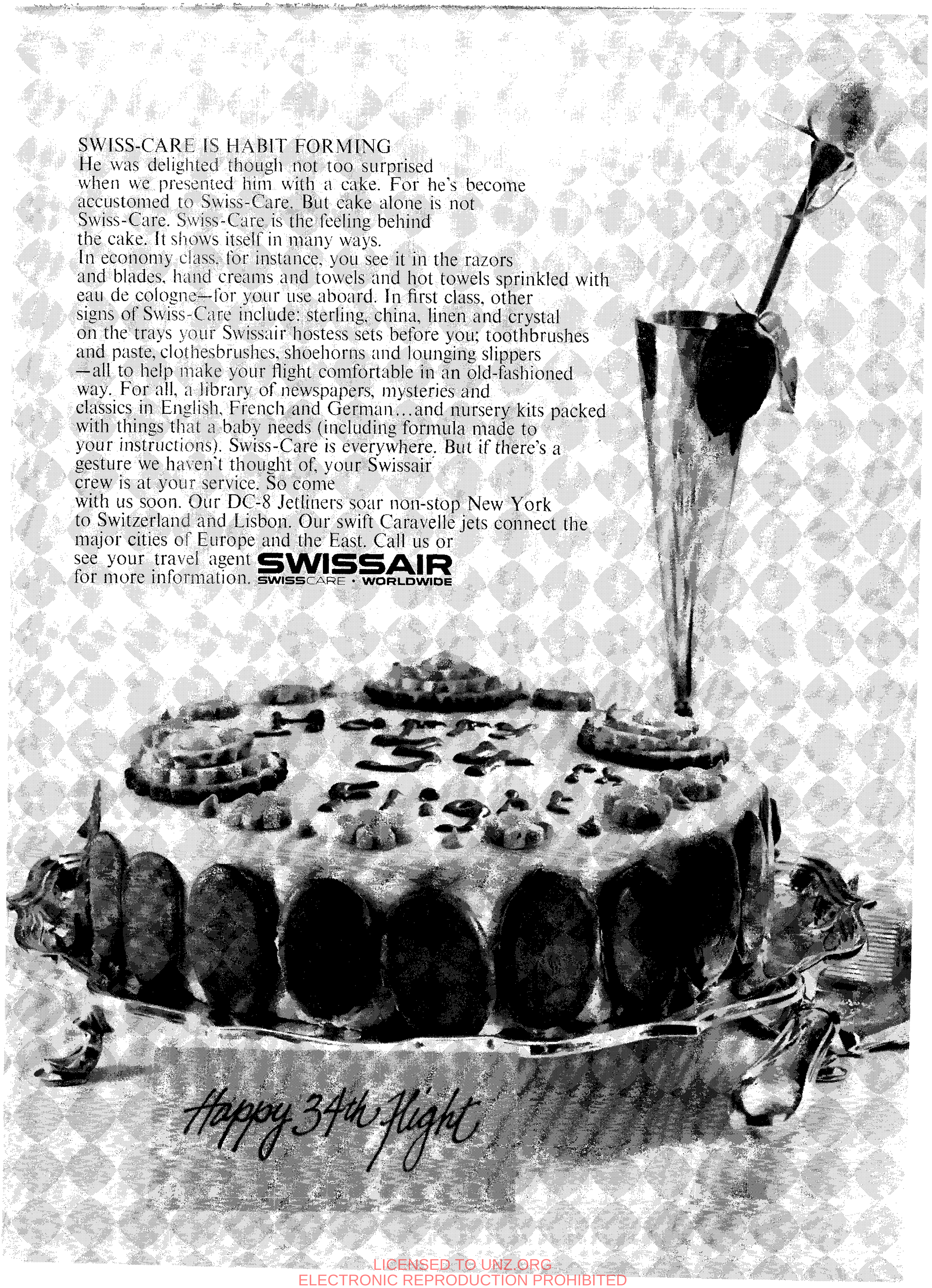

not very funny. The sets, by Cecil Beaton, are admirable, and the actors, who also include Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker, are enthusiastic. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—Noisy but hardly gay doings in the oil fields of the Southwest, where a young lady (Lucille Ball) is trying to make her mark as a promoter and also to snare the manliest roustabout in the area. Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh created the music and lyrics, respectively, and N. Richard Nash wrote the book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **fiorello!:** The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **gypsy:** Ethel Merman plays the domineering momma of the young Gypsy Rose Lee. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the music man:** Bert Parks in Meredith Willson's musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. Margot Moser will succeed Miss Charles on Monday, Jan. 30. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the sound of music:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Julia, Jake, and Uncle Joe—Claudette Colbert in a comedy, by Howard M. Teichmann, based on Oriana Atkinson's book "Over at Uncle Joe's." Directed by Richard Whorf and presented by Roger L. Stevens and John Shubert, in association with Sherman S. Krellberg. Opens Saturday, Jan. 28. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Midgie Purvis—A comedy by Mary Chase, with Tallulah Bankhead at the head of a cast directed by Burgess Meredith. Produced by Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens, in association with Robert Fryer, Lawrence Carr, and John Herman. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 1. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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How to Make a Man—A comedy by William Welch, with Tommy Noonan, Barbara Britton, Pete Marshall, and Vicki Cummings. The director is Harry Horner, the producer Dick Randall. Tentatively scheduled to open on Wednesday, Feb. 1. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—*Final performances of the season*—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 26-27, at 8:30: "The Mikado." ... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "The Mikado." ... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:30: "The Pirates of Penzance." ... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 29, at 1 (primarily for children): "The Gondoliers." ... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 29, at 5:30 (primarily for children): "The Pirates of Penzance." ... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "H.M.S. Pinafore" (preview). ... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore." ... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:30: "The Gondoliers." ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore." ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "H.M.S. Pinafore." ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore." ... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 5, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "The Mikado." ... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8:30: "The Gondoliers." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

The American Dream and **Bartleby**—A twin bill consisting of Edward Albee's one-act comedy (with Ben Piazza) and a short opera by William Flanagan, taken from the Herman Melville story and set to a libretto by Mr. Albee and James Hinton, Jr. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Ballet Ballads—Although this version (the first arrived in 1948) of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross ballet-*cum*-singing has new choreography and a whole new section, it remains a rather arty hybrid. The dancing of Carmen de Lavallade, who appears briefly, is a brilliant exception. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

A Banquet for the Moon—A smoke-filled modernization of the Faust legend, in which the hero, a venerable nuclear scientist, is finally eaten by the moon. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Donogoo—A 1930 Jules Romains experimental comedy, into which the author originally injected all sorts of cinematic devices—devices that have been smothered in this version by jokes that revolve loudly around bald heads and South Sea-type bubbles. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:45 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—The John Osborne-Anthony Creighton play that flickered bravely but briefly on Broadway two years ago. The hero is a largely unbelievable cad who would like to act and write great plays and who discovers, after a year or so of sponging off a lower-middle-class London family, that his dreams will never come true. The production is energetic but glancing. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

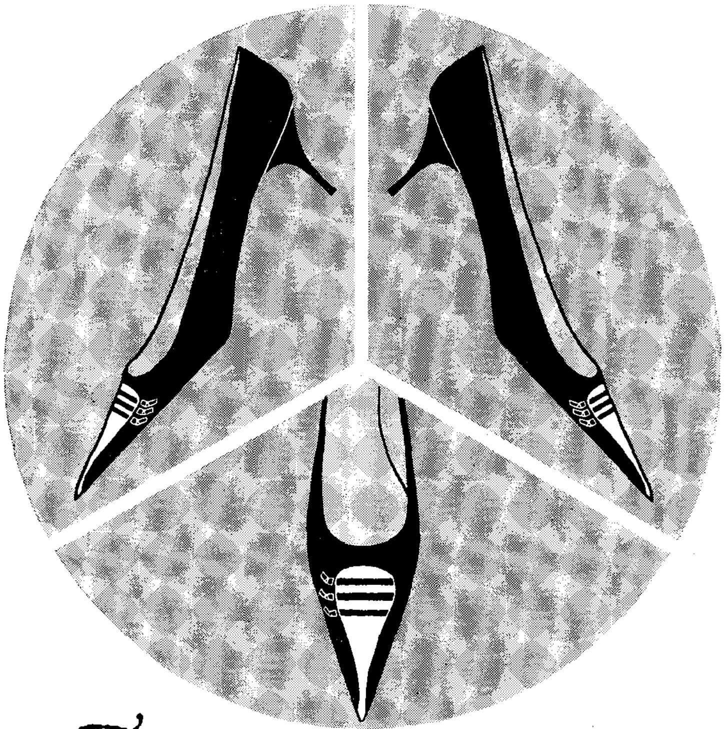
In the Jungle of Cities—The American première of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Montserrat—A Lillian Hellman opus, based on a French play by Emmanuel Roblès, that deals with a traitorous Spanish officer who martyrs himself for Simón Bolívar in spite of the sadistic opposition of his superior. John Heldabrand tries heroically to squeeze himself into Montserrat's difficult boots, and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leonardo Cimino, as the sadist, is indelibly cruel. The set, as always at the Gate, is perfect. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. May close Sunday, Feb. 5.)

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Octoroon—An 1859 drama by Dion Boucicault, directed by Stuart Vaughan. Preview Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 27. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Rules of the Game—Pirandello's puzzle about a man of logic who, it turns out, is not that at all. The cast, which includes Paul Sparer, Joanna Merlin, and William Windom, fits everything together perfectly until the third act, where the author asks more than they can give. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Ancient of days. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Note—Five characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET

Royal Ballet—Returning to New York for two performances of "Giselle" before leaving for London. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3 and 8:45. For information about tickets, call CI 5-0500.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The center of population in the United States will inch eastward when, on Friday, Jan. 27, this national monument is unveiled on its new site. Freddy Alonso's and Joe D'Orsi's bands will do the entrance music.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A compact version of "Anything Goes," Cole Porter's celebrated report on an American apocalypse, holds the floor of the Cotillion Room, along with Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, Larry Douglas, et al., who intone the score. They break loose twice a night on Fridays and Saturdays, only at dinner during the rest of the week. There's also lively dance music throughout. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling little spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, a Pierian spring of dance music wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's agile Latin scholars. At dinner and supper, Constance Towers, a solemn girl who sings better than most, tells in mournful numbers about such sportive matters as the Civil War. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. It's all just for listening. . . . ¶ No abrupt changes in the weather (perpetual spring) or the tempo (the dance bands of Maximillian Bergere and Nicholas D'Amico) will ever ruffle the populace of the Rendez-Vous. The music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

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Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has those Guy Lombardo saxophones, which melt at less than room temperature, to persuade the guests to venture onto the dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a comely design for living it up, Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio operate on a non-stop schedule except for the interlude (at dinner and again at supper) during which Diana Trask, a study in mannerisms, does a spot of arias. She leaves on Wednesday, Feb. 1; next evening's arrival is Marti Stevens, a modest violet who is always a pleasure to hear and behold. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Leisure classes are held in the Columns, an exhibition of Roman architecture bathed in moonlight, by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra, which sets to a bit past seven with dining music and then, at eight-thirty, blossoms into upbeat dance music, a commodity also provided by Charles Holden's band. This goes on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and handsome forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two of Park Avenue's best-known winter palaces—i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both are closed to the public on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The merrily and mordantly overwrought irony of Shelley Berman, a man who has gazed upon the dark side of just about everything, is part of the dinner and supper proceedings in the Empire Room, where the dance bands of Ben Cutler and Theo Fanidi happily pipe practically the whole night. Mr. Berman and the Cutler band take their final bows on Wednesday, Feb. 1. A night later, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, whose pens have launched a thousand Broadway song-and-dance shows, will face their own music and—what's more—intone it. Emil Coleman's sumptuous orchestra returns to its post the same evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its ways with Michael Zarin's and Ray Bari's chirruping bands (thinking tunes from six to eight-thirty, dance tunes thereafter to one) except Sundays, when the Baris are all by themselves (piano from six to eight, then dancing to one).

Note—The Rainbow Room, in the upper reaches of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, is the Last Chance bar on the way to Heaven. Drinking-and-dining music flows mildly from a trio from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

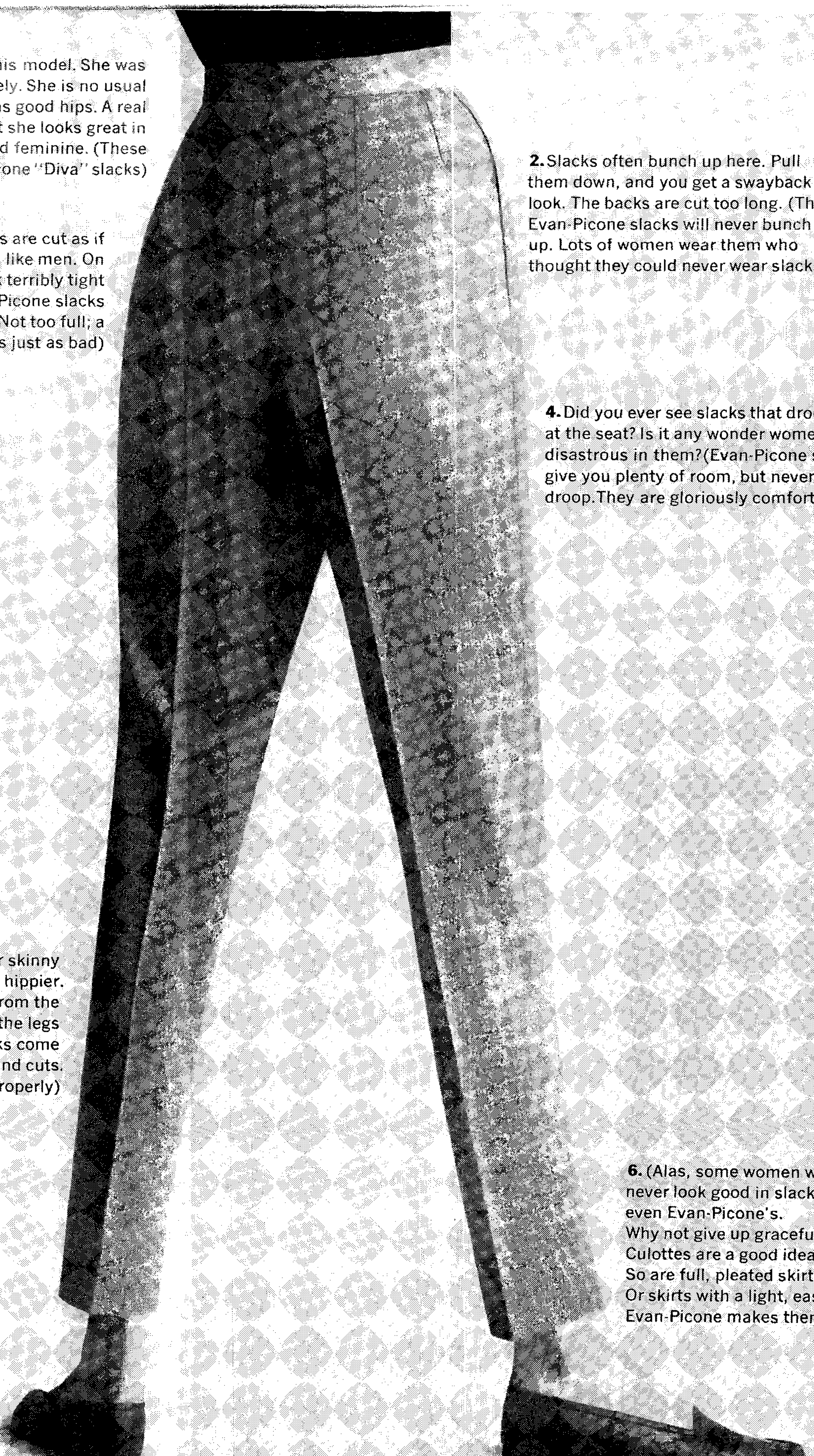
Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here are a lot of the characters who keep it popping. The parade is accompanied by small talk and (after eight) Jack Banan's piano, which has that old-time religion down cold, or hot. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders do romantic single and buckety-buckety double piano from then on. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It would not be easy to find in all the Eternal City an assembly hall that could hold a Roman candle to this one. Through the throngs of merrymakers, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way, tailed by a squadron of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine villa converted, with a minimum of alteration, into an opera house. Tuesday through Saturday, a supply of *lasagna* like "The Barber of Seville" is tossed around with all-out energy. The major-domo is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo even when there's no opera, and who guides a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fitted for a king, with moat, drawbridge, dungeon (only for wine, now), and all that. Norbert Faconi is truly the moving spirit of this wonderland, since he is forever gliding from table to table with a violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **Malmaison**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Poor's Manual* taking its resplendent ease. George Feyer contributes petitpoint piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Luau 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through a reasonably late supper; George Taylor holds down the piano in the thoroughly American bar every night but Sunday. . . . **Barberry**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The Moorish invaders seem to have stopped in at this enterprise, whose

1. Notice this model. She was chosen deliberately. She is no usual fashion model. She has good hips. A real woman's thighs. Yet she looks great in slacks. And feminine. (These are Evan-Picone "Diva" slacks)

2. Slacks often bunch up here. Pull them down, and you get a swayback look. The backs are cut too long. (These Evan-Picone slacks will never bunch up. Lots of women wear them who thought they could never wear slacks)

3. Too many slacks are cut as if women had flat hips like men. On most women, they look terribly tight across here. (These Evan-Picone slacks have realistic hips. Not too full; a ballooning look is just as bad)

4. Did you ever see slacks that droop at the seat? Is it any wonder women look disastrous in them? (Evan-Picone slacks give you plenty of room, but never droop. They are gloriously comfortable)



5. Not all women can wear skinny pants. They make hips look hippier. (These slacks taper modestly from the width of the hips, and make the legs look longer. Evan-Picone slacks come in a dozen different tapers and cuts. Surely one should fit properly)

6. (Alas, some women will never look good in slacks, not even Evan-Picone's. Why not give up gracefully? Culottes are a good idea right now. So are full, pleated skirts. Or skirts with a light, easy flare. Evan-Picone makes them, too)

"Some women should never wear slacks"

EVAN-PICONE, 1407 BROADWAY

large and artfully meandering interior reflects their stay. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders, too, from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. Its now-and-then companion is Richard Wilson's violin. No music Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, which is piano and guitar, or the footwork of Nila Amparo. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mitteleuropa-native as the town affords. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbalons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and Lili France's fluttery chansons. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, a performer new to these precincts. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, world traveller, is now giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's at it from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday.... **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated fragments of Alt Wien here, but if it's unmitigated music and unmitigated song (in a variety of tongues) that's wanted, here they are. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): All play and nearly no words make the resident company, largely Eves before the Fall, a vivacious crew indeed to take care of what can for once be truthfully termed a spectacular. Dancing.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The principal incumbents are Patti Page, a *cantatrice* much too good for some of the penny-dreadful songs she sings, and Guy Marks, a comedian who, though in his formative years, has actually found new fields to graze in. Also present is an octet of do-it-yourself ballerinas who would nevertheless be perfect components for an eight-jewel watch. On Thursday, Feb. 2, Jimmy Durante, America's own Cyrano de Bergerac, will become the principal incumbent. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Pat Harrington, Jr., a well-spoken second-generation haranguer, leads up to his market-place gags from strength; the two Smothers Brothers, who are good enough folk singers, approach their own brand of spoofery with guile. A quite different sort of song, heartfelt as can be, comes from Martha Wright. Jimmy Lyons' well-sprung trio and Otis Clements's piano fill the interludes.... ¶In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and piano preside over the six-to-eight activities every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is apt to do extra sets early in the morning.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): No question-and-answer period is necessary after the newest of Julius Monk's annual *revistas*, since the issues of the day—and, for that matter, of the night—are discussed succinctly, assiduously, and acidulously for all to hear. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A further Monk enterprise, in which Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart bound like porpoises through a piano-and-bass recital that is accompanied by their own hippety-hop commentary. Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood supplement this soirée with eloquent piano. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays.... **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a sort of dowager queen of the night, is casually demonstrating to the younger generations exactly how to bring out the best in a ballad, and doing it without ever raising her voice. Sam Hamilton and Don Evans are at the pianos. The place is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Grand Old Op'ry House *à l'andalouse* occupies the stage of the back room. Harry Mimmo, a humorist with a temperature of a hundred and ten, is the protagonist. The dansants put on by the diners, though, often top everything else. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight.... ¶Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's terse voice does flamenco songs so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Happy nights are here again, because of a return to tried-and-true ingredients; i.e., Felicia Sanders, a singer who's not only a ball but a pillar of fire; Isobel Robins, a cherub full to the brim with bantering ballads; and Milt Kamen, a people's philosopher who is going to see life through, willy-nilly. Those early settlers—Tiger Haynes and the music of his dithyrambic Three Flames, as well as Jimmy Daniels, the *conférencier*—are still around, and Loumel Morgan and Peter Daniels are still doing the intermission piano. Closed Mondays.... **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Every night but Tuesday, three young people—Lynda Segal, Richard Libertini, and MacIntyre Dixon—act out a charade of their own devising (largely in pantomime that is anything but dumb show) on the second floor. This pocket-size revue occurs at nine and twelve except Sundays, when curtain times are five-thirty and nine.

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Bobby Hackett's horn puts a silver lining around things whenever it isn't just plain chortling with glee. He and three companion semi-traditionalists have the run of the place. Bob Corwin is the intermission curator of the keyboard. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The warp and woof, not to mention the occasional tweeters, of the music created by Ornette Coleman's quartet is presenting more than one puzzle to the faithful; Nina Simone is presenting a carved-ivory profile, some terribly intense songs and piano, and a couple of sidemen. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. All hands depart on Sunday, Jan. 29. On Tuesday, Jan. 31, the arrivals will be Oscar Brown, Jr., a singer who has been keeping Chicago wide awake at night, and the brand-new quartet of Jimmy Rainey, the celebrated guitar man.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Peggy Lee, a vital force willing to live every song to the hilt, is borne aloft by Joseph Harnell's perceptive band, and long may she reign. Closed Sundays.... **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Plenty of strange bedfellows in here; namely, Cootie Williams, who leads a quintet that never defies convention; Irwin Corey, the jawbone of whose conversation perversely misses all its connections; and Josh White, who just about invented the art of indoor folk singing. The Messrs. Corey and White depart on Saturday, Jan. 28. On Monday, Jan. 30, the Dukes of Dixieland, who are precisely what they call themselves, move in. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are carrying on the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six is hammering home its message, which is that the South will rise again. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano is a powerful persuader that the music of the future is pleasurable rather than solemn. He comes equipped with a trio. No music Mondays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls of the Bastille and Niagara. The Bourbon Street Six (off duty Mondays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. Sol Yaged's fivesome helps out on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. Saturdays, the upstairs room is also open, to receive the Coles, Max Kaminsky's quintet, and friends.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A case of the jitters is being unpacked by the big band of Maynard Ferguson every night. George Russell's sextet is also around. On Thursday, Feb. 2, there'll be a whole set of new faces, among them Buddy Rich, the inexhaustible drummer boy, and his happy-go-lucky pals. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The quartet of Jonah Jones, a venerable horn man, works out mostly under wraps because of local ground rules. The Jones boys are there every day but Sunday, which offers pot luck bouts between extra hands.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A one-handful revue, "O, Oysters!," is already on its trial (and public) run, though the official début is set for Tuesday, Jan. 31. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Gigi Gryce's modernist quintet, which would take candy from a baby and turn it into music, holds forth in a wholly Village setting. The Gryces are off Mondays.... **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Joe Williams, in a voice big enough to paint the town blue, is mourning lost loves; Harry Edison's sextet is taking things very, very easy—you might say matter-of-factly. Closed Mondays.... **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Life among the upstate jazz buffs, who are getting a full report on progress downstate. The elixir of that life, offered up by Red Garland's trio, is available after nine or thereabouts every evening but Monday.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A listening post at which rapt attention is the order of the evening. John Coltrane's quartet, which likes to do everything not with a whimper but with a bang, occupies the podium. Closed Mondays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The weekends are devoted to the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary jazz. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, the faculty should include Buck Clayton, Sammy Price, Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz

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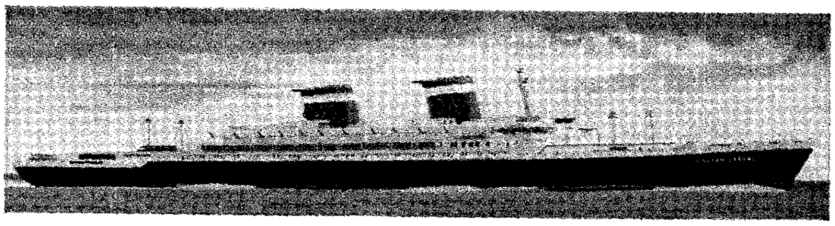

Colonel & Mrs. Leon Mandel of Chicago dine during their 5th crossing in the last 18 months. Mrs. Mandel is women's world shotgun champion. He is the well-known department store executive, uses U. S. Lines for shipping, too. (U. S. Lines serves major world ports with a fleet of 53 fast freighters.)

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Jason Berger—Abstract landscapes; through Feb. 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Peter Blume—A new, major painting, "Tasso's Oak," together with preparatory sketches and drawings for it; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Remo Brindisi—Large fluent oils, mystical in concept. First one-man show in New York; through Feb. 11. (Padawer, 112 Fourth Ave., at 12th St.)

Charles Burchfield—Water colors; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Kenneth Callahan—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings; through Feb. 11. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andrea del Castagno—The Poggibonsi altarpiece, made for the Brigittine Convent del Paradiso, near Florence, by this fifteenth-century painter; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St.)

Lynn Chadwick—Bronzes and drawings (1956-60) by an English sculptor; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Chryssa—Plaques and wall reliefs in an interesting mixture of the abstract and calligraphic; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jorge Damiani—Paintings and drawings by an Uruguayan artist; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St.)

Ludvik Durchanek—Sculptures in beaten bronze, copper, and silver; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Louis Eilshemius (1864-1941)—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jimmy Ernst—Abstract oils; through Feb. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emlen Etting—Still-lifes, landscapes, and portraits; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Sylvia Fein—Landscapes (in tempera); through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Walter Feldman—Abstract paintings, mostly; through Feb. 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Beach scenes and studies of horses, in a semi-figurative style new to this artist; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

David Hare—New sculptures, cheerfully experimental in manner, together with a few paintings and drawings; through Feb 14. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hartung and Willi Baumeister—Paintings and pastels by the former, a present-day Paris abstractionist, and paintings by the latter, a leader of modern art in Germany, who died in 1955; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8:30 to 10.)

Reuben Kadish—Abstract sculptures in cast bronze and terra cotta; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Frederick Kiesler—Shell-sculptures and galaxies by an inventive modern artist-architect; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Peter Kinley—Oils by a young British painter. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Robert Knipschild—Impressionist landscapes; through Feb. 11. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Julian Levi—Abstract oils of the sea, poetic in concept and luminous in color, in a first showing in some years; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

Denver Lindley, Jr.—*Paintings, mainly of rural* Pennsylvania, and gently poetic in feeling. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Padawer, 112 Fourth Ave., at 12th St.)

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Herman Maril—Paintings of shoreside and other scenes; through Feb. 11. (Castellane, 19 E. 76th St.)

Harry Mathes—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Feb. 15. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St.)

James Metcalf and William Copley—Nicely balanced abstract sculptures in sheet brass by the first; playful Dadaist oils by the second. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Peter Paone—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Robert Philipp—Genre paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Alex Redein—Seascapes, landscapes, interiors, and nudes; through Feb. 14. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Rivers—Six welded-steel sculptures and one cast-bronze; through Feb. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Salerno—Stone sculptures and slate reliefs; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Tadashi Sato—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Tetsuro Sawada—Papers painted in sumi, water color, and gouache by a modern Japanese artist; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

Katherine Schmidt—New paintings, super-realist in style, in her first exhibition in fifteen years; through Feb. 11. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Gérard Schneider—Paintings by the contemporary French abstractionist; through Feb. 11. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Smith—Still-lifes and figures by a young English painter; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Theodoros Stamos—Non-objective oils; through Feb. 11. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Donald Thrall—Paintings; through Friday, Jan. 27. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St.)

David Weinrib—Welded-metal abstract sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Audubon Artists—Their nineteenth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and selected non-members; through Feb. 5. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Recent Drawings by New York Artists—Examples by more than a hundred painters and sculptors, including Milton Avery, Helen Frankenthaler, and Costantino Nivola; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Sculptures—Works by contemporary European artists, including Eduardo Chillida, Elisabeth Frink, and Carel Visser; through Feb. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Primitive Art—An exhibition of objects from the islands of New Ireland and New Hebrides, in the Pacific; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **artists'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Thyra Davidson, Robert Hallett, Adolph Rosenblatt, and six other painters; through Feb. 18. (Weekdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The January show consists of water colors selected by John von Wicht, Gabor Peterdi, and Sidney Laufman; through Friday, Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **grand central moderns**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Byron Browne, Hugo Robus, Stan Freborg, and other members or recent guests; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Closed Monday mornings.) . . . **james**, 70 E. 12th St.: Early and recent work by gallery regulars, including James Billmyer, Dorothy Eisner, and Miriam Raeburn; through Feb. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Childe Hassam, George Inness, and Stephen Etnier; through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **tanager**, 90 E. 10th St.: Paintings by Angelo Ippolito, Perle Fine, and others, plus sculptures by Sidney Geist; through Thursday, Feb. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **d'arcy**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An international Surrealist exhibition, directed by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp and including items by Dali, Yves Tanguy, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **fried**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Miriam Bergman, Theo Hios, Barbara Hepworth, and others; through Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paul Delvaux, Luciano Minguzzi, and Wilfrid Zogbaum are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 28.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Braque, Kandinsky, Chagall, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Painters and sculptors, including Gris, Mondrian, and Giacometti; through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show primarily of oils called "Trends of the 'Twenties in the School of Paris," consisting of works by Vivin, Picasso, Utrillo, and others; through Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Artist as Draughtsman," an exhibit of drawings, pastels, and water colors of five centuries by, among others, Boucher, Degas, and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo; through Saturday, Feb. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Thailand," an exhibition of three hundred pieces dating as far back as the sixth century. Included are sculptures (ranging from life-size Buddhas to small animals), paintings, illuminated manuscripts, ceramics, silks, jewelry, theatrical masks and puppets, and decorative objects in gold, silver, and crystal. Through Feb. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by Cézanne and Monet, sculptures by Bourdelle and Matisse, drawings by Picasso and Miró, Japanese prints, and Tiffany glass are among the recent acquisitions now on view; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Paintings done from 1945 to the present, including eleven recent murals, by the Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko; through March 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through March

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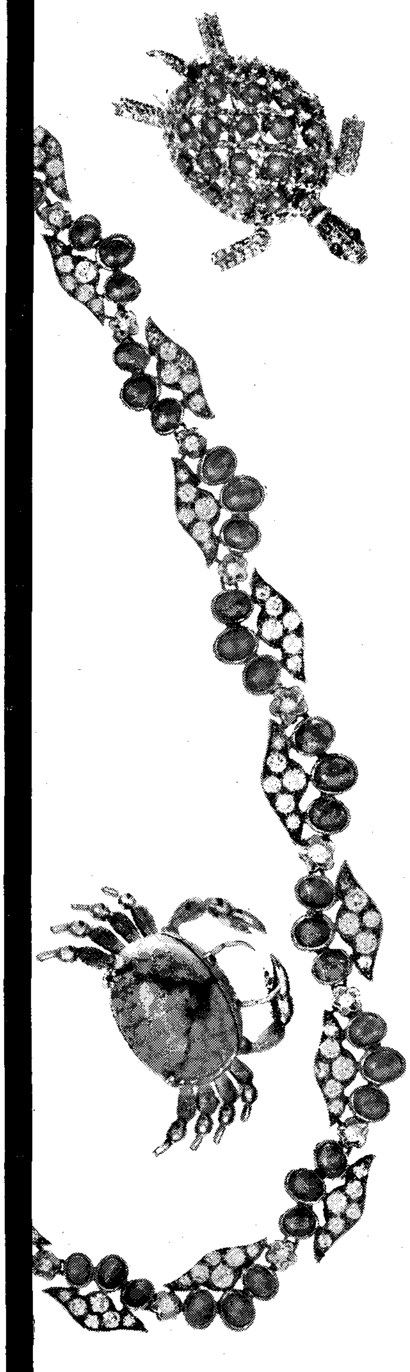

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Pictures entered in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960. After Sunday, Jan. 29, no special exhibition, while a new show (scheduled to open on Tuesday, Feb. 7) is being installed. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A Civil War centennial exhibit of documents, books, and works of art relating to the war and Abraham Lincoln, and depicting the civic and military role of American Jews, both Northern and Southern; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Illustrated Incunabula," an exhibition of illustrations in books printed in Europe before 1501; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Japan: Design Today," a display of textiles, ceramics, woodwork, metals, china, glassware, toys, and semi-ceremonial objects; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A showing of the entire collection of Raymond Wielgus, of Chicago, comprising masks, figures, ornaments, and pottery vessels, from the Americas, Africa, and Oceania; through Feb. 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—From the Museum's collections: Forty seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist lamas; Far Eastern art objects; and American paintings and sculptures by B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Hugo Robus, Adja Yunkers, and others; through Feb. 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Precisionist View in American Art," an exhibition of paintings, mainly from the twenties, organized by the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis. The artists include George Ault, Charles Demuth, and Charles Sheeler; through Feb. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8: A new production of von Flotow's "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lorenzo Alvary. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Production Fund.)...¶ Friday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann....¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Mildred Miller, Cesare Siepi, and Kim Borg....¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena....¶ Monday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Brian Sullivan, and Walter Cassel....¶ Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Dino Formichini, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena....¶ Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello....¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Hans Hopf, Eberhard Waechter, and William Wildermann....¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann....¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lorenzo Alvary.

Town Hall Festival of Music—Two French chamber operas—Milhaud's "The Poor Sailor" and Chabrier's "A Neglected Education"—conducted by Eric Simon and staged by Thomas DeGaetani. The last in a series of programs. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At **carnegie hall:** Alfred Wallenstein directing performances of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" on Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 27, at 2:15; and Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3 (all with Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and the Juilliard Chorus)....¶ Peter Herman Adler conducting on Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8:30 (with Ivan Davis, piano, and Eric Friedman, violin)....¶ Alfred Wallenstein conducting on Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 3, at 2:15; and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3 (all with Zvi Zeitlin, violin)....¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30 (with Beverly Sills, soprano).... **brooklyn academy of music:** Alfred Wallenstein directing another performance of "Romeo and Juliet," with the same soloists and chorus. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Saidenberg Little Symphony in the third in a series of four programs of baroque chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 4. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting an orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Isidore Cohen, violin, and Chester Watson, bass-baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a program of Monteverdi's sacred and secular music, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; Sterling Hunkins, cello; and other instrumental soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-9025.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Firkusny and Erica Morini—In a program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Karl Ulrich Schnabel—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 5:45.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left....¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:40.)

Marais and Miranda—Folk singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Karl and Phyllis Kraeuter—Violin and cello, with Mitchell Andrews, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 5:30.)

Nan Merriman—Mezzo-soprano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Samuel Baron—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Benno Moiseiwitsch—Piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth

Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

The Limeliters—Folk singers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 7-5987.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30)

Paul Zukofsky—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

William Clauson—Balladeer-guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Note—Leon Fleisher will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 5, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 30, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Composers' Showcase—A program of works by Aaron Copland, including a concert version of his play-opera "The Second Hurricane," with Dorothy Renzi, soprano; Julius Baker, flute; David Glazer, clarinet; and singers from the School of Music and Art. Mr. Copland will act as narrator and take part in a discussion period following the concert. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Jan. 26, and Thursday, Feb. 2, both at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 27, at 9: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7: Detroit vs. Los Angeles and Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2: Knicks vs. St. Louis.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 28: Rory Calhoun vs. Florentino Fernandez, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4: Joey Archer vs. Don Fullmer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 29, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Wednesday, March 29.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 3, at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY (programs primarily for children): "The Mikado," Saturday, Jan. 28, and Sunday, Feb. 5, both at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers," Sunday, Jan. 29, at 1. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Sunday, Jan. 29, at 5:30. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 2:30 (preview), and Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.) . . . BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA: Siegfried Landau conducting, with the Fort Hamilton High School Mixed Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3) . . . NEW YORK PRO MUSICA WIND ENSEMBLE: With members of the New Art Wind Quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 3. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Stage Shows—By the PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES: "Emperor's Nightingale." (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . HORIZONS: "Alice in Wonderland." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Jan. 29, at 1.) . . . MARTINIQUE THEATRE: "Aladdin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "The Little Snow Girl." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS: "A Little Bit of Magic," Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . ¶ "Witches Are for Wearing," Saturday, Feb. 4. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.) . . . PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Snow White." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 11. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 3.) . . . THEATRE EAST: "Circus Lion." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings and pastels by children of Tokyo; through Sunday, Jan. 29. (Thursday, Friday, and Sunday, 1 to 5, and Saturday, 3 to 5).

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in the News." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

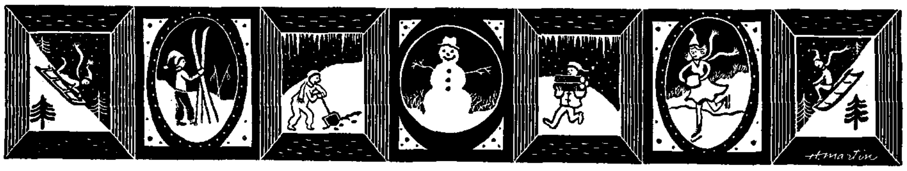
Movies—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Jan. 28, at 1:45: French furniture and decorative objects, old Swedish silver, paintings and drawings, and Oriental rugs; the property of Dr. Gabriel Sonnino and others.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—This Soviet film tells the simplest of tales about a young soldier on leave from the front, but Grigori Chukhrai's direction and brilliant camera work, coupled with the lovely youthfulness of his two principals, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, supply the audience with a procession of memorable and sometimes heartbreaking visual delights. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Battle of the Sexes—Peter Sellers is enormously funny in this British comedy, based on a story by James Thurber, that has to do with the efforts of the head accountant of an old-fashioned Scottish firm to eliminate a young female efficiency expert. Robert Morley and Constance Cummings are Mr. Sellers' capable aides. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 26.)

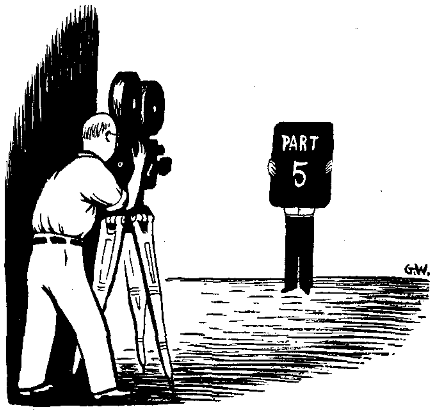
Ben-Hur—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Big Deal—Some small-time Roman crooks decide to pull off an ambitious safecracking job, but they have a hard time keeping their minds on their work, and the moment of truth proves to be a moment of pure bedlam. An altogether cheerful, sometimes slapstick spoof of "serious" crime pictures. Imported from Italy. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Don Quixote—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkasov, who gives a strong and touching performance in this doggedly faithful Soviet version of Cervantes's classic. He and director Grigory Kozintsev's astonishing color compositions save the tale from its own broad sentimentalities. Dubbed (and poorly dubbed) into English. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest between Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes, and in the end Jews, Arabs, and Britishers are all routed by the forces of logorrhea. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—Here is a practically flawless picture on a major theme—the making of a brave and honorable man out of what has been a vain, craven, and dishonest one. Vittorio De Sica superbly enacts this extraordinary transformation, and Hannes Messemer is nearly as good in a secondary role. The picture was directed in masterly fashion by Roberto Rossellini. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)



I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers doing a highly droll interpretation of a shop steward in an English plant where the workers—featherbedders one and all—have got the upper hand. The capitalists in this arrangement, among them Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough, are also a little short on ethics. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 1, *tentative*.)

The Rest Is Silence—Hardy Kruger plays Hamlet and Ingrid Andree is Ophelia in this updated German version of guess what, and they handle their roles with an inventiveness and aplomb that would shake a good many of the landmarks who have appeared in them before. Helmut Kautner, the producer, director, and script-writer, is responsible for a few gray patches here and there, but no matter. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 31, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels—A lively acting out of Stephen Potter's well-known principles of gamesmanship and lifemanship. Professor Potter is played by Alastair Sim, and his apt pupil is Ian Carmichael, who, once he gets the hang of one-upmanship, makes glorious hash of a difficult rival, the terrible-tempered Terry-Thomas. One of the brightest of the English imports. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Jan. 27.)

The Sundowners—The plot of this tale about a group of Australian sheep drovers is TV-serial stuff, but some eye-popping scenery, plenty of kangaroos, and Fred Zinnemann's tasteful direction more than compensate for its faults. Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are an attractive and believable family, and Peter Ustinov is Peter Ustinov, which is plenty good enough. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Feb. 1.)

Tunes of Glory—Bagpipes, kilts, and gallons of Scotch whiskey are the stage props to one of the great performances of the year, as Sir Alec Guinness brings all his brilliance and intelligence to the part of a Scottish regimental colonel battling for his selfish life. John Mills is his formidable but luckless adversary, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson are notable members of an entirely satisfactory cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A profoundly unserious study of British penology and the wicked ways of unrepentant jewel thieves, conducted by the eminent sociologist, Mr. Peter Sellers. Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins assist in the farcical seminar, and the resultant laughter is weightless and almost non-stop. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

Air Force (1943)—Across the Pacific in a B-17. The cast includes John Garfield and Harry Carey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 30.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 31.)

Ceiling Zero (1935)—Commercial fliers and their private problems. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien officiate. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 29.)

The Crucible (1958)—Jean-Paul Sartre's version of Arthur Miller's drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692. With Mylène Demongeot and Simone Signoret. Formerly called "Witches of Salem." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 31.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Feb. 1.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 1.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson in Somerset Maugham's drama about the Singapore of other days. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 26: "The Wild One" (1954), with Marlon Brando and Mary Murphy. . . . ¶ Jan. 27: "Guys and Dolls" (1955), with Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons. . . . ¶ Jan. 28: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955), with Edmund Gwenn and John Forsythe. . . . ¶ Jan. 29: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), with Robert Mitchum and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ Jan. 30: "Marty" (1955), with Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair. . . . ¶ Jan. 31: "The Shrike" (1955), with José Ferrer and June Allyson. . . . ¶ Feb. 1: "The Ten Commandments" (1956), with Charlton Heston and Yul Brynner. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Friday, Jan. 27, and Wednesday, Feb. 1, when there will only be showings at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but just to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr

Capitol, B'way at 51st (JU 2-5060)
Through Jan 31 "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.
From Feb 1, "The Misfits," Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe.

Criterion, B'way at 44th (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7.30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9.30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Young One," Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 1 (tentative): **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 31: "Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden; and "Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.
From Feb. 1: **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and "Caltiki, the Immortal Monster," John Merivale.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 31 (tentative): **THE REST IS SILENCE** (in German); and "Oscar Wilde," Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
From Feb. 1 (tentative): "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 28: "Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden; and "Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.
Jan. 29-31: "Carthage in Flames," Anne Heywood; and "Sword of Sherwood Forest," Richard Greene, Peter Cushing.
From Feb. 1: **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and "Caltiki, the Immortal Monster," John Merivale.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE BIG DEAL (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DON QUIXOTE.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 31 (tentative): "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.
From Feb. 1 (tentative): "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 31: "Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden; and "Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.
From Feb. 1: **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and "Caltiki, the Immortal Monster," John Merivale.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 31: "Carthage in Flames," Anne Heywood; and "Sword of Sherwood Forest," Richard Greene, Peter Cushing.
From Feb. 1: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier; and "Blueprint for Robbery," J. Pat O'Malley.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Feb. 1: **THE GOLD RUSH**, revival; and "Your Past Is Showing!," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 27: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
Jan. 28-31: "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March; and "The Mating Urge," revival, a documentary on Africa and the Far East.
From Feb. 1: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Golden Age of Comedy," revival, a silent-movie anthology.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 1 (tentative): "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival, in uncut version.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Home Is the Hero," Arthur Kennedy and the Abbey Theatre players.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 31: "Carthage in Flames," Anne Heywood; and "Sword of Sherwood Forest," Richard Greene, Peter Cushing.
From Feb. 1: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier; and "Blueprint for Robbery," J. Pat O'Malley.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 31: "Oscar Wilde," Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson; and "The Island Sinner" (in Italian), Silvana Pampanini.
From Feb. 1: **GIGI**, revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO-WAY STRETCH.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 31: "Carthage in Flames," Anne Heywood; and "Sword of Sherwood Forest," Richard Greene, Peter Cushing.
From Feb. 1: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier; and "Blueprint for Robbery," J. Pat O'Malley.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 26: "The Crowd Roars," revival, James Cagney, Joan Blondell; and "Kiss Me Deadly," revival, Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker.
Jan. 27: **THE LETTER**, revival; and "Outward Bound," revival, Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Jan. 28: "The Strangers," revival, Ingrid Bergman, George Sanders; and "The Dawn Patrol," revival, Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Jan. 29: **CEILING ZERO**, revival; and "Flirtation Walk," revival, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler.
Jan. 30: **AIR FORCE**, revival; and "The Last Flight," revival, Richard Barthelmess, John Mack Brown.
Jan. 31: **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival; and "Thieves' Highway," revival, Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb.
Feb. 1: "White Heat," revival, James Cagney, Virginia Mayo; and "One Way Passage," revival, William Powell, Kay Francis.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 31: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Who Was That Lady?," revival, Tony Curtis, Dean Martin.
From Feb. 1: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell Is a City," Stanley Baker.

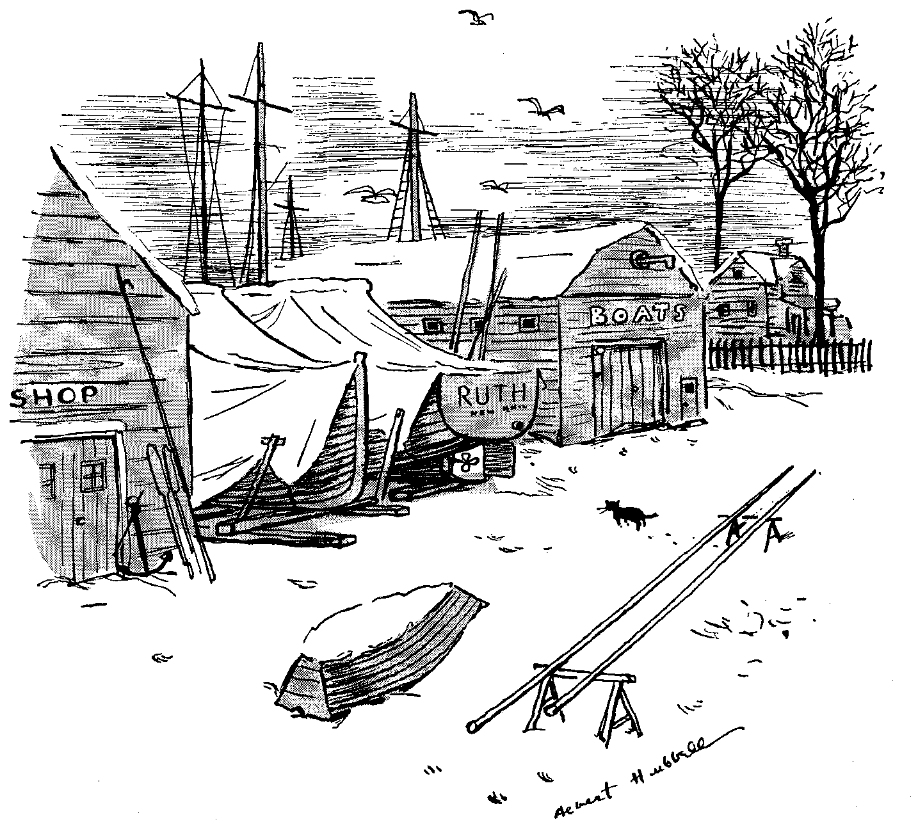
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 26: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**; and "Private Property," revival, Kate Manx, Corey Allen.
Jan. 27-30: "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann; and "To Paris with Love," Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
From Jan. 31: **THE CRUCIBLE** (in French; formerly called "Witches of Salem"), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.

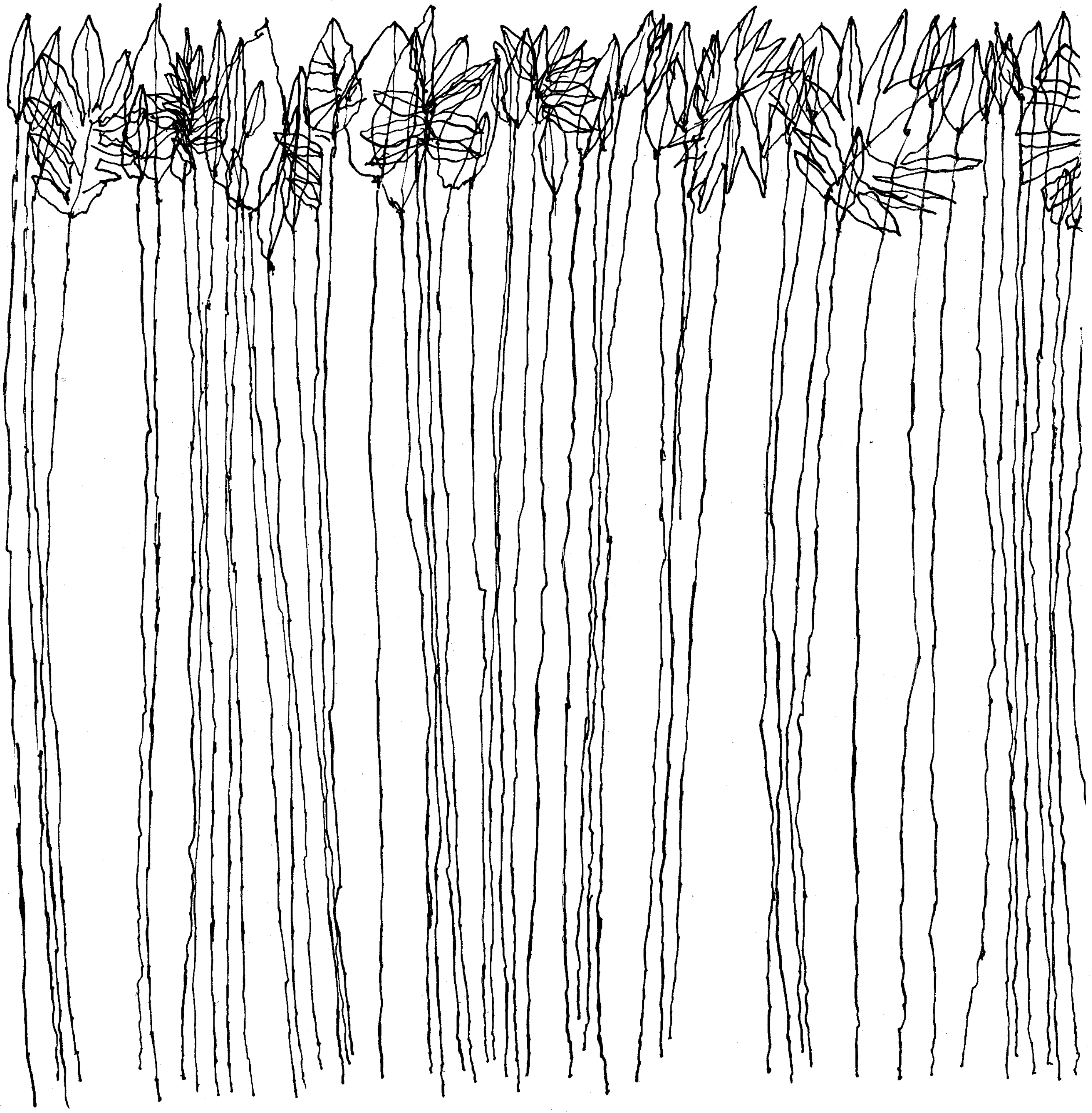
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Jan. 31: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Threat," Robert Knapp.
From Feb. 1: **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and "Caltiki, the Immortal Monster," John Merivale.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 31: **THE REST IS SILENCE** (in German); and "Oscar Wilde," Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
From Feb. 1: **GIGI**, revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 31: "Carthage in Flames," Anne Heywood; and "Sword of Sherwood Forest," Richard Greene, Peter Cushing.
From Feb. 1: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier; and "Blueprint for Robbery," J. Pat O'Malley.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Jan. 31: "Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden; and "Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.
From Feb. 1: **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and "Caltiki, the Immortal Monster," John Merivale.





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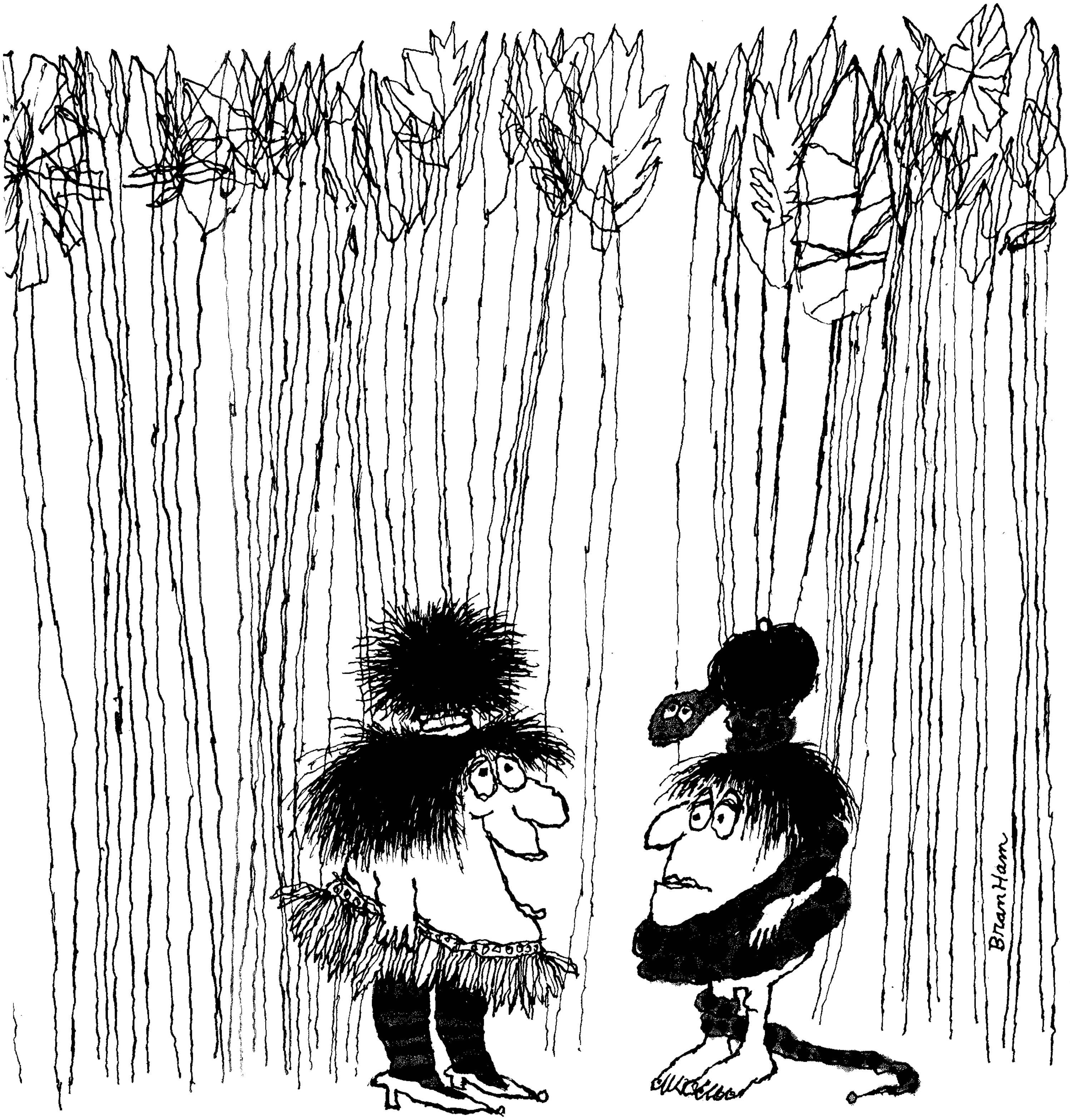

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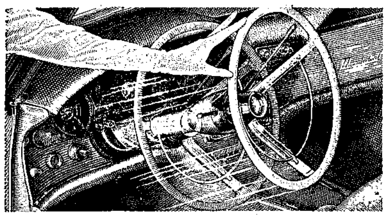

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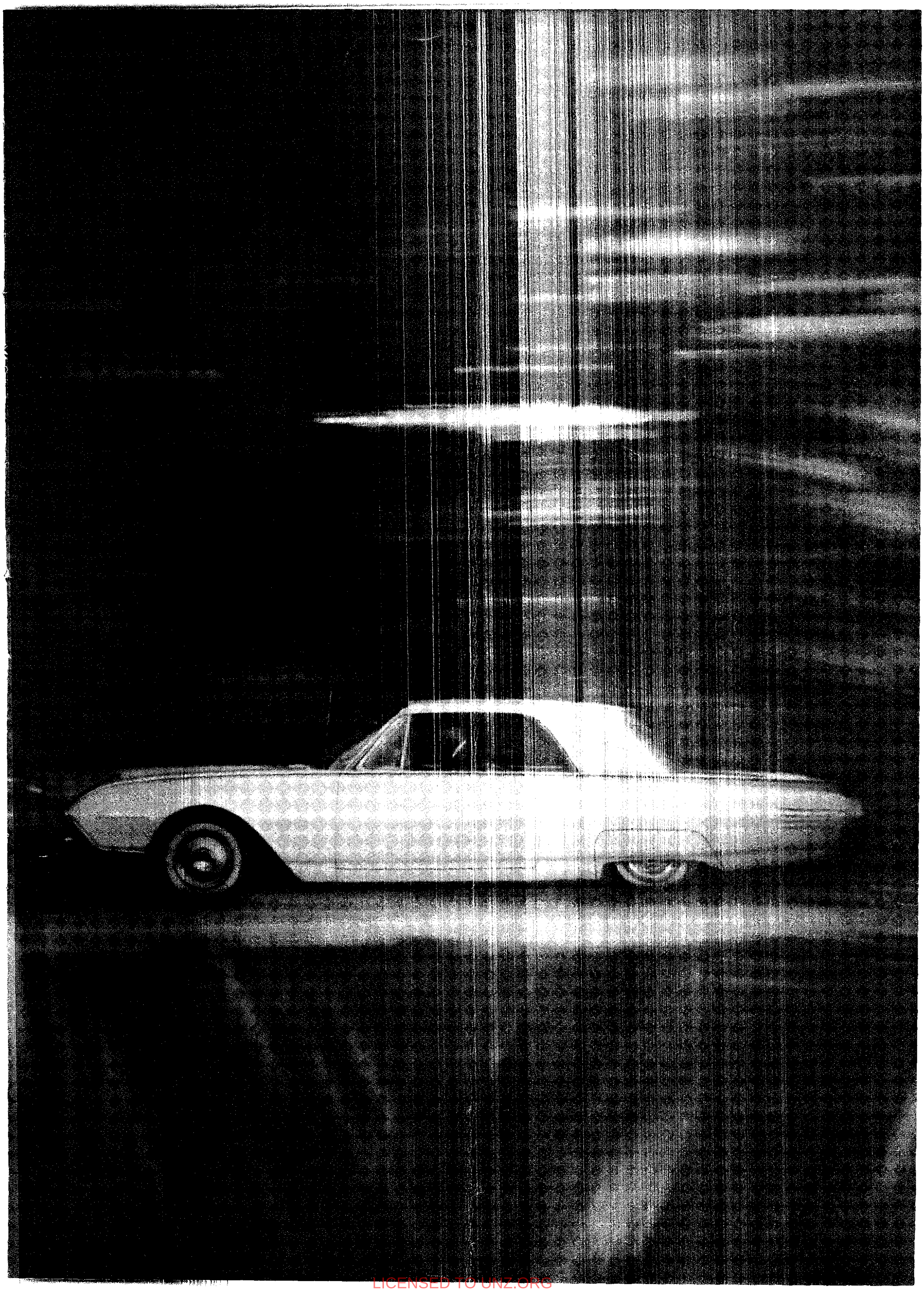

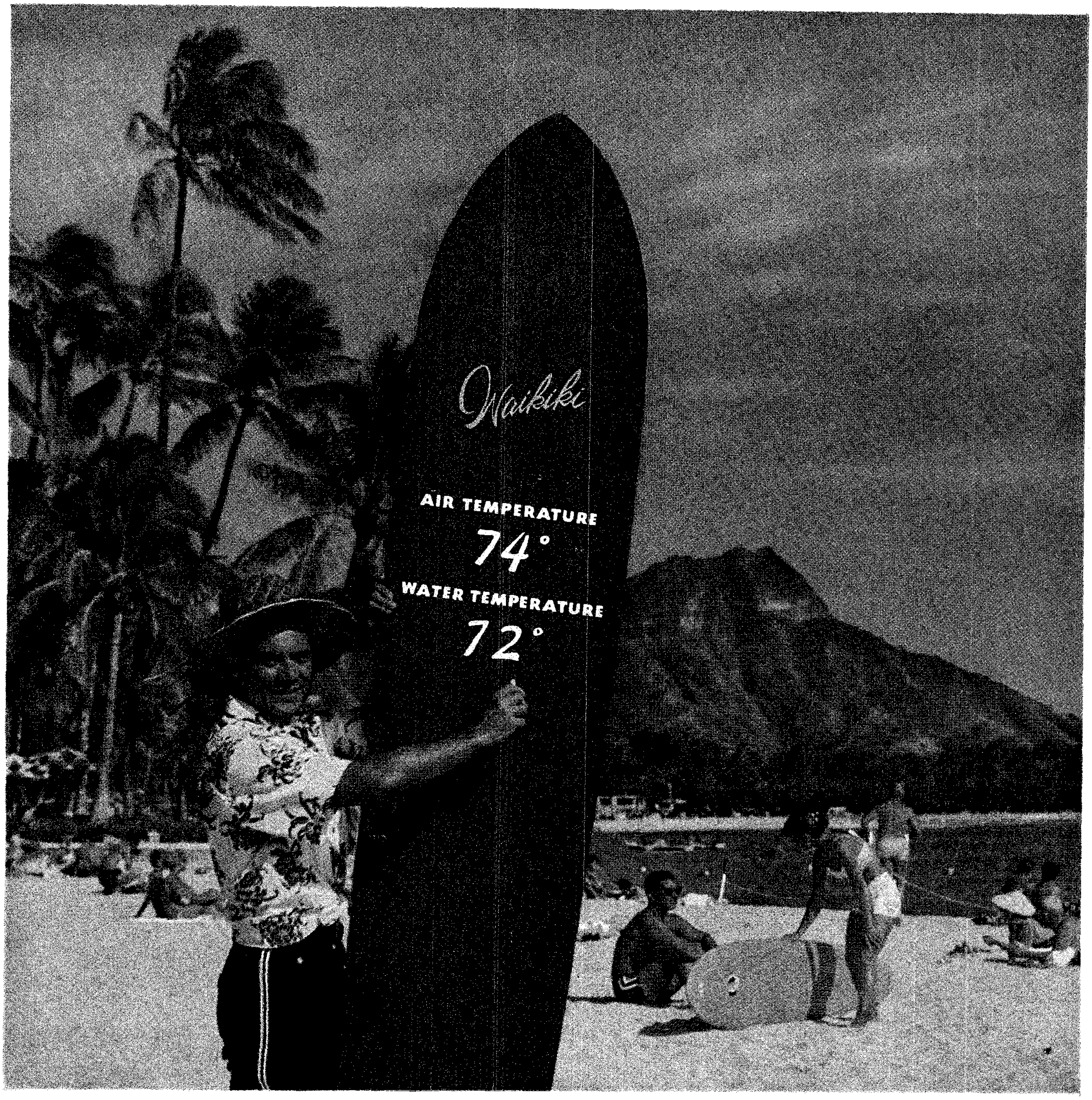

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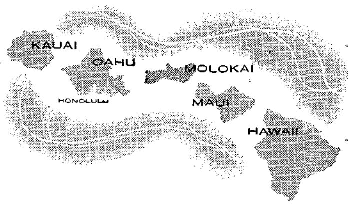

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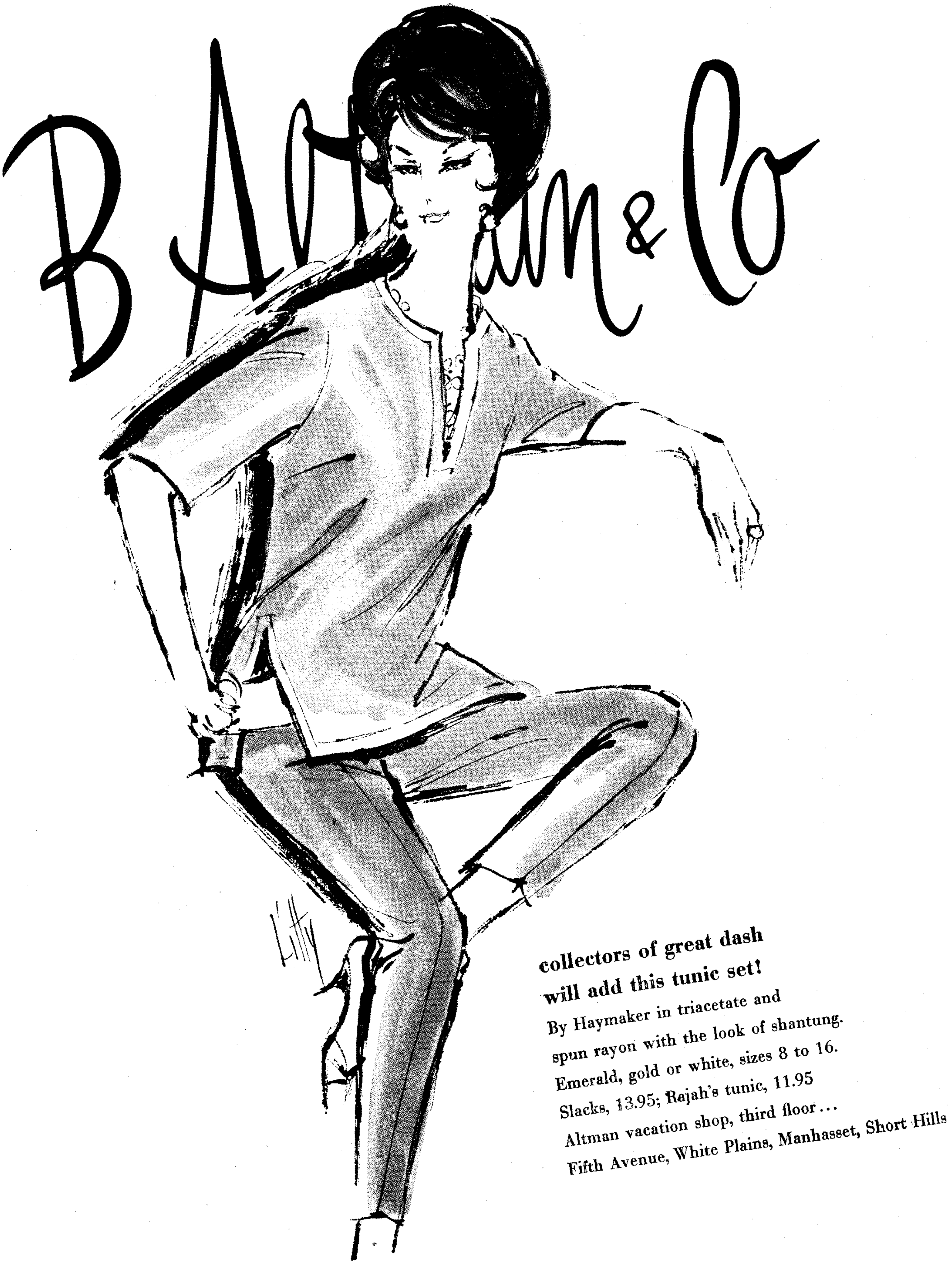

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A NUMBER of earnest and intelligent writers have expressed their dismay recently at the foolish sideshows that cluster about the grave ceremony of inaugurating a new President. The balls and bands and fatuous floats, they say, diminish the greatness of the occasion. We can see their point, and particularly when the ceremony marks the orderly and civilized transfer of the real stuff of power from men of one persuasion to men of another. This is a remarkable human accomplishment, and one that deserves much solemn thought. To see an entire nation peacefully altering its political direction is quite as astonishing, in its way, as it would be to see a continent spontaneously hitching itself into a new alignment with the polestar. But until America becomes a nation of philosophers (it won't happen tomorrow) there is likely to be a lot of amiable foolishness mingled with all our serious political occasions. Nor can we entirely agree with those who object to this disorderly state of affairs. The mood of Inauguration Day resembles nothing so much as the mood of New Year's Eve, when the hands of the clock move toward midnight. Amid the whoops and the horseplay, everyone usually finds a moment to ponder the events that lie behind him and the prospects that dimly loom before. And New Year's Eve is only a convention of the calendar-makers. The sentiment induced by that arbitrary date is at least equally natural to an occasion on which the nation, by its votes, has drawn a line under its immediate past and begun a new calculation of its future. Perhaps, after all, it is not the new year that produces the resolution but the resolution that produces the truly new year.

To President Eisenhower, we offer our best wishes for an unruffled retirement. To President Kennedy, we extend the appalling burden of our hopes.

Ex

THERE are now three living ex-Presidents of the United States. Having, as they say in the law, no independent recollection of such a state of affairs, we've taken the trouble to see whether the Messrs. Hoover, Truman, and Eisenhower form a trio unique in our history. Far from it, says history, giving us a dark look; the situation may have been rare in recent times, but in the good old days ex-Presidents were a commonplace. In fact, there have been only two inaugurations at which *no* ex-Presidents were alive, and these, as you've no doubt already guessed, were Washington's first and second, in 1789 and 1793. Since then, it has been the case more often than not that at least two ex-Presidents were alive on Inauguration Day. To spell this out precisely, of the total of fifty-one inaugurations that have been held between 1789 and 1961, thirty-four have been lived through by at least two ex-Presidents, seventeen have been lived through by at least three ex-Presidents, four by at least four ex-Presidents, and one by five.

The first of our dozen trios consisted of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and James Madison, who lived through both of James Monroe's inaugurations, in 1817 and 1821, and the most recent of the trios up to last Friday consisted of Grant, Hayes, and Arthur, who saw Cleveland inaugurated for the first time, in 1885. All three of these men were dead when Cleveland was inaugurated for the second time, in 1893. Cleveland and Hayes were the only two ex-Presidents alive when Cleveland's successor, Benjamin Harrison, took office, and (strictly speaking) Cleveland and Harrison were the only two ex-Presidents alive at Cleveland's own second inauguration. Cleveland was the only living ex-President when Roosevelt succeeded McKinley.

The first inauguration at which the country could boast of having four living ex-Presidents was that of John Quincy Adams, in 1825, and the four were Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Dad. The next four-ex inauguration was Polk's, in 1845, when John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, and Tyler were all alive. When Buchanan took office, in 1857, there was a quartet consisting of Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, and Pierce. At the time of Lincoln's first inauguration, in 1861, there were *five* living ex-Presidents—Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan. Van Buren, who was born in 1782 and died in 1862, holds the undisputed title of ex-President-who-saw-more-men-succeed-him-than-anyother; the number was eight, and the eight were Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, and Lincoln.

One last statistical fact, suitable for speculating on in bars, very late at night: Mr. Hoover, who has lived to see four men succeed him in office, at a total of nine inaugurations, is, of all the ex-Presidents who have been the only one living at the inauguration of a successor, *the only one* to have been the only one at the inauguration of more than one.

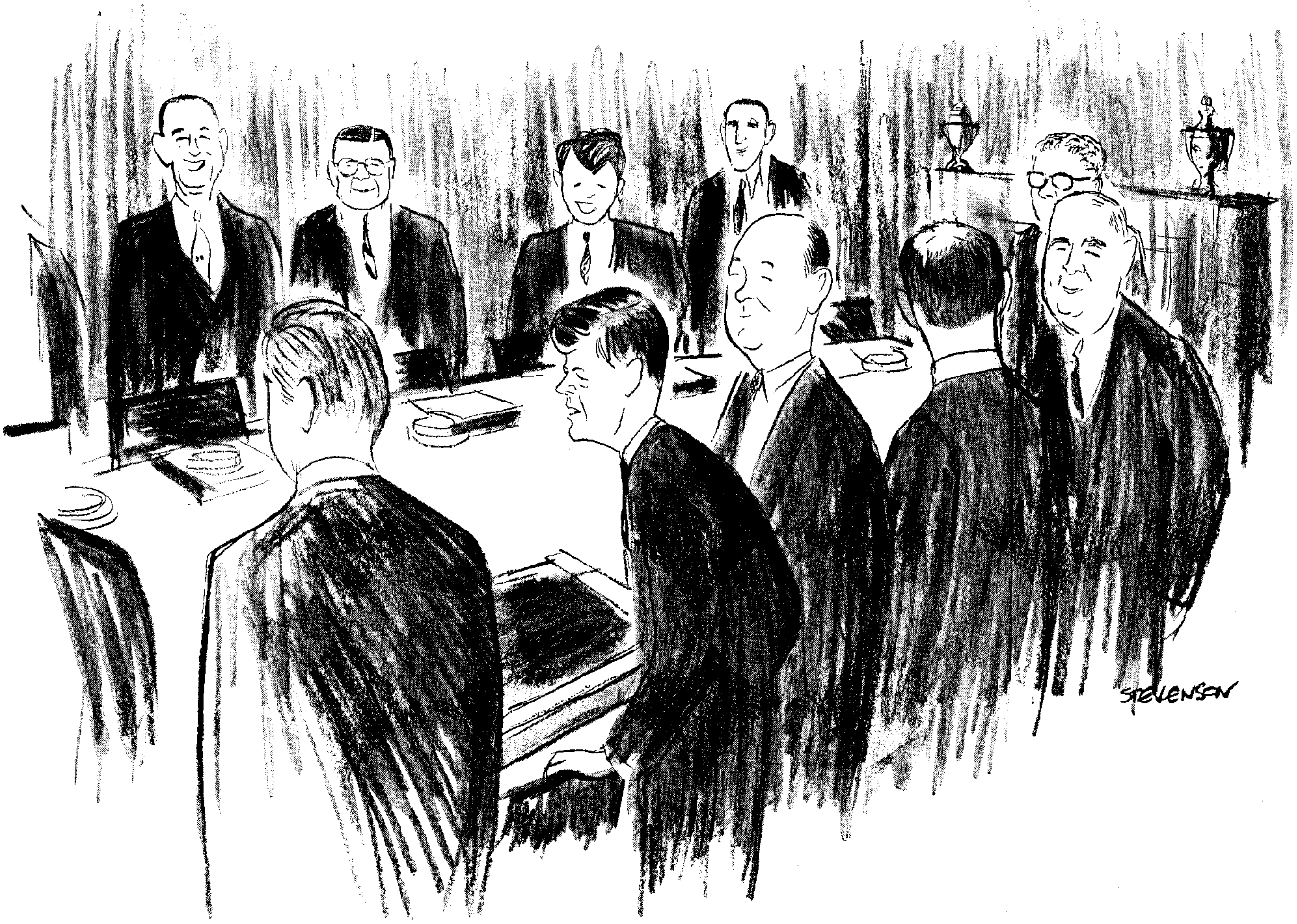
Ambassador Stevenson

ONE of the quietest places in town just before the inauguration was the headquarters of the United States Mission to the United Nations, at 2 Park Avenue, and there, last week, we came upon Adlai Stevenson. He was en route from Libertyville, Illinois, to Washington, for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing on his appointment as Ambassador to the U.N., and he was temporarily using an office on the nineteenth floor. The floor was watched over by a sleepy-looking guard, and rows of unoccupied, slightly dusty desks, each bearing a rectangular green desk blotter and a telephone, led to a small corner office whose door was tabbed "MR. STEVENSON." The office was gray and impersonal, its only decoration a dark painting of Abraham Lincoln. The new Ambassador looked bright indeed—his face sunburned, his bald head freckled, his back hair freshly clipped, his eyes Palm Beach blue and clear—behind a desk stacked with letters and notes, printed, typewritten, and scribbled. An outsize caramel-colored briefcase with a gaping top was at Stevenson's feet. These were encased in badly scuffed but nicely polished brown shoes, and, for the rest, he was outfitted in a dark-blue pin-striped suit that looked tight on him; a light-blue shirt with French cuffs, gold cufflinks, and a straight silver pin at the collar; and a dark-blue necktie. As he pulled up an armchair for us to the desk, he pushed the briefcase to one side, giving it a somewhat tolerant look. "I have an enormous collection of briefcases, and this one is one of my mistakes," he said. "It's divided into compartments, which at first I thought would be efficient. Now I find that when you try to stuff things in, you run into compartments. What I would like is some time to work on a large accumulation of undisposed-of mail. Every time I try to get at it, I have to make telephone calls to people about appointments and personnel. I have just now come from a long-deferred engagement with Mrs. Roosevelt. I wanted to see her about various problems of the United Nations and some other things she wished to talk about. I haven't had an opportunity to get to know the staff here. As soon as I take over officially, I'll go around and call on them in their offices."

The phone rang. The Ambassador spoke to somebody about making arrangements for a car in New York, and hung up. "My goodness!" he said, turning back to us. "The things you have to do in order to live here! Our government puts the Ambassador up in an apartment at the top of the Waldorf Towers. It's a handsome apartment. Very handsome. And equipped like an embassy abroad, with a living room, a dining room that will accommodate forty people, and—let's see—one, two, three, four, five bedrooms and five baths, and a full pantry and bar, and cabinets with beautiful china and all that. But the kitchen is empty. I'm going to need pots and pans to cook with, and there's not a pot or a pan in the place. I'm bringing my housekeeper, Viola Ready, from the farm at Libertyville. I like to cook when she will let me and there is time, which isn't often. Mostly, what I do is mix up what's left over. In any case, we shall need things to cook with. I may have a kitchen shower. I have a birthday coming up February 5th. My friends always give parties for my birthday, and I think this time I'll ask them to give me a kitchen shower." He threw us a grin. "I'm going to be sixty-one," he said. "As Holmes did not say, oh, to be fifty again!"

We asked the Ambassador whether he thought he'd like living at the Waldorf. "I'm sure I'll love the view," he said diplomatically. "I've never really enjoyed living in big cities. I'm a country boy. I love the feeling of the country. I love being on my farm, and I hope to be able to get back there occasionally for weekends. My children and grandchildren spend holidays with me at the farm. I have three grandchildren. Of my sons, Adlai III is the only one who's married so far, and they're his children—Adlai Stevenson IV, Lucy Wallace Stevenson, and Katherine Randolph Stevenson. They're four years, two and a half years, and nine months old, in that order, and the two older ones are at that rough and roly-poly stage where they're beginning to talk and seem virtually indestructible. Lucy Wallace is a little tougher than the boy, at this stage. She's named for her Great-Great-Great-Aunt Lucy, who is Mrs. A. Kingsley Porter—the widow of A. Kingsley Porter, who was a distinguished archeologist at Harvard. Aunt Lucy lives in the James Russell Lowell house, Elmwood, in Cambridge. She's now very frail, very delicate, and very old. *How* old we're not sure. Aunt Lucy is a favorite of all my boys. All three of them went to Harvard, and while they were there, all three had the great pleasure of Sunday dinner with Aunt Lucy—the best dinner of the week. I love to read to the two older grandchildren. They always ask me to read to them. I'm impressed with their power of concentration. I can't say I have any special favorites among their books at this stage. They're not old enough for me to read favorites like 'The Wind in the Willows.' "

The phone rang again. Mr. Stevenson listened attentively for a few minutes, and then said, "Oh, no, please, I wouldn't want her to go to all that *trouble*. My goodness! Making two telephone calls, and all that." After he had hung up, we asked him how he liked his new headquarters. "I believe I'll be in an office upstairs somewhere," he said. "As I remember, I lived in these very offices in 1946 and 1947, right along this corridor—in this very one, or one or two down. We were all strung out along here. I started with this business in San Francisco in 1945, at the conference at which the United Nations Charter was written and adopted. Before that, I'd spent a good deal of time abroad. I've always loved to travel. In 1926, as a newspaperman, I had gone all across the Soviet Union and the Balkans, and as early as 1932 I was President of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations. I'd had considerable grounding in foreign affairs, and all through the Second World War I'd been assistant to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox. I'd been at the front in most of the war theatres. I'd travelled a great deal with Frank Knox, and also on missions for President Roosevelt, including a survey mission to relieve the suffering and restore the economy of Italy. I'd seen the misery, waste, destruction, and savagery of war, so, as time went on, I'd become more and more concerned with the problems of maintaining peace. After Secretary Knox died, I resigned and returned to my law practice in Chicago. But I was then asked to come back to Washington by Archibald MacLeish, my long-time friend, in the State Department, to work on plans for the United Nations. I'd intended to go only to the San Francisco conference and after that go back to my law practice in Illinois. When the conference was over, I went to Washington and helped with preparations for Senate ratification of the Charter, and after the Senate voted for the Charter, I went



"First of all, now, does everybody know everybody?"

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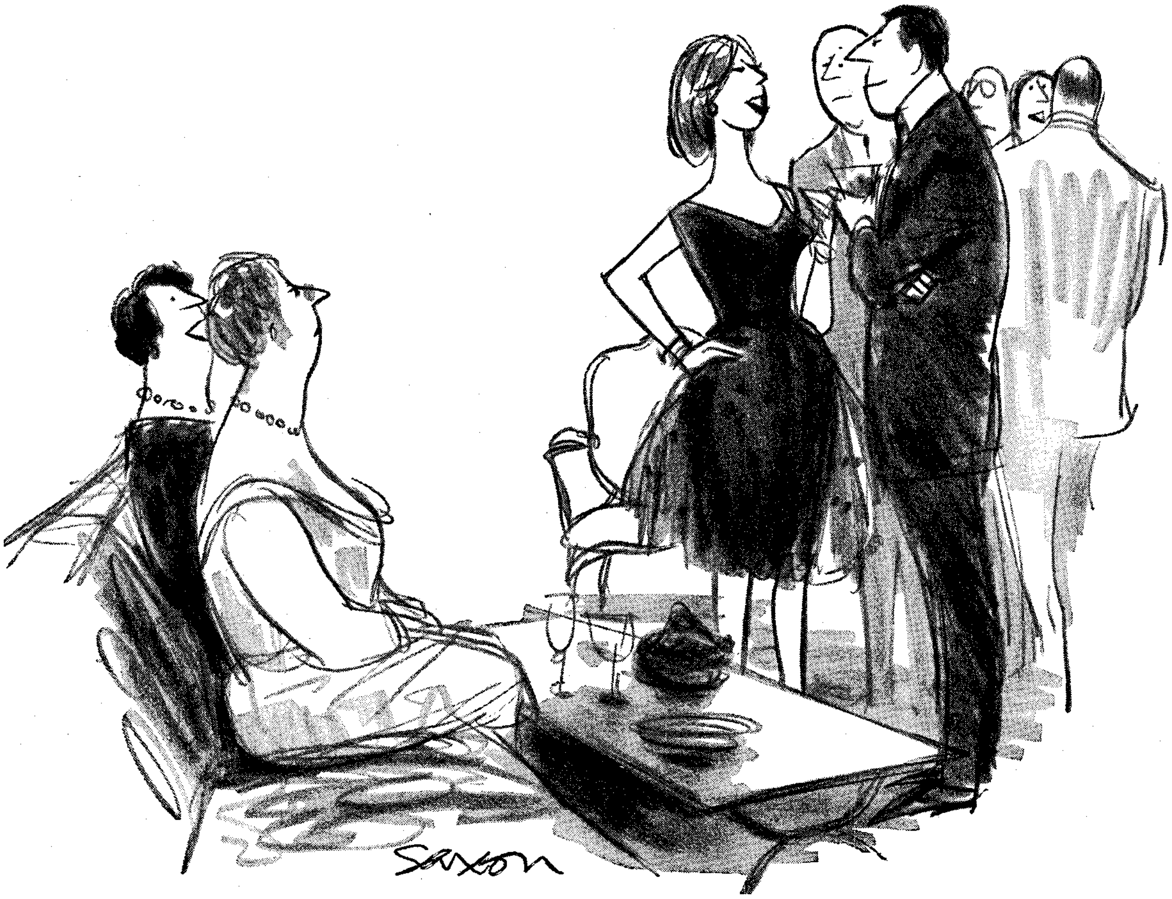
back home. But then Jimmy Byrnes, our new Secretary of State, asked me to come back to the Department and go with the United Nations to London. So, after V-J Day, I went to London with him by ship, the Queen Mary—a troop transport she was then. I became deputy to former Secretary of State Stettinius as our government's representative on the Executive Committee to set up the machinery for the first United Nations Assembly. Stettinius soon fell ill, and I replaced him as chairman of the United States delegation to the Preparatory Commission, which put the flesh on the bare bones of the United Nations Charter. I stayed in London for six months, through the first meeting of the first General Assembly of the United Nations, in January and February of 1946. I inherited General Eisenhower's office at 20 Grosvenor Square, which he had occupied before D Day. Our delegation to that first Assembly, in war-torn London, included Secretary Byrnes, Senator Vandenberg, Senator Connally, Mrs. Roosevelt, John Foster Dulles, and Congressmen Bloom, of New York, and Eaton, of New Jersey. Because I had worked with the U.N. from birth to adolescence, the delegation looked to me for advice on almost everything, and I felt more competent then, I confess, than I do now.

"After that General Assembly meeting in London, I again went back to my law practice in Illinois, but then I was appointed to our government's delegation for the next General Assembly, and I spent the autumn of 1946 working at U.N. headquarters, which was then at Lake Success. Again, I felt very much in touch with things, and deeply involved, emotionally and intellectually, with the U.N. I represented our government on various issues in the committees. After the third General Assembly, in 1947, I left again to go back to Illinois. I was almost at once asked to run for Governor. And thus began my meteoric career, which"—Stevenson gave us the grin again—"went up and down with some rapidity."

"Anything different in your approach to the U.N. now?" we asked.

"I was much younger then, and I think I'm more realistic about some things now," he said. "But the intervening years haven't destroyed my hope and confidence in the U.N. Certainly I've been disillusioned about how soon we can achieve what we're working for, and about some of the infinite difficulties—the Russian expansion, the stubborn trouble in the Middle East, the consolidation of Communist power in China, the difficulty of maintaining solidarity among the Western countries, the effect of thirty new countries on the old prewar balance, the growth of atomic weapons, the speed with which the old empires have dissolved to create new independence and instability, the African tumult, the new societies that have arisen, and all the changes and torments of the period in which we live. We originally worked to create an organization to keep the peace, after seeing the ultimate failure of the League of Nations and after living through the war. The League of Nations had worked hard to reduce the threat of war, and then there was a war. With the new machinery, our hearts were full of hope that the everlasting curse of war might be controlled, if not extinguished, by the organization of international society for collective security. The U.N. was a step in that direction. Up to the Kennedy administration, the United States Mission has been treated as an embassy, to execute orders from the State Department. Now I hope to spend



"Well, I happen to know the hard work and the time and money it takes to look like that."

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more time in Washington participating in the formulation of policy and shall have something to say about the orders I must execute. I have not lost any of my faith in the United Nations. It will be difficult. The United States has been on the defensive too much of late, and the Afro-Asian nations now have a majority. Many are neutralist and want no part of the Cold War. No longer can we take majority votes for granted. I wonder sometimes what will happen to public opinion in our country when we begin to lose votes, and decisions go against us now and then. But I still have confidence, and I still have hope. One thing has remained constant: the fact that the United States, in spite of its frustrations, has had no recurrence of isolation or clamor to withdraw from the world scene. We can't withdraw. We dare not withdraw."

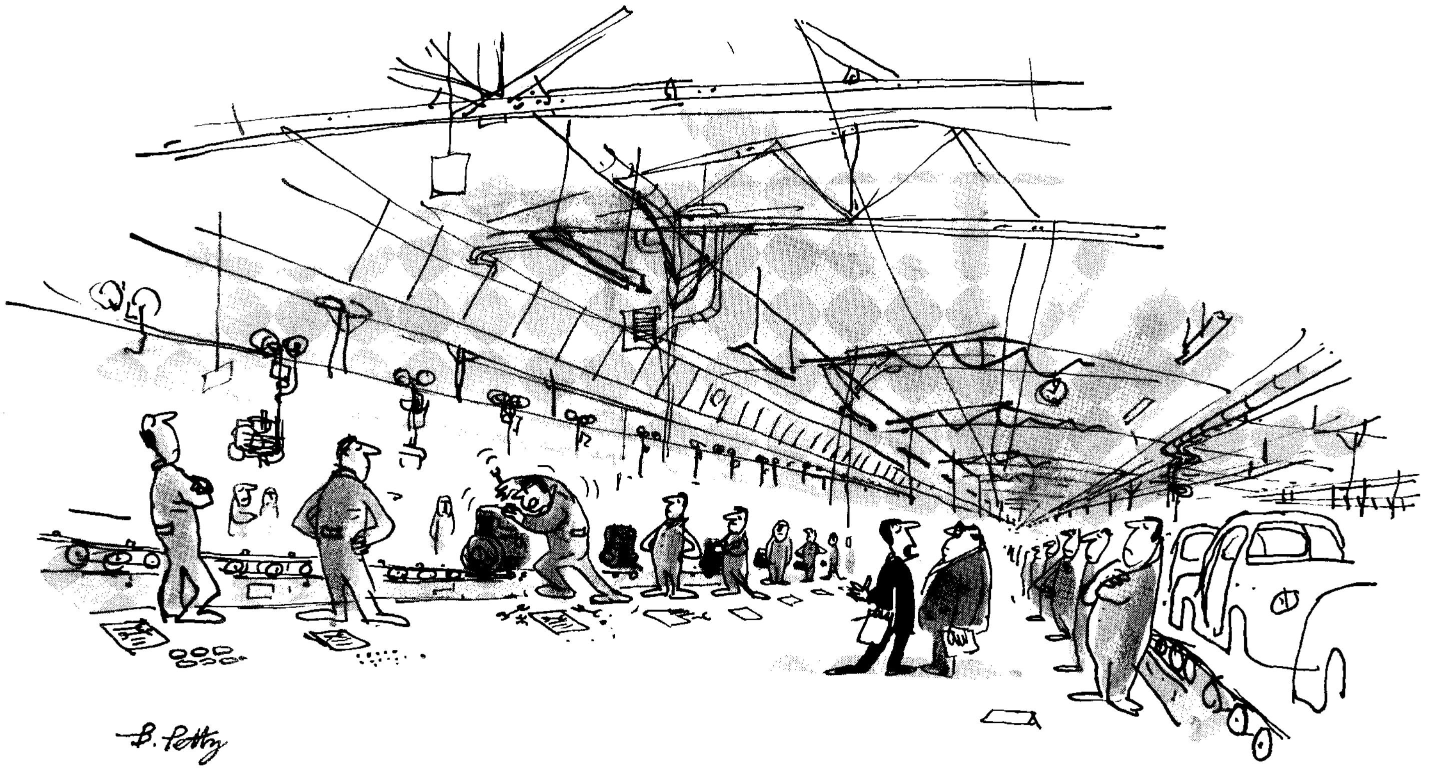
White Tie

OUR man Stanley blew into the office the other day wearing a rented topper and the cool, detached expression of a man who has seen history in the making. "Jacqueline is yummy," he said cryptically, and deposited the following dispatch:

"Have been to Inaugural Ball, in Washington. 'Ben-Hur' intimate, cozy affair by comparison. Was house guest of friends in Georgetown, block or so from President's former home, mile or so from President's new home. Heart of things. Earlier, had spent several frigid, numbing hours on snow-swept Capitol Hill, watching swearing-in ceremonies. Moving, impressive beyond measure, but lost contact with seven toes. Returned to Georgetown, lay down under heavy blanket, concentrated on reëstablishing liaison with missing toes. When all ten toes present and accounted for, rose and dressed for small private dinner with host and hostess, several guests, and my companion, a rose-beige job with close-fitting bodice and velvet trim. Ran into snag with wing collar. Wing collar a little devil. At dinnertime, entered drawing room wearing tailcoat. Ladies in party glittering in sequins and satins, gloves drawn up to shoulder blades; men elegant, distinguished, filled with muted national gaiety. Small talk. 'Remarkable speech,' 'New national purpose,' 'Rededication,' 'Don't forget your tickets,' and so on. Gobbled dinner, donned overcoat and white silk scarf, patted topper into position, and climbed into limousine for long drive to National Guard Armory. Armory miles away, on other side of town, through glazed streets. Passed Lincoln Memorial, ablaze; Washington Monument, ablaze; White House whiter than white, ablaze; and bright dome of Capitol, ablaze. Snow piled everywhere. Skiddy, brilliant night.

"Armory ablaze, too, from huge spotlights. Long parallel lines of cars drawing up to green canopies stretching from Armory to street. Arrived as Russian Ambassador arrived in parallel lane. Stepped out of car as Russian Ambassador stepped out of his. Moment of peaceful coexistence. 'Slushy,' I said, 'but probably more like a spring night to you, with your long winters.' Ambassador noncommittal. Trained diplomat. Smiled, said nothing. Too soon to begin negotiations anyway. Handed ticket to man at door, walked onto vast Armory floor—stunning orange-and-tan drapes hanging from ceiling, floor sanded, great golden bandstand along one side, long box on other side embellished with royal-blue drapes and with seal of the President and the Vice-President. Handed ticket stub to Ruritanian general, who summoned West Point cadet—from long line of cadets and midshipmen—who graciously stepped forward, offered arm to my companion, escorted her to box. I walked alone. Box a sort of stall, containing camp chairs, tray with empty glasses, and empty ice container wrapped in silver foil. Shook off cadet and asked companion for a twirl. Still room to twirl. Meyer Davis orchestra playing. We twirled, exchanging discreet national gaieties. Presidential box still empty, except for Senator Dirksen, alone in rear seat, wearing ruminative smile. I headed, with companion, for frigid refreshment tent at east end of Armory. Refreshment tent offering domestic champagne in paper cups, various colas, orange pop, slices of fruitcake. Ate slice of fruitcake, hurried back to warmth of Armory. Armory now taking on aspect of mob scene. Meyer Davis, on revolving bandstand, revolved. Count Basie orchestra swung into view. Basie in *full* swing. Raised temperature in Armory fifteen degrees. Not much room to dance. Estimated fifteen thousand now in Armory. Passed block-long confectioner's display, surmounted by cake of White House. White House cake almost as big as White House, decorated along side of base with red sugar roses. 'Please don't nibble the cake!' short man standing alongside cake cried out. 'We want to keep it looking beautiful for when the President arrives.' Man said that Local 51 of Cake Bakers Union had baked cake and made twenty-five thousand slices in addition, for this and the four other Inaugural Balls that were going on simultaneously. Struggled over to post beneath Presidential box. Boxes on each side filling up—friends of the President, aides-de-camp, admirals, generals, politicians, cousins. Swish of taffeta almost drowned out Count Basie. Flurry of excitement in Presidential box. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy arrived, headed for seats in front row center. Mrs. Kennedy in sequined white. 'Molyneux,' whispered my companion. Joseph Kennedy removed overcoat. Also inadvertently removed tailcoat. For few moments, President's father, high in box, in shirtsleeves. Instantly rescued by Mrs. Kennedy, other ladies, restored to paternal elegance. Several regiments of uniformed men cleared center aisle between bandstand and Presidential box, pushing throngs on each side behind white ropes. Count Basie disappeared, Meyer Davis reappeared.

"Crush overwhelming. Now impossible to twirl. Pretty lady in front of me fainted dead away, was carried off by two sailors. Future admirals, those chaps, friendly, quick to perform duty. Mounting excitement in Presidential box. Vice-President and Mrs. Johnson arrived with Linda Bird (in white), Lucy Baines (in blue). Lady Bird in pink. Greeted crowds warmly. Mrs. Johnson spotted friends, gave short, fluttering greetings, tugged at Vice-President's sleeve. Nice family. Suddenly, fanfare from band, intake of breath from crowd. Into box stepped First Lady, a vision, poised, regal, with melting, restrained smile. 'Sheath of peau d'ange,' whispered my companion. 'Overblouse of white chiffon. Silver-embroidered bodice. Long white gloves. Hair bouffant, but not *too* bouffant.' 'Golly Ned,' I said. Band played 'Hail to the Chief.' The Chief arrived, tanned, confident, controlled, swift-moving, happy. Bet he had no trouble with *his* collar! Box suddenly filled with Kennedys—sisters, brothers, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law. Vigorous, athletic faces aglow. President and Mrs. Kennedy stared at packed mass below, packed mass below stared at the Kennedys. Inaugural Ball had now become Inaugural Viewing. Crowd cheered and cheered again, fluttered handkerchiefs. President and his wife smiled, waved. Dignified smiles, dignified waves. President on top of world, but his waves were Presidential waves, restrained, powerful. Great musical fanfare as Cabinet, led by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Woodward (Mr. Woodward co-chairman of Ball), walked in brisk line down center aisle and passed in review under Presidential box and out into the night. Orchestra played new, specially written song entitled 'Jacqueline' ('Jacqueline, Jacqueline, Jacqueline, she is charming, she is sweet') and one entitled 'Lady Bird' ('I keep my eyes on the skies with my dreams about Lady Bird'). Jacqueline and Lady Bird smiled politely. President got up, moved around restlessly, and shook hands all over box. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kennedy sat down alongside Jacqueline and chatted with her. Medley of Texas songs brought Johnsons to their feet, waving; medley of Irish songs revealed gleaming teeth of Kennedy family. Couldn't take my eyes off Jacqueline. Couldn't move even if I had wanted to. She chatted with Johnsons, smiled her detached smile. She looked around once or twice at President, who was still in motion. I spied Hugh Gaitskell, Hubert Humphrey, man from Local 51. More flourishes, and Presidential party suddenly departed—heading for more balls, and White House, and the four long years. Hail to the Chief!"



"It may well be that Farnham's conscientiousness and thoroughness would be more useful in Accounts or somewhere."

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MIME

"Song Without End" features the highlights of Franz Liszt's life. . . . The music was recorded by Jorge Bolet, one of America's foremost pianists. . . . Most dramatic story behind the scenes of the making of "Song Without End" was the coaching of Dirk Bogarde by Victor Aller to enable the actor to give a flawless visual performance at the keyboard to match Bolet's already recorded score. Mr. Aller, a master pianist, also is Hollywood's best known piano coach for stars. Dirk Bogarde had never played a note in his life! Not only did he have to learn how to play the piano—he had to learn to play like genius Franz Liszt.—*The Journal-American.*

THE day started off, as all mine do, at a snail's pace. I got to my studio on Carmine Street about a quarter of ten, closed the skylight and lit the kerosene stove—oxygen, however essential to aeronautics and snorkeling, is death to the creative process—and settled down with the coffee and Danish I pick up every morning en route from the subway. Then I emptied the ashtrays into the hall and washed out a few brushes, meanwhile listening to WQXR and studying the canvas I had on the easel. Shortly before eleven, I ran out of excuses for cerebration and began mixing my colors. That's inevitably the moment some nuisance takes it into his head to phone, and in this case it was the bloodiest of them all—Vetlugin, my dealer. His voice trembled with excitement.

"Did he call you? What did he say?" he asked feverishly. Good old Vetlugin, the Tower of Babble. He opens his mouth and out comes confusion; the man has an absolute genius for muddle. By valiant effort, I finally extracted a modicum of sense from his bumbling. Some Hollywood nabob named Harry Hubris, reputedly a top producer at Twentieth Century-Fox, was clamoring to discuss a matter of utmost urgency. Ever quick to sniff out a kopeck, Vetlugin, in direct violation of orders, had promptly spilled my whereabouts. "I figured it'd save time if he came down to see you personally," he cooed. "The precise nature of what he wants he wouldn't reveal, but I smelled there must be dough in it."

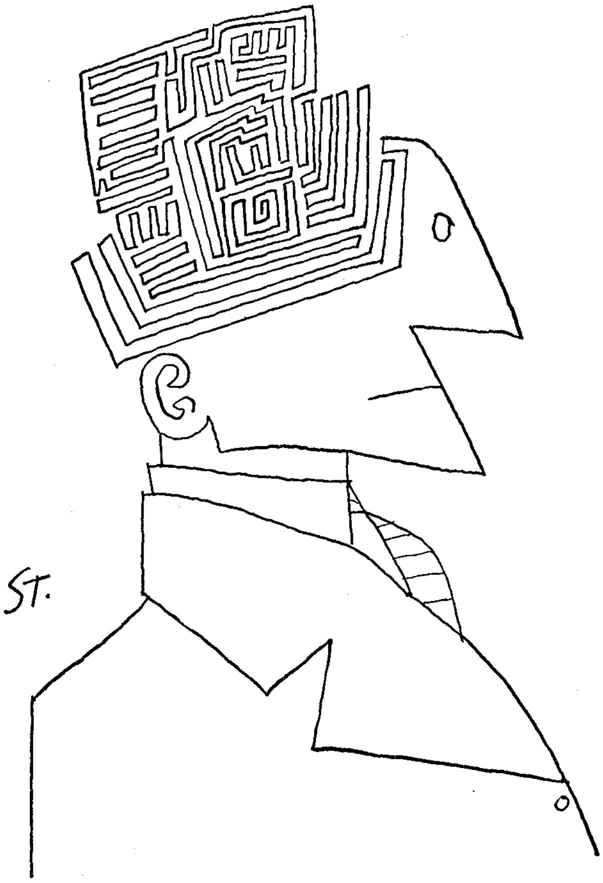
"Listen, you Bessarabian Judas," I groaned. "How many times have I told you never, under any circumstances, to divulge—" Like all arguments with leeches, this one was futile; muttering some claptrap about ingratitude, he hung up and left me biting my own tail. It was a half hour before I calmed down sufficiently to resume work, but I knew the jig was up when the doorbell rang, and one look at the character bounding upstairs confirmed my fears. From his perky velvet dicer to the tips of his English brogues, he was as brash a highbinder as ever scurried out of Sardi's. The saffron polo coat draped impresario-fashion over his shoulders must have cost twelve hundred dollars.

"Say, are you kidding?" he exclaimed, fastidiously dusting a bit of plaster from his sleeve. "Those terrific abstractions of yours—you don't actually *paint* them here?"

"I do when I'm not interrupted," I said pointedly.

"Well, you're risking your life," he declared. "I've seen firetraps in my time, boychick, but this ain't for real. If I showed it in a picture, they'd say it was overdone." He stuck out a paw. "Harry Hubris," he said. "I guess you've heard of me."

Other than feigning an attack of scrofula, there was no escape now that Vetlugin had crossed me up, so I motioned him in.



He made a quick, beady inventory of the décor. "Go figure it," he said, with a shrug. "It always kills me an artist should hole up in a fleabag to conceive a masterpiece. Still, everybody to their own ulcer. Zuckmayer, I want you to know I consider you one of the nine foremost painters of our time."

"Indeed," I said. "Who are the other eight?"

"Look, pal, don't get me started or I'm liable to talk all night," he said. "I've got maybe the most important collection in the Los Angeles area—five Jackson Pollocks, three Abe Rattners, two of yours—"

"Which ones?"

"I can't remember offhand," he said irritably. "A houseful of paintings, you wouldn't expect me to recall every title. But let's get down to basics. What would you say if I offered you two thousand bucks for an hour's work?"

"I'd be even more suspicious than I am now, which is plenty."

"A blunt answer," he approved. "Well, here's the dodge, and you needn't worry, it's strictly legit. Did you perchance read Irving Stonehenge's biography of John Singer Sargent, 'The Tortured Bostonian'?"

I shook my head, and he frowned.

"You're the one guy in America that didn't," he said. "In my humble opinion, it's going to make the greatest documentary-type motion picture since 'Lust for Life.' Just visualize Rob Roy Fruitwell in the leading role and tell me how it could miss."

I visualized as best I could, but, never having heard of the man, got nowhere. "Who is he?" I asked.

"Rob Roy?" Hubris's scorn for my ignorance was Olympian. "Only the biggest potential draw in pictures today, that's all," he affirmed. "Properly handled, Fruitwell can be another Kirk Douglas, *and*," he went on, lowering his voice, "I'll breathe you something in strictest confidence. After he has his dimple deepened next spring, you won't be able to tell them apart. My immediate headache, though, and the reason I contacted you, is this. The kid's a born actor and he'll play the hell out of Sargent, but thus far he's appeared exclusively in horse operas—Westerns. What he requires is a little coaching from an expert—a professional artist like you."

"My dear Mr. Hubris," I said. "If you think I can transform a numskull into a master in one lesson—"

"For Crisake, smarten up, will you?" he implored. "All you got to furnish is the pantomime. Show him how to hold a brush, what a palette's for, which end of the tube the color comes out. Remember, this lug don't know from beauty or the Muse. Two years ago he was a busboy in Fort Wayne."

"But I've never dealt with actors," I objected. "I haven't the faintest clue to their mentality."

"Mentality's one problem you won't have with Rob Roy Fruitwell, brother," Hubris guaranteed. "He's got none. He's just a matzo ball, a sensitized sponge that'll soak up the info you give him and delineate it on the screen."

"Well, I'd have to think it over," I said. "I'm assembling a show at the moment—"

"So your dealer mentioned," he said. "And believe me, Mr. Zuckmayer, I feel like a rat pressuring you, but the point is, we're in a bind. You see, in view of the fact that we start shooting Friday, I had Rob Roy sky in from the Coast last night solely on purpose to huddle with you."

"Then you can jolly well sky him back," I began, and stopped short. After all, if this gasbag was aching to shell out a fat fee for an hour of *expertise*, it'd be downright loony to stand on dignity; my anemic budget could certainly use a transfusion. Obviously sensing I was tempted, Hubris threw in the clincher. Not only would he raise the ante another five hundred, but he was prepared to hand over a check on the spot provided I saw Fruitwell that afternoon. "Well-l-l, all right," I said, overborne. "Have him down here at four o'clock and I'll see what I can do."

"Attaboy!" chortled my caller, whipping out a pen. "You mark my words, Zuckmayer—this may be a turning point in your career. Once the critics dig your name up there in the credits—'Artistic Consultant to the Producer, Harry Hubris'—the whole industry'll be knocking on your door!"

"Don't bother to freeze my blood, please," I said. "Just write out the check."

Hubris made no pretense of concealing his umbrage. "You're a strange apple," he said. "What makes all you artists so anti-social?"

I knew why, but it would have been too expensive to reply. I needed the money.

I WAS tied up at the framer's after lunch, discussing a new molding of kelp on tinfoil for my show, and didn't get back to the studio until four-fifteen. There was a big rented Cadillac parked outside, the driver of which, a harassed plug-ugly in uniform, was standing off a mob of teen-agers screeching and waving autograph books. We had a dandy hassle proving I was kosher, but he finally let me upstairs to the unholy trinity awaiting me. Fruitwell was a standard prize bullock with a Brando tonsure and capped teeth, in a gooseneck sweater under his Italian silk suit which kept riding up to expose his thorax. His agent, a fat little party indistinguishable from a tapir, had apparently been summoned from the hunt, for he wore a Tattersall vest and a deep-skirted hacking coat. The third member of the group, a bearded aesthete dressed entirely in suède, flaunted a whistle on a silver chain encircling his throat. "I'm Dory Gallwise, the assistant director," he introduced himself. "We had to force the lock to get in here. Hope you don't mind."

"Not at all," I said. "Sorry the place is such a pigsty, but—well, you know how bohemians are."

"Oh, it's not so bad," he said graciously. "Of course, as I was just explaining to Rob Roy here, the studio he'll occupy as Sargent will be a lot more imposing. The size of Carnegie Hall, in fact."

"*Natürlich*," I said. "Now, before we commence, Mr. Fruitwell, do you have any questions about art? Anything you'd like me to clarify?"

Immersed in contemplation of a torso on the wall, the young man did not respond at once. Then he lifted his head sleepily. "Yeah, this thing here," he said. "What's it supposed to be—a woman?"

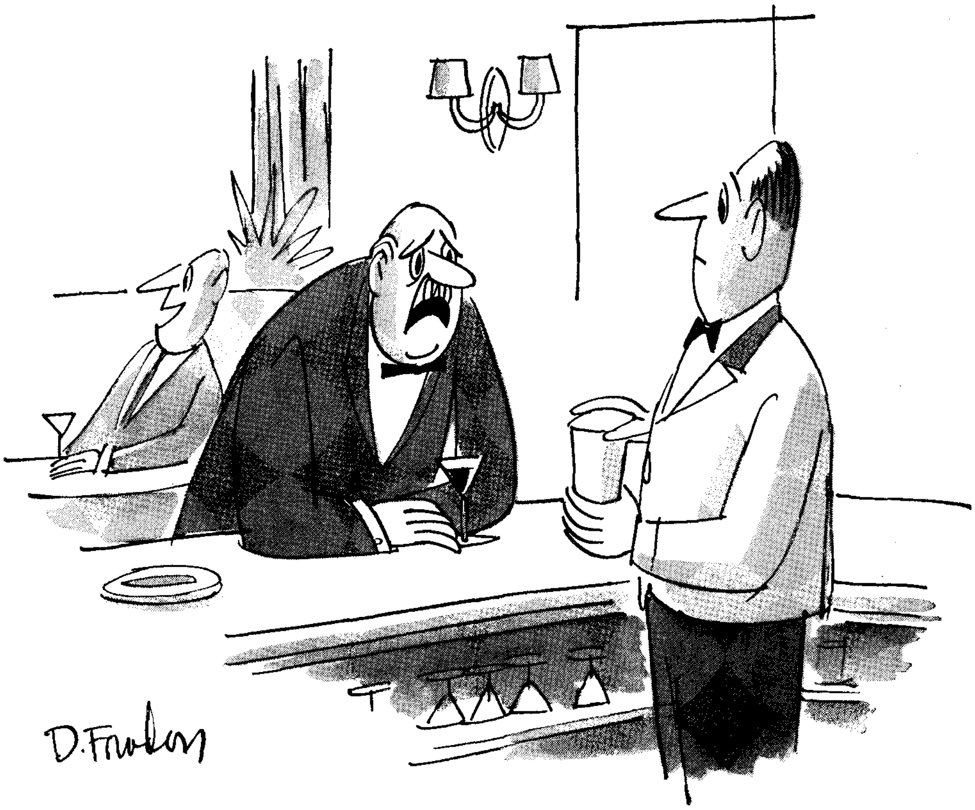
I admitted I had embodied certain female elements, and he snickered.

"You really see that when you look at a dame?" he asked, with a quizzical smile. "Bud, you need therapy. Don't he, Monroe?"

His agent shot me a placatory wink. "Well, I wouldn't go *that* far, Rob Roy," he temporized. "Mr. Zuckmayer reacts to the world around him in a particular way—through the intellect, shall we say? He embodies certain elements—"

"Don't give me that bushwa," the other retorted. "I've dated Mamie van Doren, Marilyn Maxwell, and Diana Dors, and take it from me, pappy, they don't have any corners like that. This moke's in trouble."

"Ha, ha—who isn't?" Gallwise put in with wild gaiety. He cleared his throat nervously. "Listen, boys, let's not hold up Mr. Zuckmayer—he's a busy person." Snapping open his dispatch case, he drew forth a smock and a beret. "Here, Rob Roy, slip these on



"Sure, I'm chairman of Titanium Consolidated, but it happens that Titanium Consolidated is just a subsidiary of Amalgamated Metals, which is in turn controlled by Aerotex Dynamics."

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so you'll get used to the feel of 'em."

"Wait a second," said Fruitwell, clouding over, and wheeled on Monroe. "What the hell are we making, a costume picture? You said I wear a sweatshirt and dungarees."

"In the love scenes, baby," Monroe specified, "but when you're sketching, and like dreaming up your different masterpieces, why, they got to blueprint you're an artist. It establishes your identity."

"Sure, the way a sheriff puts on a tin star," said Gallwise.

"Or a busboy his white coat," I added helpfully.

Fruitwell turned and gave me a long, penetrating look. Then, evidently concluding his ears had deceived him, he surlily donned the habit, and for the next quarter of an hour submitted himself to our charade. I soon perceived that Hubris's depiction of him as a chowderhead was rank flattery. Totally devoid of either coördination or the ability to retain, he lumbered about upsetting jars of pigment, gashed himself disastrously with my palette knife, and in a burst of almost inspired clumsiness sprayed fixative into Monroe's eyeball, temporarily blinding the poor wretch. While the latter lay prostrate, whimpering under the poultices with which Gallwise and I rushed to allay his torment, Rob Roy leaned out of the skylight to mollify his fans. Since, however, they had dispersed meanwhile, his largess was wasted, and he was in a distinct pet by the time Monroe was ambulatory.

"You guys through playing beatnik?" he fretted. "Come on, let's blow. If the dauber's got any more dope, he can phone it in to Hubris, or I'll get it from research, on the Coast."

"Rob Roy—honey," pleaded Gallwise. "We'll spring you in two shakes, but just coöperate ten minutes more. I want Mr. Zuckmayer to check on a couple of scenes—you know, to make sure you don't pull a booboo. Here," he said, forcibly planting his charge in a chair. "Run through the situation where Vincent Youmans tries to win you back to your wife."

"Hold on," I protested. "How does *he* come into this?"

"A dramatic license we took to justify the score," he said hurriedly. "He's a young music student at Harvard that Sargent befriends. Can you remember the lines, Rob Roy?"

Fruitwell contorted his forehead in a simulation of deep thought.

"Never mind—spitball some dialogue to give the general idea," said Gallwise. "Go ahead, I'll cue you. I'll be Youmans."

HURDY-GURDY MAN IN WINTER

He touches, and the wheel of time goes round.
Oh, listen—nothing's in the world so strong.
The larks of ragtime lovers come to ground.
This carrion moment makes men feel they're wrong.

And see the children crowding round the cart,
The sordid cart, where love in memory's lap
Sucks at the bubbling spring designed to start
Remorseful coins to fill the beggar's cap.

He leans on sound as on a ramp of air,
Floating his tunes through doors and window tops,
Tipping up pomp, upsetting habit's chair,
Catching the silver penny where it drops.

What cities feel his battering ram of tune
Break their defenses with nostalgic ease,
Breaching the walls of day that seemed immune,
Painting the dark with sunset poverties.

Rattling a cup, he saunters to waylay
The rich, whose conscience he makes insecure.
Down the long, captivated street he'll play.
The starlike snowflakes lend him strange allure.

His monkey, chained and dressed in exile's cloak,
Leaps up and, crouching on the organ's rim,
Frowns at the shapes that pass, whose breath is smoke;
The sun may turn its wheel, but not for him.

Here comes his master, croupier of the town,
Counting his coins like snowflakes on a bag.
He rakes their mysteries in and puts them down,
The missing bridegroom and the midnight hag.

—VERNON WATKINS

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"Hello, Youmans," complied Fruitwell, in a monotone. "Where you been, man?"

"Oh, just studying my counterpoint over in Cambridge," said Gallwise. "But you certainly are a storm center these days, John Singer. All Beacon Hill is agog the way you threw up your job as stockbroker and abandoned your family. Can a pair of saucy blue orbs underlie this move, as wagging tongues imply?"

Fruitwell uttered a cynical hoot reminiscent of a puppy yelping for a biscuit. "Women!" he scoffed. "I'm tired of those silly little creatures casting their spell on me. I want to paint—to paint, do you hear? I've got to express what I feel deep down inside me! The agony, the heartbreak!"

His agent, who was following the recital from behind a crumpled handkerchief, sprang forward and embraced him. "Sweetheart, don't change a word, a syllable," he begged. "Do that on camera and I personally—Monroe Sweetmeat—promise you an Academy Award. What about it, Mr. Zuckmayer?" he inquired anxiously. "Does it ring true from the artist's point of view?"

"Frighteningly," I agreed. "You've caught the very essence of the creative urge. I have only one criticism." Gallwise stiffened expectantly. "Mr. Fruitwell's got his smock on backwards. The audience might conceivably mistake him for a hairdresser."

"How could they, with that dialogue?" he demanded.

"That's what I mean," I said.

"Well, it's a point to watch," ruminated the director. "Remember that, Rob Roy. Now the key scene, where you get your big break from the hotel manager. The plot point here, Mr. Z., is that Sargent's down and out in New York. It's Christmas Day, the landlord's shut off the gas, and he's starving."

"Tell him about the onion," Monroe giggled.

"A bit of comedy relief," Gallwise explained. "He's so hungry that he finally has to eat this still-life of an onion and a herring."

"What, the canvas itself?" I asked.

"No, no—the objects he's painting," he said impatiently. "Anyway, just at his darkest hour, in comes Tuesday Weld, the coatroom girl at the St. Regis that's been secretly in love with him. She's persuaded the manager to let Sargent paint a mural of King Cole for the men's bar."

"Using the pseudonym of Maxfield Parrish," I supplemented.

"God damn it," burst out Fruitwell, "I've got an eight-man team of writers from the New York *Post* waiting to interview me! Let's do the *scene!*"

Gallwise recoiled as if from a blast furnace. "Uh—on second thought, maybe we don't have to," he stammered, a muscle twitching in his cheek. "I only wanted to corroborate one small detail. Halfway through the action, Mr. Zuckmayer, as Sargent holds Tuesday in his arms, he suddenly stumbles on the idea for his greatest composition, 'The Kiss.' How would a painter react in those circumstances? What exact phraseology would he employ?"

"To herald an inspiration, you mean?" I pondered. "Well, I always smite my forehead and use a simple Greek word—eureka."

Fruitwell ripped off his smock and flung it at his agent. "And for this you fly me from the Coast, you muzzler," he snarled. "Any coffeepot could of told you that!" Suffused with outrage, he stalked to the door, pulverized me and my artifacts with a glance, and was gone. Monroe scampered after him, his face stricken.

Gallwise stood immobilized an instant. Then, swallowing painfully, he folded the smock into the dispatch case like a somnambulist and crossed to the threshold. The crucified smile he turned on me was purest Fra Angelico. "Temperament," he apologized. "But don't be afraid, Mr. Zuckmayer—there won't be a trace of it on the screen. The kid's a great trouper."

It was such nirvana, standing there tranquilly in the dusk after he had left, that I let the phone ring for a full minute. I knew who it was, and my parfait was complete without a Bessarabian cherry, but I also knew Vetlugin's tenacity. I picked up the receiver.

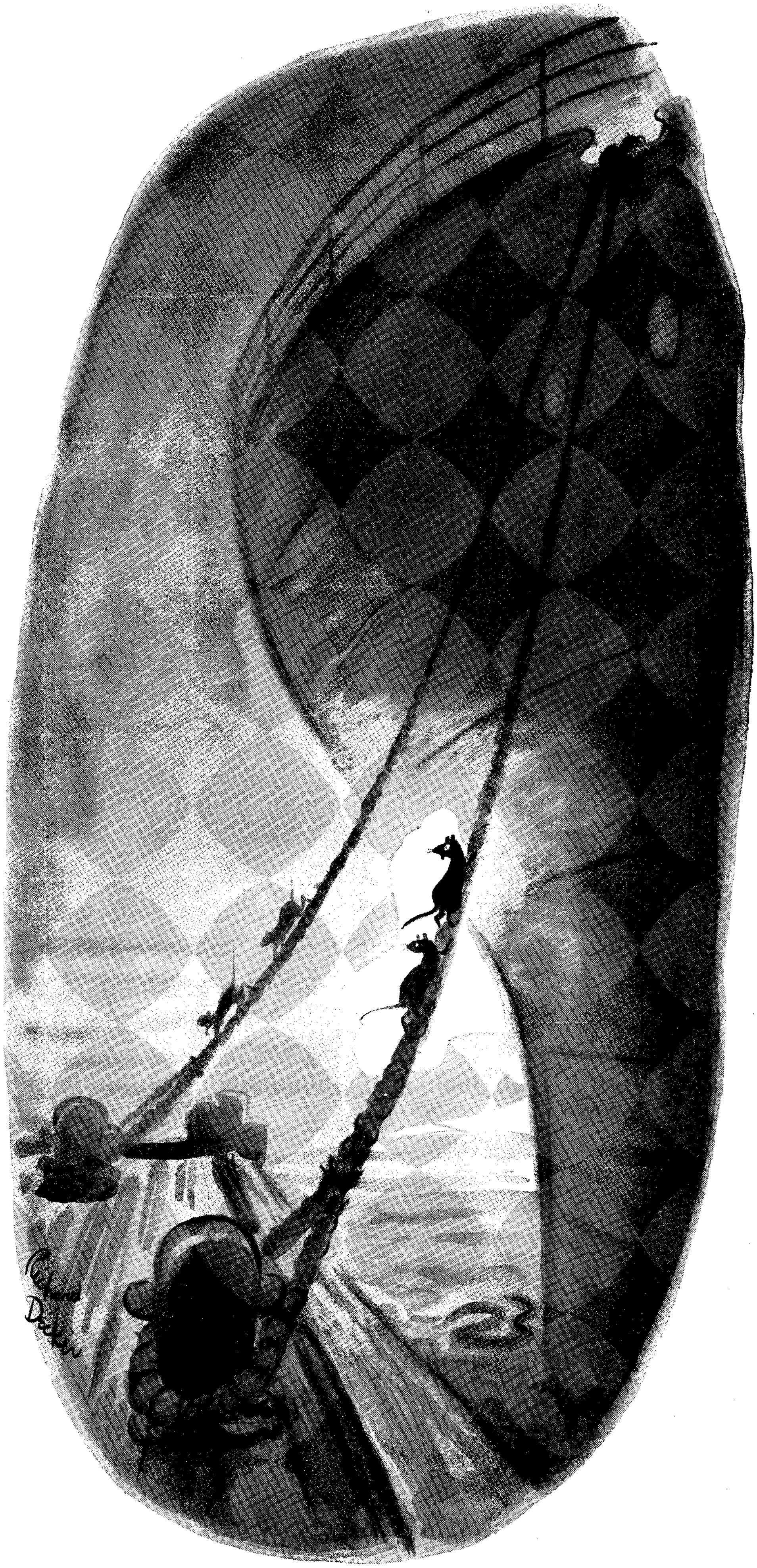
"It's me, Tovarisch." He spoke in such a conspiratorial whisper that for a moment I had trouble distinguishing him. "Look, which painting should I give Mr. Hubris?" he asked breathlessly. "He says he deserves a big one, on account of the publicity you'll get from the film. I claim—"

"I'll settle it." I cut him short. "Call him to the phone."

"But I said you were working—I had orders not to disturb—"

"I've finished," I said. "It's catharsis time."

And it was. —S. J. PERELMAN



"Do you suppose they know something we don't know?"

WHAT ABOUT KNICKERS AT SMITH?

IT was nine-fifteen at the hospital, on a Sunday night in the middle of winter, and Dr. Spencer Fifield sat in one of the private rooms puffing energetically on a cigarette and talking with enthusiasm to the twenty-year-old college girl lying flat on the white bed before him. She wasn't a regular patient. Her regular doctor, Harvey Davis, was out of town. Davis was one of the powers in the hospital; he had married into the Bernheimer family, which had three members on the hospital board. Phil Brody, who covered for Davis, was in bed with the flu, and Spencer was covering for Brody, who was so jittery about muffing something to do with a Harvey Davis patient that he had called Spencer three times from his sickbed to ask whether everything was absolutely under control. If it wasn't, he said, he would get right over to the hospital *with* his temperature of a hundred and one. Spencer had never had a Harvey Davis patient before. This one, Susan Auerbach, was a good example of the kind of well-to-do practice, among people pretty damn high on the social and economic scale, that Davis—and Brody, for that matter—enjoyed. The Auerbach family owned valuable real estate in the city, and had owned it for a long time, too. Spencer was pleased at having Susan Auerbach *and* her family, and he was pleased at having made the correct diagnosis when he saw the girl, for the first time, that afternoon at her home. The Auerbachs lived in a duplex in one of the older apartment houses on the upper East Side; their apartment was elegant, comfortable, not ostentatious, and it had a real Dufy above a real fireplace in the living room. Spencer had hung around there for over an hour, just talking, even though it had taken him no more than ten minutes to make his diagnosis, in the girl's bright, cozy room. Harvey Davis would have no complaints about the diagnosis. Brody certainly had none when Spencer telephoned him and told him what he had found, and that he would be a damn fool to get out of bed and come over. Brody sounded relieved, actually, to stay in his bed when Spencer told him what he thought Susan had. Spencer usually guessed right about those hidden, lousy things. And in this instance he had since been proved right—both by Dr. Solender, the brain surgeon he had (with Brody's approval) brought in on the case, and by the X-ray films and other tests. Susan was admitted to the hospital for surgery. Spencer's name, along with Dr. Solender's, was up on the card outside on the girl's door. All this on a dreary snow-threatened Sunday, when Spencer had not expected anything new or interesting to happen.

The girl raised her head from the pillow and tried groggily to look at him. He got up and went over to the foot of the bed. He placed his hand, in the classic medical show of reassurance, on her ankle, and let out a little laugh of pleasure. It was more than just having been proved right in his diagnosis; it was finding someone he could talk to and, in a way, get close to, as often happened with his patients. Also, it usually gave him a lift to call on a new patient, even if it was one he was taking over temporarily for another doctor. Even if the Auerbach girl had turned out to be merely a Phil Brody patient instead of a Harvey Davis one, it would have been all right. Brody had a good, solid practice—either upper middle-class or better, and very much like Brody himself, who was about twenty years older than Spencer and had a son at Harvard Medical School. And Brody kept his patients. Some of them, Spencer knew for a fact, had stayed with Brody since he started to practice. Brody, like Harvey Davis, refused to have anything to do with screwballs, who were too demanding, too neurotic. Every now and then, Spencer would become dissatisfied with his own patients, so many of whom were screwballs, and would resolve to build his own practice along Davis-Brody-type lines. What's more, he would resolve to get married and have children, and to build his life along Davis-Brody lines, too. Spencer had once come close to having a date with a niece of the Bernheimers, on one of her weekends in from school, but she had missed her train or something and the date had never come off. That was over three years ago. Spencer still talked about it a lot.

Susan's room looked out on the park. Outside, there was a damp frost in the air. Spencer said that if *he* ran the hospital he would put Dufy prints on the walls instead of the kind of pastoral calendar art they had now. Susan raised her head, trying to look at the picture on the wall facing her bed—white-and-brown cows in a field of green, green grass. She didn't make it. She put her head down. Steam hissed from the radiator, keeping the edges of the windows trimmed unevenly with mist but leaving a ragged oval in the center clear to a view of the lamplit park. If her vision had not been impaired by her condition, she might have seen, from her lying-down position, the tops of the taller trees in the park, with spotty patches of snow clinging to the high branches. Spencer didn't bother to look out. He was completely caught up in the presence of this girl in the room. He was in no hurry to leave. There was no rush. They hadn't even done the spinal tap on the girl yet. Spencer felt unusually relaxed. Very often, when he felt particularly lonely and cut off from the regular routines of life followed by his married colleagues, he would drop in on his patients in the hospital during the supper hour, gossip with them, find out about their jobs or their love troubles or family troubles or money troubles, and give them advice. Sometimes he would spend a quiet half hour or so in patients' rooms reading their gift books. With the intellectuals, he could talk about literature and other cultural subjects. When he ran into patients' visitors, he would stay and pass the gift cookies to them, talking like an old friend. When his patients didn't feel quite up to food, he would eat their hospital-tray suppers. If they did feel up to it, he would nibble at their leftovers. He had found that almost all of his patients—especially in the hospital—when they felt frightened or in pain, liked to have their doctor hanging around. His presence added a measure of reassurance, of protection. He was wanted in a way that gave a special sort of meaning to his own life. When he walked into a patient's room, he was looked at with automatic respect. Automatic dependence. Automatic love.

The girl on the bed now looked at him with automatic respect and dependence and love. Spencer had a feeling of closeness to this girl. It wasn't an idea. It was a feeling. He was almost sure it felt like a feeling. The morning before, his psychoanalyst, Dr. Blauberman, had been telling him he intellectualized too much. About everything. Including everything he did.

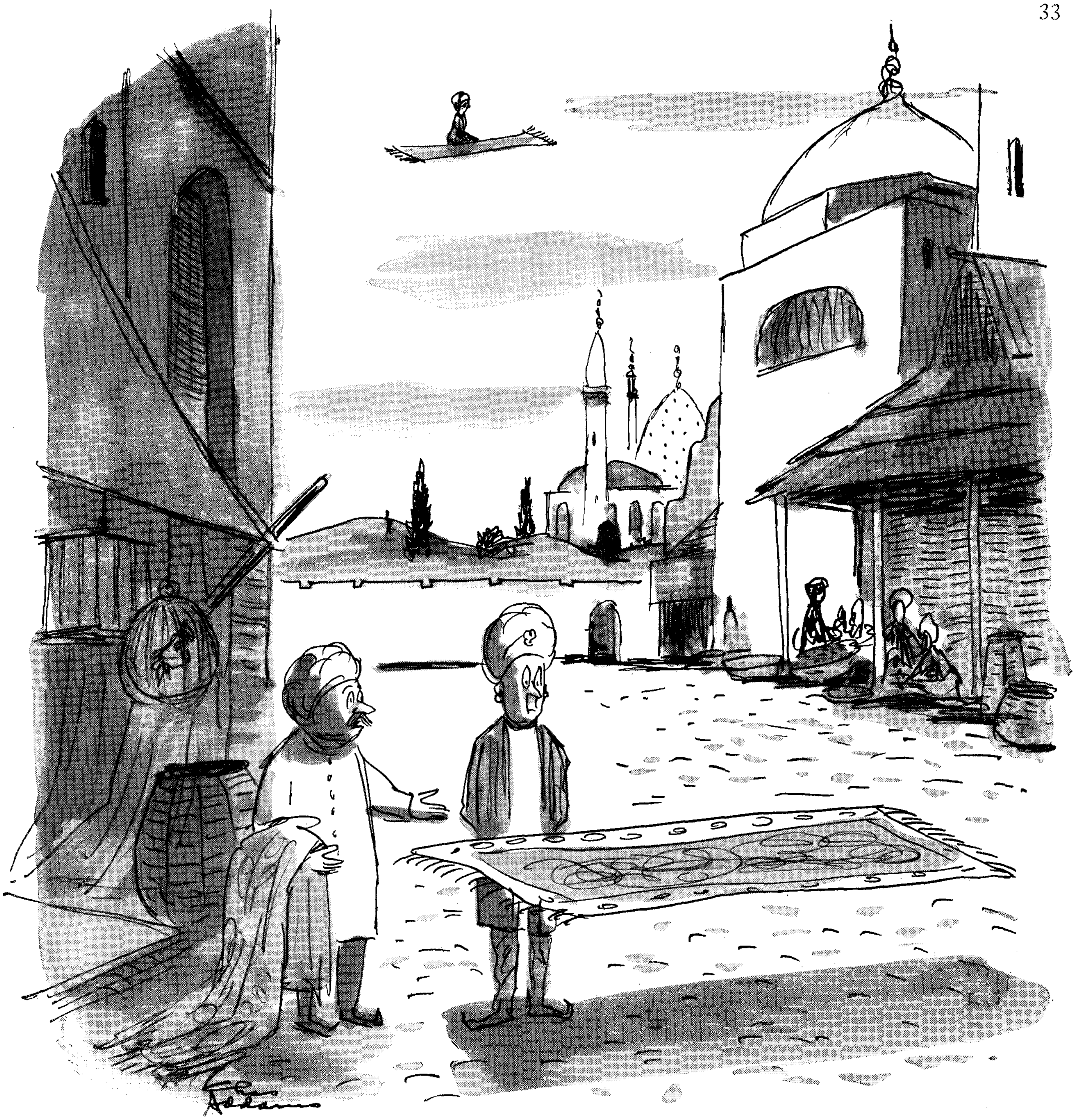
"Frankly, Dr. Blauberman, I think I don't intellectualize as much as I used to," Spencer said from the couch.

"Mmmm," Dr. Blauberman said. "You intellectualize when you should feel. No?"

"I don't know how to shut it off, frankly. Thinking. How can I make myself feel?"

"Hmmm. Mmmm?" Dr. Blauberman said. "So. You will know when it happens. Mmmm?"

JUST outside the door, in the dimly lighted corridor, which had been cleared of all other visitors, Mr. and



"Now, this one was owned by an elderly gentleman with acrophobia."

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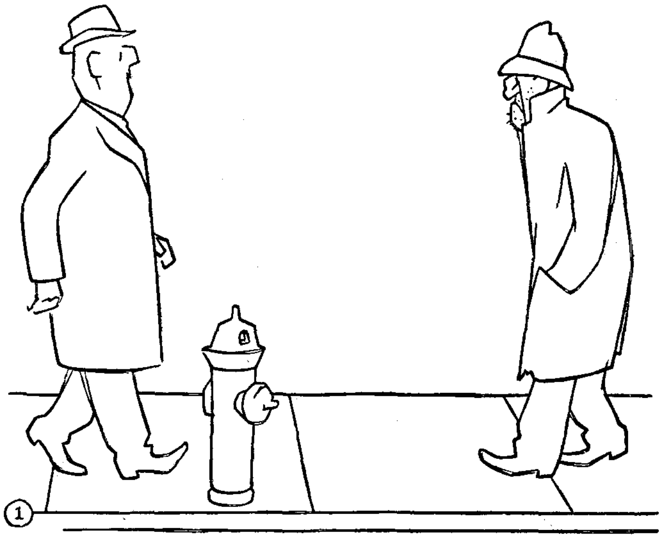
Mrs. Auerbach and their eighteen-year-old son Robert were waiting—shattered, dazed, helpless, in blank terror—for Dr. Spencer Fifield to emerge and give them some further word on the course of action to be followed. Not that there would be any change in plan. Dr. Fifield had made that clear, and Dr. Solender, the brain surgeon, had briskly confirmed the facts. It wasn't so bad, Dr. Fifield had told them lightly. It could be worse. They had the facts. Accept them. And he had taken off to arrange for further tests. With the facts tearing at their hearts, they had sat quietly in Susan's room, shaking, trying to look steady, trying to smile, trying to talk to the girl in the bed. Then Dr. Fifield had returned to the room, smoking breezily, looking dimpled, seeming much younger than his age, which was thirty-seven, and enjoying himself mightily in this fearful moment over which he had supreme control. Looking with expectation at Susan, he had asked Mr. and Mrs. Auerbach and Robert to wait outside. So they had gone out to the corridor. There they stood close together—handsome, smartly dressed, well-mannered, but unaccustomed to sudden tragedy, unequipped for horror.

Private nurses attending other rooms scuttled back and forth in the corridor, their eyes averted from the Auerbachs, their attention on the particular patient of their eight-hour attachment. The Auerbachs pressed themselves up against the wall, embarrassed that they might be in the way. Postoperative patients came out of their rooms for their nightly walks, and the Auerbachs seemed further embarrassed by their direct, curious stares as the patients shuffled awkwardly past them. The head floor nurse approached. "Would you wait in the waiting room around the corner?" she said, impatient, unsmiling. She had an overly pale face, bright dabs of rouge on her



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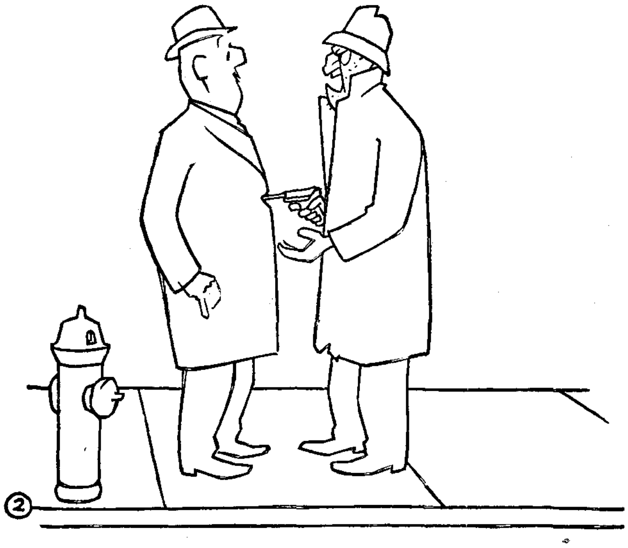

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cheeks, graying hair flattened by the nurse's cap, and steel-rimmed spectacles. Her uniform was wrinkled and not impeccably white. She had a heavy cold. Sunday night was her Monday morning, and she was in no mood for irregularities.

"Thank you, but we'd like to wait right here, if you don't mind," Mr. Auerbach said. "Dr. Fifield asked us to step out here for a moment. He's in there with our daughter." His wife and son nodded agreement with this incontrovertible statement and looked pleadingly, in silence, at the nurse.

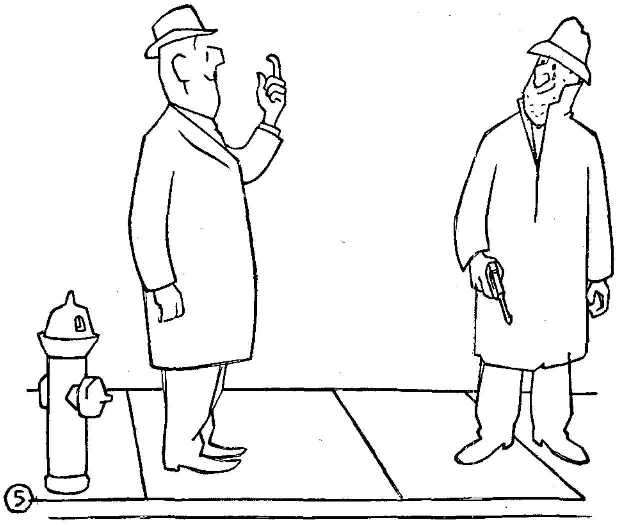
"You've been standing out here twenty minutes against the rules. We've got our rules, you know. . . . All right. If that's what you want," she added, and quickly moved away from them. If she stood there, they'd be trying to hand *her* their fear. No thanks.

She went into the room on the left at the end of the corridor. The door to the room was open, and she left it open. A television set inside the room was turned on full blast. It emitted sounds of Rochester engaged in hoarse conversational battle over penury with his boss, Jack Benny, and of metallic TV-audience laughs, like weird cacophonies from another planet.

Mr. Auerbach turned to his wife. "O.K., Mil?" he asked.

She nodded, her lips tightly pressed, working off the last remaining flecks of lipstick applied so very long ago. A black alligator purse hung from one arm, and she wore matching black alligator pumps. One hand clutched the back of the other, and she held them both pressed against her waist.

"Mom, maybe you ought to sit down," Robert Auerbach said, in a reedy voice. He was skinny and tall, with a small, round face resting on a shirt collar that had round tabs held together with a straight gold pin. He stood a couple of inches taller than his father, who wore the same kind of collar and pin.



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Jack Benny's nasalized complaints to Don Wilson came at them from the room at the end of the corridor. Mr. Auerbach gave his wife a small smile. "If you want to sit down, Mil, we'll call you as soon as Dr. Fifield comes out."

"What's he *doing* in there?" Mrs. Auerbach asked. She had a low, pleasant voice, marred slightly by the sound of her pain. "He said for a *moment*. . . . I don't want to sit down, Ernie. Do you?"

"I'm fine, Mil. I'm sure he'll be out soon."

"What a time for Dr. Davis to be away!" Mrs. Auerbach said. "My God, what a time! At least he's known her since she was a baby."

"Harvey Davis is one of these two-vacations-a-year doctors, summer and winter," Mr. Auerbach said.

"Way down in God knows where in the West Indies!" Mrs. Auerbach said.

"I don't mean he doesn't need it," Mr. Auerbach said. "He had that coronary two years ago."

"We really need him, Ernie. We need somebody we *know*."

"This fellow"—Mr. Auerbach inclined his head in the direction of Susan's room—"seems to be good. A bit young, but he seems to know what it's all about. We're just used to Harvey Davis."

"Do you want to eat something, Ernie?" Mrs. Auerbach asked, as though the question were a sequitur. "You must be starved. All you had was breakfast."

Mr. Auerbach shook his head. "But you ought to have something," he said. "You were up all night with her. You didn't even have breakfast."

"So were you," Mrs. Auerbach said.

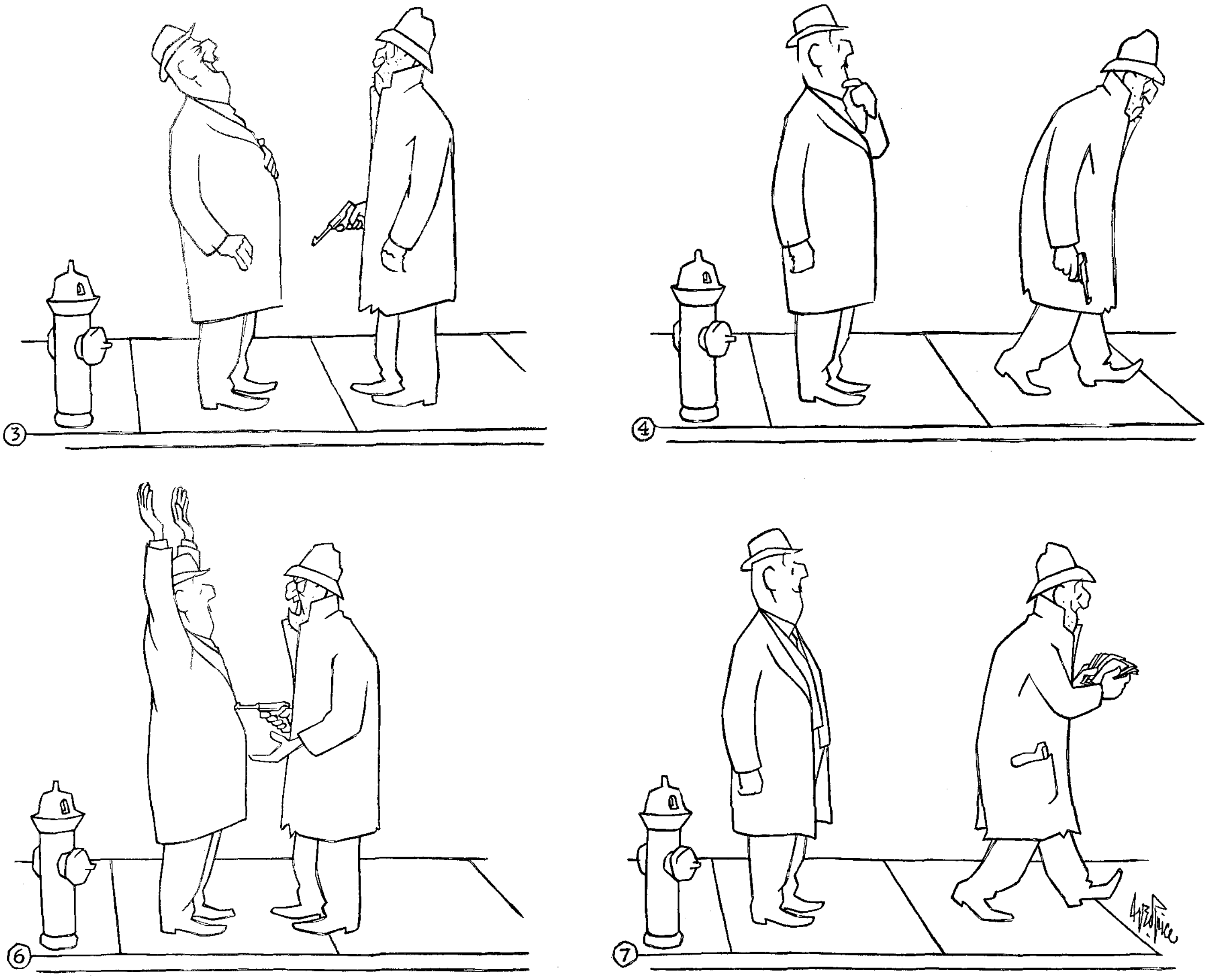
"How about a cup of tea? Bobby could run out to a drugstore or someplace."

"I don't want a cup of tea," Mrs. Auerbach said, almost irritably. "I don't want anything."

"There's a hamburger place right near here," Robert Auerbach said. "I got a hamburger there before. They have tea. I could bring you a hamburger, Mom, too." He blushed and looked uneasy.

"I can't eat," Mrs. Auerbach said.

"I can't, either," Mr. Auerbach said. He glanced anxiously at Susan's door. "Harvey's answering service couldn't locate either of the two doctors he left to cover for him," he said. "You know that nice Dr. Brody we had that time



for your grippe? I tried to get him again. Harvey always has him cover for him, but Brody's service said that Dr. Fifield was covering for *him*. I'm sure Dr. Brody wouldn't have anybody covering for him who wasn't *good*."

"Dad?" Robert said. "Maybe we could telephone Dr. Davis long distance and talk to him. Ask him if he thinks Dr. Fifield is a good man for this."

"I tried that before you came home. He's on some damn little island down there, cut off from everything. The whole idea, I guess, is to get away from the ringing telephone."

"What a time for him to be away!" Mrs. Auerbach said. She stared at the door to Susan's room. "What's he *doing* in there?"

"Take it easy, Mil," Mr. Auerbach said.

"Dr. Fifield must be a good man, Mom," Robert said. "After all, he's on the staff of the hospital. You don't get on the staff if you don't measure up. And didn't you think he was sort of trying to be nice? In the house, I mean?"

"Susie seemed to like him," Mr. Auerbach said.

"Poor sweet baby, she—" Mrs. Auerbach stopped and brought herself under control. She switched hands, bottom to top, top to bottom, holding each other. She said, with bitterness, "If she's got what they say she's got, her mind isn't exactly clear to decide what she likes or doesn't like."

The three Auerbachs avoided looking at each other. Finally, Mr. Auerbach said, "Both Dr. Fifield and Dr. Solender say we must remember these things are often localized and not malignant and easily removed. But they have to go ahead with the operation. Then they say she'll be perfectly O.K., if everything goes all right. They both feel sure."

"Susie will be O.K., Mom. Everybody says so."

"Then what's keeping him in there? Don't you think we can just go in?" Mrs. Auerbach asked.

"We have to observe their routine," Mr. Auerbach said. "It's that way in everything. This is no exception."

"I keep thinking it's one of those horrible nightmares you wake up from and everything is all right. But I guess that's what everybody thinks," she added. "It's so unfair. So unfair. All those dances she went to Christmas week. She was never so happy. She never looked so lovely. Her junior year has been her best."

"Pam's brother says that Susie is the only girl he can stand to go skiing with, you know?" Robert said. "Last Sunday, he left his place in line at the lift just to come over and say hello to me. Man, do I rate!" He gave a nervous laugh. He was a freshman at Dartmouth.

"When I think of the way we believed the headaches were from studying for exams!" his mother said. "When I think of how we worried about whether she should wear glasses!"

"Let's just get Susie through the next twenty-four hours, that's all," Mr. Auerbach said.

"I forgot to tell you," Robert

said. "Pam called up just before we left the house. She's awfully concerned about Susie. She's a damn nice kid. I like her brother, too."

His mother gave him a smile. "He's a nice boy, dear. And Pam's a lovely girl. Lovely." She tried to conceal a sudden onrush of tears by changing the position of her hands, of her purse. "For God's sake!" she said at last. "Ernie, for God's sake!"

One of the postoperative strollers—a large man with powerful shoulders, and bald—came over to the Auerbachs. He had on an undersized Viyella tartan bathrobe bagging out at the seat and loudly slapping, backless house slippers. He said, in a heavy Slavic-Jewish accent, "Was *I* scared stiff on my admission to this hospital one week plus one day ago yesterday!"

The Auerbachs stiffened noticeably.

"Siegal," the large man said, extending his hand to Mr. Auerbach. "Nat Siegal."

Mr. Auerbach backed away slightly, but he took Mr. Siegal's hand and shook it. Robert did the same. The door of the room on the left at the end of the corridor was open, and from this room came the raucous sounds of Rochester again being nagged by Jack Benny.

"Ah!" Mr. Siegal said, and with a wave of his hand he dismissed the patient in the room at the end of the corridor. "He's next to me. A big TV fan. Everybody is afraid of him."

The head floor nurse walked past without looking at any of them. She sneezed. Mr. Siegal gave the Auerbachs a significant look and shrugged. "Pneumonia, I hope not," he said, and, with an "Ah" and a wave of his hand, dismissed her. "You want to know why everybody is afraid of him?" He indicated the room of the big TV fan. "When all night long he has on Westerns? Shooting and shooting and shooting, with the door open? Because he is a prince! A real prince. A foreign potentate. And the whole hospital is afraid of him. Everybody must suffer because he's the prince!"

"Have a good day, dear. Dog eat dog, and all that sort of thing."

The Auerbachs gave feeble but authentic laughs. Mr. Siegal looked at them keenly. "Last night," he continued. "Bang! Bang! Bang! Until three o'clock in the morning. Finally, I'm asleep. So at five o'clock the floor nurse wakes me up. Why? To give me a sleeping pill!"

One end of Mr. Siegal's bathrobe belt was dragging on the floor. Robert picked it up and handed it to him.

"Much obliged." Mr. Siegal took a long cellophane-wrapped cigar from his bathrobe pocket and offered it to Mr. Auerbach. "Smoke?"

"Thanks, but not just now."

"Take it," Mr. Siegal said.

"Well—"

"It's from a gift box from a dear friend wishing me I should recover. He brings me a whole box of dollar-and-a-half cigars. So the doctor sees them. 'Siegal,' he says. 'No cigars!' So I give *him* the whole box. So he gives me two back, and he says, 'Here. Smoke it. *One*. Show you have will power with the other.' So here. Take it. I'm showing will power."

Mr. Auerbach took it.

The head floor nurse approached, carrying a bottle of clear liquid labelled "Dextrose—5% in Saline Intravenous." Mrs. Auerbach started.

"Nothing!" Mr. Siegal said as the head floor nurse took the bottle into Susan's room. "The way they scare people around here with their bottles! Bottles of this. Bottles of that. They put the bottles in the rooms to impress the visitors! I have become an expert on these matters in this hospital. Bottles! Ah!" Again he made the gesture of dismissal, this time at the door to Susan's room. "Listen, I don't mean to intrude, but I've been marching back and forth watching you. You're nice people. A fine family. I don't like to see you worry."

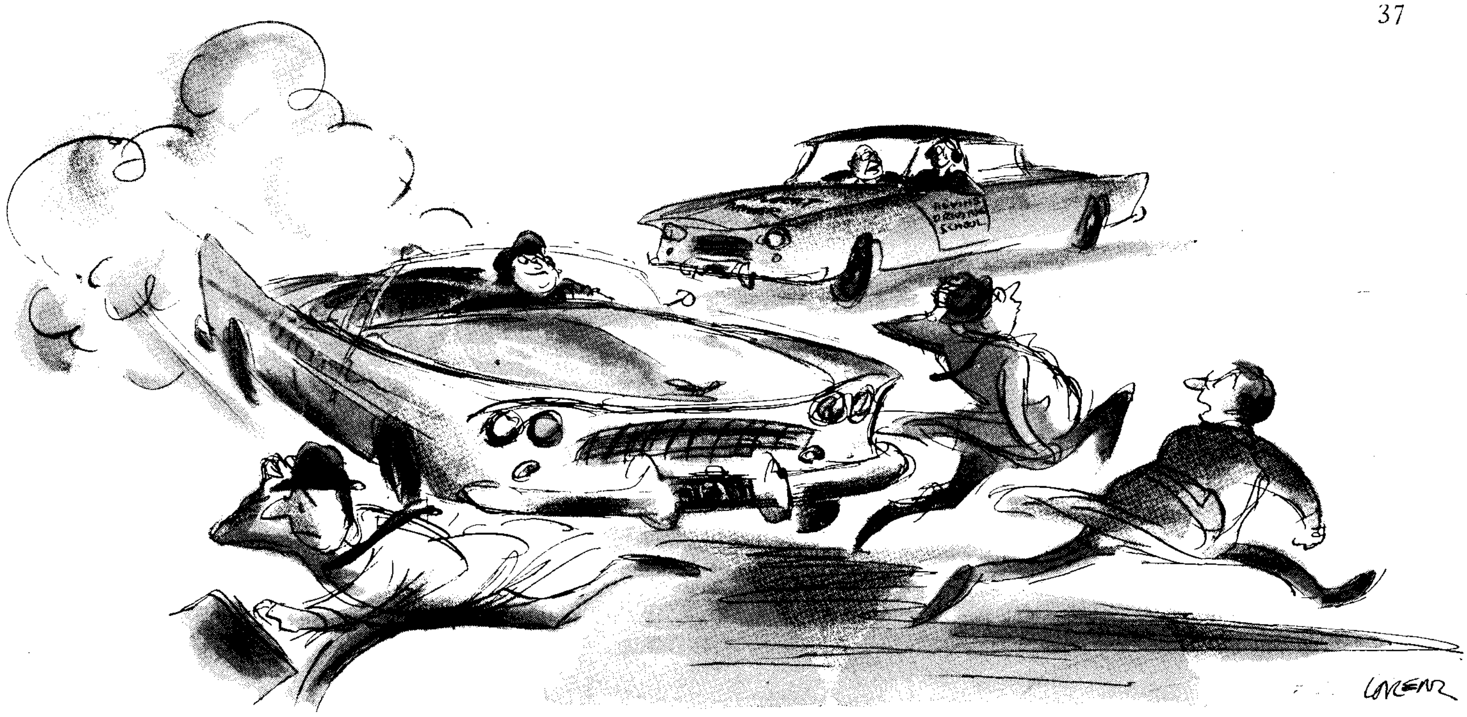
"You're very kind," Mrs. Auerbach said.

Susan had just asked Spencer, who was sitting in the armchair and smoking, if she would miss much of the winter semester at school.

"You Smith girls, you never change," Spencer said, with a laugh. "Hate to miss your classes? Or is it the skiing? Frankly, I've always meant to take up skiing, but I never got around to it."

The girl on the bed reminded him of all the college girls and boys of his own Amherst days whose life he'd always wanted to be a part of. What he had thought was that eventually their ranks would open and he would be taken in. That didn't happen. To this day, just thinking about those boys and girls with their dates in fast convertibles, their hair blowing, made his throat tighten and go dry and his hands grow cold in apprehension. The feeling had never lifted for him. But this one—Susan Auerbach—was different. She didn't make him feel like an outsider. It was easy with her. His throat was neither tight nor dry. His hands were not cold. As he looked at her, he kept smiling. He felt happy. He said, "Do you go skiing a lot with your friends?"

"Oh, yes, but it's fun



"All in good time, Miss Fennel, all in good time."

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to go alone, too," Susan said. "Sometimes it's even better that way."

"Not much left of the skiing season," Spencer said.

"Oh, yes. March. Sometimes April."

"It always looks so easy, coming down those slopes," Spencer said.

"My mother here?"

"Right outside. I like your mother. Did she go to Smith, too?"

"Hunter."

"Frankly, Hunter's changed a lot since her day," he said.

"My father here? My brother?"

"Right here. I like your dad. He's got good taste in buildings. I like Bobby, too. Frankly, he's not callow, like a lot of Dartmouth boys. He seems to have real values."

She closed her eyes, but Spencer didn't notice. He gave another laugh, at what he was about to say. "Some of those Indians! Frankly, our Jeffs, at Amherst, were what I guess you would call cool. I used to date a lot of Smith girls, being practically next door. Frankly, I've always thought Smith girls had it all over Vassar girls. I like Barnard girls, too. I understand that shorts are now *verboten* at Barnard."

Spencer liked to say that he could talk about almost anything with his patients. Name any subject and he had a little up-to-the-minute information on it, and an opinion. His feeling of relaxation deepened. He felt he was going great with Susan.

She opened her eyes. "Will I have a big scar?" she asked, looking at the ceiling. "Will it show?"

Spencer didn't hear, as often happened when he was absorbed in something of his own interest. "What about knickers at Smith?" he asked. "I hear they're going in for knickers and those big, bulky sweaters at Smith."

"Will I?" Susan asked.

"What?"

"Have a scar?"

"Oh. Nobody will be able to see a thing. It won't take long for your hair to grow back and cover it all up. What about trampolines? Are trampolines a thing at Smith?"

Susan had closed her eyes again.

"Susan?"

She didn't answer.

SPENCER sat there and finished his cigarette. Regretfully, he got up and went out to the corridor. "Susan is a wonderful girl!" he said when he joined the Auerbachs. "I like her."

"Is she all right?" Mrs. Auerbach asked. "Is she awake? Can we see her?"

"Can we go in now, Dr. Fifield?" Mr. Auerbach asked.

Spencer took his time before saying anything. It was an old habit of his to pause when confronted with the need to respond in some way to the anxieties of others. It had become a kind of reflex. "My guess is that Susan is going to be fine," he said finally. "Frankly, I'm sticking my neck out at this point, but that's what I think." He sniffed. Their Harvey Davis might not commit himself at this point, even in a qualified way. Neither would Phil Brody, in all probability. Spencer didn't mind taking chances. He was always ready to walk into touchy situations. He looked happily at each of the Auerbachs in turn. He took a package of cigarettes from his coat pocket and offered it around.

"Not right now," Mrs. Auerbach said. "We'd better go in and see her now."

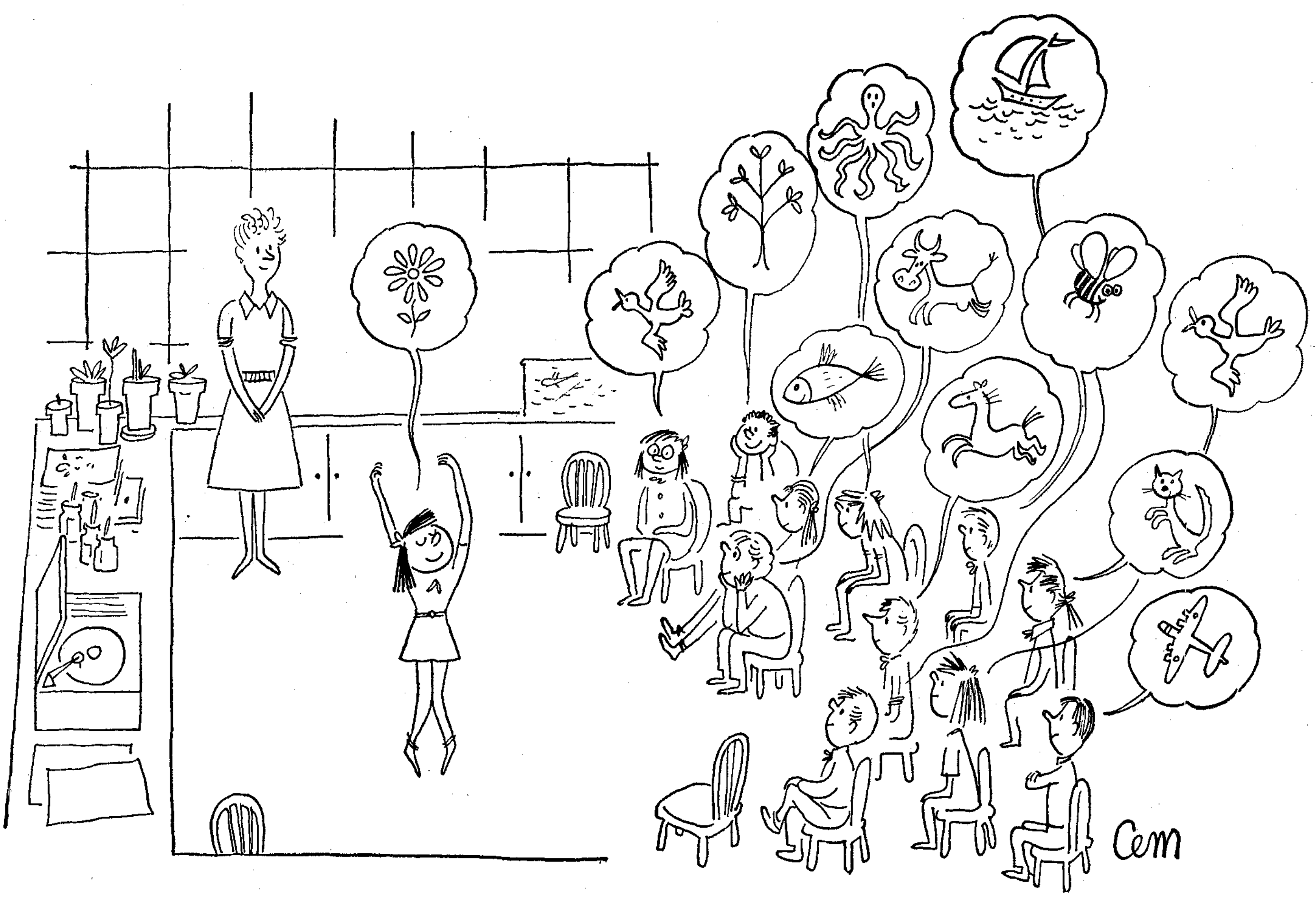
"Don't you smoke?" Spencer said to Robert. "Good for you," he said as Robert shook his head. Spencer took a cigarette and lit it. "You're better off without it. Especially on the ski slopes." He inhaled deeply. "Susan and I talked a lot about skiing," he said, with a smile.

"How long can we stay with her?" Mrs. Auerbach asked.

Again, Spencer paused a bit longer than was necessary. "Oh, you can stay with her until she's ready to go, except when we do the spinal ta—" He stopped himself, after going far enough to get over clearly the name of the test to be done. Then he gave a small, contented sigh. "Susan understands everything," he said. "She's a very realistic person."

Robert coughed and shifted his feet. He put his hands in his pockets.

Spencer smiled at him. "A non-smoking cough?" he said, with a laugh. "It doesn't sound serious," he said to Mrs. Auerbach. He turned back to Robert. "Susan says you do a lot of skiing, too. . . . Susan wants very much to get well. Basically, she seems to have a very healthy set of values. I enjoy talking to her, quite frankly. Smith girls have it all over Vassar girls, in my humble opin-



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ion. I felt that way when I was up at Amherst, which is, you know, right near Smith. Amherst boys can't help but feel partial to Smith girls," he added, speaking in the manner of one insider to another.

Mrs. Auerbach held back from entering Susan's room. She frowned. "Dr. Fifield, you've told us everything, haven't you? You're not concealing anything?"

"Of course not." This time the response was quick and indignant. Spencer drew deeply on his cigarette. "We won't know the whole story until tomorrow morning, but we'll know the important thing tonight. You've got Burt Solender, the best surgeon you could possibly have, frankly, for the job. He does beautiful work. I've watched him operate many times. I've never seen anybody do such beautiful work. Harvey Davis would be the first to ask for Burt Solender. And, as I say, I think she'll be perfectly normal."

Spencer looked puzzled. Hadn't he *told* them he was sticking his own neck out? What more was there to say?

"And she's not upset now, is she?" Mr. Auerbach asked.

"She's *fine*," Spencer said. "She's probably *asleep*. We were having a great discussion about Smith just before I left." He added quickly, to Robert, "You Indians still have all those milk-punch parties Sunday mornings?"

"Well, some of the guys do, I guess," Robert said.

"I know several people at Dartmouth," Spencer said. "Bo Sperling? Do you know him? He hangs out a lot at the Beefeater." Spencer turned to Mr. Auerbach. "Bo's dad is in the construction business. One-family homes, in those Westchester development areas."

Mr. Auerbach nodded in an abstracted way and, with his wife, took a few steps toward Susan's door.

Spencer went on rapidly, "Bo's dad tells me that Bo and some of the other boys now go in for attending classes in their bare feet. Jed Cooper?" he added, desperately. "Do you know Jed? I think Jed's a freshman, too."

Just then Mr. Nat Siegal came out of his room, the bathrobe belt again trailing on the floor. "Hello, *visitors!*" he called out to the Auerbachs. Spencer didn't pay any attention to Mr. Siegal, but the Auerbachs paused.

"Listen!" Mr. Siegal said breathlessly. "You want to know something terrific that just happened?"

Robert picked up the end of the bathrobe belt and handed it to Mr. Siegal.

"Much obliged," Mr. Siegal said. "Listen. I want to tell you nice people something. For me, one week plus one day ago yesterday everything was dark. Black. I didn't know what was going to take place. So tonight what happens? I call up my son. And my granddaughter is still up. She gets on the phone with me. Four years old. And she says, 'So long, Sammy—see you in Miami!' Four years old!"

Spencer looked to see how the Auerbachs would take what seemed to him a nervy interruption, considering the family's mood. To his surprise, their anxiety gave way to a look of pleasure.

"Oh, Mr. Siegal!" Mrs. Auerbach exclaimed. "How dear!"

"So you see?" Mr. Siegal said.

Spencer kept his glance averted from Mr. Siegal. He edged nearer to the Auerbachs, about to resume his talk. But the Auerbachs were giving their full attention to Mr. Siegal, and Spencer found that he couldn't talk any more. The Auerbachs and this Mr. Siegal were together. They had isolated him.

—Lillian Ross

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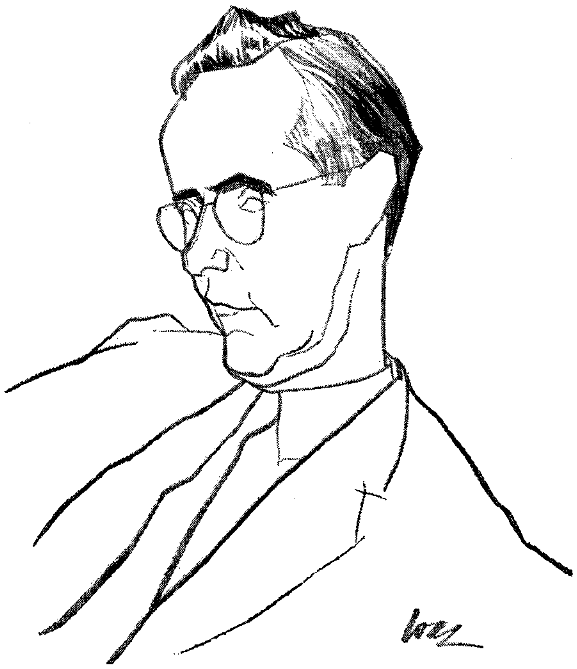
Boston—If a culture of 170 million Americans can turn out a Picasso and a Frank Lloyd Wright, could it today produce the Constitutional Convention of 1787 created by 3 million Americans?—*Press release from WGBH-FM.*

May we come back to that one?

PROFILES

HOW DOES IT COME TO BE SO?

As a rule, one of the rewards of a profession is the deference that the public accords its label. Doormen beam upon anyone called Judge, clubwomen flutter about an author like pigeons about stale bread crusts, and practically everybody fawns on a physicist as though he were some kind of thaumaturge. Sociologists, who have a special idiom for expressing such things—and almost everything else—say that the way people react toward a profession reflects its "popular image," and, with something less than total detachment, they appear much concerned about the relative standing of their own image. Robert K. Merton, of Columbia University, one of the most eminent members of the profession, concluded a study of the matter a while back on a note of mingled chagrin and optimism. "The popular images of the social sciences are neither as well-defined nor as prestigeful as those of other relevant professional fields," he wrote. "When men regard their lowly status as unjustified, they come to consider the possible sources of this status. There is now a slowly emerging interest among social scientists in examining their place in society." Meanwhile, most other people don't know what sociologists do, and don't much care. Even those who think they know are often wrong. Intellectuals like Joseph Wood Krutch and V. S. Pritchett have spoken of sociology as though it were only a matter of sampling public opinion by means of polls; obituary columns frequently bestow the title "sociologist" on deceased settlement workers; and the nearest thing to the popular image of a sociologist right now is Vance Packard, who, according to one disgruntled insider, "is as much a sociologist as Scopes was a Darwin."



Robert K. Merton

Actually, Merton, a tall, hollow-chested man of fifty, as thin-lipped, rimless-spectacled, and earnestly talkative as the Hollywood stereotype of a minister, but with a quizzically twisted smile as a giveaway, isn't personally much troubled by the public misconceptions, because his own principal "reference group"—a sociological label for the people by whose opinion one judges oneself—consists not of doormen, clubwomen, and the like but of his fellow-specialists. By and large, *their* image of him is just dandy. His admirers call him "a formidable role-model" for the younger men in his profession, and if this has a lumpy, pedantic sound, it is perhaps preferable to the plain-English clichés they sometimes apply to him, like "a sociologist's sociologist" and "Mr. Sociology." Merton's articles and books on such disparate subjects as bureaucratic structure, the interrelationship of religion and science, and the effects of radio propaganda have been scattered like dandelion seed throughout the field of sociology and have taken firm root in both the texts and the footnotes of many hundreds of technical writings by others, and in 1957 the American Sociological Society (now Association) acknowledged his status by electing him its president. Even a detractor of his has sourly conceded that Merton is "a prestige symbol," claimed by all factions of modern sociology.

Symbol or not, most of Merton's neighbors in Hastings-on-Hudson, where he lives in a large Tudor house behind a high fence, have little idea of what he does. Most of them are aware that he is a professor of sociology at Columbia, that he has a wife, three children, and fifteen cats, and that he turns on the lights in his upstairs study at four-thirty every morning. Socially, they know him to be an agreeably convivial fellow who, despite his somewhat austere appearance, steadily and tirelessly does away with Scotch, neat, and displays a surprising catholicity of interests and a talent for good conversation, impaired only slightly by the fact that he is alarmingly well informed about everything from baseball to Kant and is unhesitatingly ready to tell anybody about any or all of it. Most of his social acquaintances tend to think of him as some sort of humanist scholar. One neighbor, the sculptor Jacques Lipchitz, tried to pin him down for a visitor by saying, "Merton is interested in everything human. He collects so much information! But I have absolutely no idea what he does with it all, or what he makes out of it. I would say that he *analyzes* it somehow. He's a scientist, I think."

In a way, Lipchitz was not too far off. What Merton does in his study after four-thirty every morning is to evaluate, classify, and abbreviate into notes the masses of material derived from his own reading and from surveys, interviews, and tabulations made under his direction by a dozen graduate students. Picking out some item from the previous day's intake of intelligence, he studies it, pauses to puff on his pipe and stare meditatively at the ceiling, then turns to a battery of ten staggeringly cross-indexed filing cases containing the thousands of figures and millions of words he has compiled over the last twenty-five years and rummages through one of them for a document to compare with the paper before him. Having drawn some conclusion from the comparison, he jots a few notes on a pad, looks up a handful of obscure allusions, computes a quick mean deviation or chi-square analysis, and rattles off his findings on a typewriter, using paper of three different colors for extra-special cross-referencing. The subject matter at hand may be shallow and tedious (the availability of baby-sitters in a Connecticut town), complicated and interminable (the changing attitudes of medical students, year by year, toward clinical work as opposed to research), or abstruse and philosophical (the meaning of the concept of "non-membership" in a group), but in almost every case Merton is trying first to discover small—and then larger and larger—similarities in his raw material, and to

"Seen enough?"

develop hypotheses that will sum them up. Thus, his study of the baby-sitter situation led to a hypothesis concerning "social perception," or the way community intimacy breeds confidence and trust; his investigation of trends among medical students yielded the hypothesis that professional "role-acquisition" occurs gradually; and his definition of "non-membership" became part of a theory involving reference groups.

This search for categories and universals is only natural in the case of a science that is still pretty raw and immature, as sociology undeniably is today. Its major objective right now is to formulate a crop of sweeping new analyses of man and society, arrived at by observation and experience and crystallized into technical words and phrases. At their worst, these words and phrases are simply pretentious, and at their best they are indispensable inventions for dealing with fresh subjects, ideas, and techniques. Vague though most people are about sociology, quite a few alert laymen have become avid consumers of the crystalline form of the product. Sociologists have recently supplied the segment of the American public that it terms "image-makers" with such terms as—well, "image-makers"—and with such other terms as "status symbol," "ethnic minority," "organization man," "inner-directed man," "other-directed man," "social mobility," and "cultural lag." Merton himself has added a number of such words to the professional language, at least one of which has made the trip from Morningside Heights down to Madison Avenue and thence into the public ken. Back in 1943, while following up a lead provided by his Columbia colleague Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld, a Viennese mathematician and psychologist turned sociologist, he interviewed scores of people in a middle-sized New Jersey town in an effort to identify the major means by which ideas and opinions are disseminated through a community. As Lazarsfeld had suspected, the principal disseminators proved to be certain persuasive or well-regarded persons at every social level. Merton grew tired of referring to these as "people of strong interpersonal influence" and, in a published paper, labelled them simply "influentials." From there, the word diffused into the sociological writings of others, and presently it was spotted by a couple of advertising men at the *Saturday Evening Post*, who decided that it nicely described *Post* readers—or at least presented a useful popular image of them. When a series of *Post* teaser ads appeared in the *Times* in the spring of 1957 asking "Who is the Influential?," Merton stared at them with the mixed emotions of a man returning to his ancestral home and finding that the lawn he painstakingly landscaped in his youth has been turned into a public playground.

MERTON and his associates, of course, are not engaged in playing a mere semantic parlor game with

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the public. Sociologists are the inheritors of an ancient and serious tradition. The Greek philosophers, the Fathers of the Church, and the various philosophers of the Renaissance and the Enlightenment all speculated upon the nature of society and tried to offer ethical prescriptions for its improvement. In the nineteenth century, however, a few of their successors, perceiving an analogy with other fields of knowledge, began to argue that the study of society should be considered a branch of science rather than of ethics. In 1837, Auguste Comte, the French mathematician and philosopher, invented the word "sociology" and, uninhibited by a lack of detailed supporting facts, manufactured a whole batch of sprawling, all-embracing theories to suit it—or himself. But sciences are not so easily brought into being, and no university in the world had a department of sociology until 1892, when one was set up at the University of Chicago. Harvard loftily ignored the new science until 1930, and as late as 1939 there were still fewer than a thousand practicing sociologists in this country. (No other country had anything like that number.) Since 1939, though, the profession has undergone a remarkable growth, and today the American Sociological Association has forty-five hundred regular and associated members, plus two thousand student fledglings. Few other professions can show a similar rate of expansion.

Why sociology has been growing so rapidly is a complicated question, but obviously the accelerated pace of change in the world and the runaway complexity of modern society have much to do with it. Sociology first showed signs of taking hold when, laying aside Comte's grand theorizing, it borrowed bits and scraps of technique from psychology, anthropology, and census studies, developed some bits and scraps of its own, and began to tackle specific social ailments, such as urban slums, divorce, and criminal gangs. More recently, however, these ailments—though still far from being completely understood, and equally far from being cured—have begun to seem less inviting to many sociologists than the comprehensive study of normal human phenomena, such as social stratification, the effects of communication, the transmission of authority, and the nature of group affiliation. And this has suddenly struck a responsive chord in certain quarters. A wizened tribal elder squatting by his fire, or even a bewigged courtier of the Restoration period, could feel reasonably sure that things would go on pretty much as

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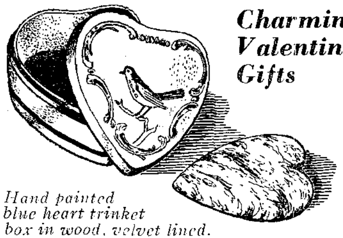

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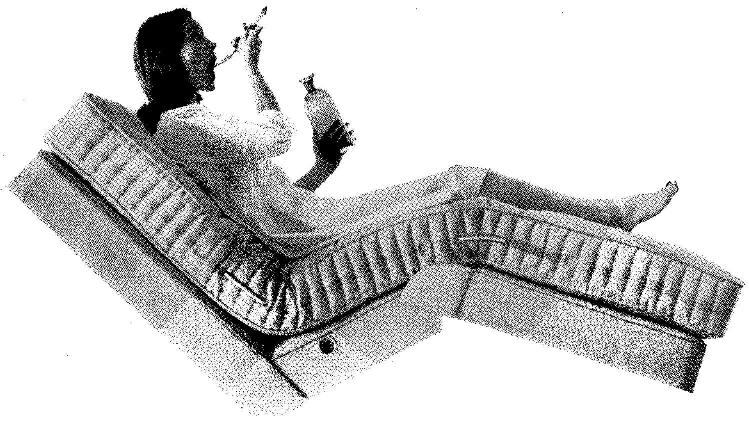
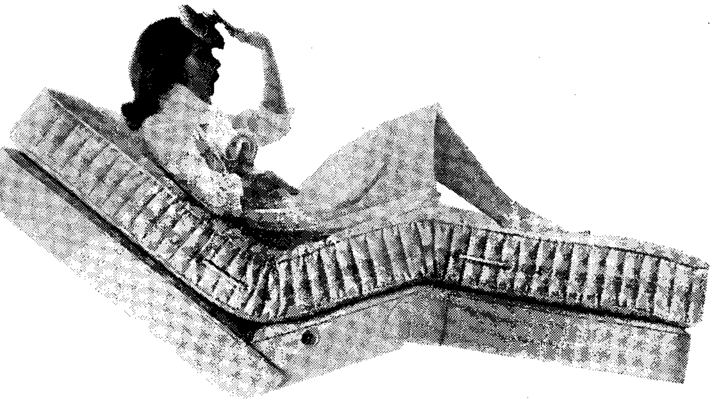
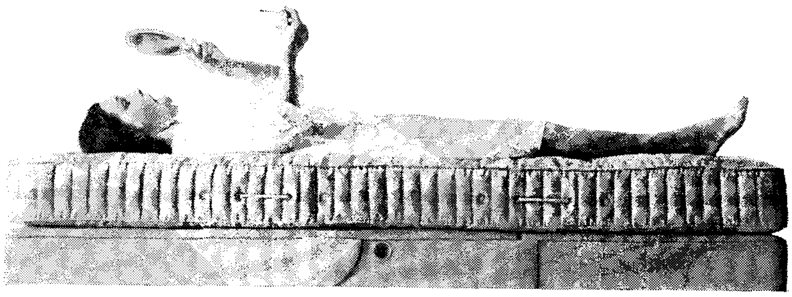
they always had, and he was fairly well prepared by custom and upbringing to deal with the quirks of his fellow-man and with crises in his world. Leaders of society in our own volatile time have no such comfortable assurance, and consequently, though they may mistrust professors of sociology, they turn to them for explanations—or at least for illuminating background material. Nearly a third of the sociologists in America today are directly employed by business, government, hospitals, or welfare institutions, and an ever-increasing proportion of the research being done by the remaining two-thirds, working in academic institutions, is supported by grants from outside. Merton himself, although he has refused many offers to supervise sociological studies for business, industry, and government, has worked for the past seventeen years with his friend Lazarsfeld at building up the Bureau of Applied Social Research, at Columbia—an outfit in which the governing word is "Applied." The Bureau was created in 1937 by Lazarsfeld as the Office of Radio Research, and its object was to study the place of radio in American society. Since then, it has undergone a metamorphosis, partly through Merton's efforts, from a tiny, two-man operation into a semi-autonomous division of the university, with seventy employees and an annual budget of half a million dollars. Some of the research done by the Bureau is candidly commercial (e.g., "Comparative Effect of Advertising in Radio and in Print"), and some of it is not aimed primarily at practical accomplishment (e.g., "The Logical and Mathematical Foundations of Latent Structure Analysis"), but in either case its projects are valuable sources of research training for graduate students, are greatly expedited by the use of expensive machines, and are delightfully financed by foundations, industry, labor unions, and government.

SOCIOLOGY has become involved in so many specialized forms of activity that one can scarcely speak of "a typical sociologist." At one extreme is the opinion-sampler, diligently keeping a fever chart of the whims of voter and consumer; at the other extreme is the Olympian systems-theorist, churning out opaque abstractions about values, stability, and change, and hoping to find the $E=mc^2$ of civilization. In between are the social psychologists, totting up the personal characteristics of lovers in the form of mathematical matrices; the business sociologists, hunting with Rorschach blot and multiple-answer test for







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weak spots in corporation structure; the demographers, charting the ebb and flow of the populations of cities and suburbs with the help of electronic computers; the methodologists, splitting hairs over each other's logic and experimental designs; and many others. But if there is no such thing as a typical sociologist, Merton is at least an all-round one, having done some work in almost the whole range of specialties. At times he has rung hundreds of doorbells, asked thousands of questions, and compiled the resulting facts and figures into reams of charts and tables; at other times he has lived with dusty, forgotten books, like an antiquarian, while trying to relate, say, seventeenth-century military inventions to the social climate of their period; at still other times he has dwelt on the heights, philosophizing about the general sociological theory known as "structural and functional analysis." Whenever he speaks about the aims and limits of his profession, what he has to say is apt to reflect his panoramic background. "At the summit of human thought," he told a seminar at Columbia a short while ago, "some sociologists are seeking a single unified theory—a generalized body of explanations as to what cements societies together, how institutions fit into a social framework, how discrepant values arise and work their changes upon a society, and so on. My friend and occasional colleague Talcott Parsons, of Harvard, is doing just that, and, I think, making useful progress. But for most of our energies to be channelled that way would be decidedly premature. Einstein could not have followed hard on the heels of Kepler, and perhaps we haven't even had our Kepler yet. Just as it would stifle sociology to spend all its time today on practical problems before developing theory sufficiently, so it would to spend all its time on abstract, all-encompassing theories. Our major task today is to develop *special* theories, applicable to limited ranges of data—theories, for example, of deviant behavior, or the flow of power from generation to generation, or the unseen ways in which personal influence is exercised."

Merton's clarity of speech is a welcome phenomenon in modern sociology, yet a few of his more esoteric-minded colleagues appear to feel that their professional utterances should not be so easily understandable. And when Merton indulges in metaphor and other literary devices—so rarely used in sociology as to be called Mertonisms by some of his associates—their uneasiness turns into dark distrust. They brand as heresy such sentences of his as "The purely ab-

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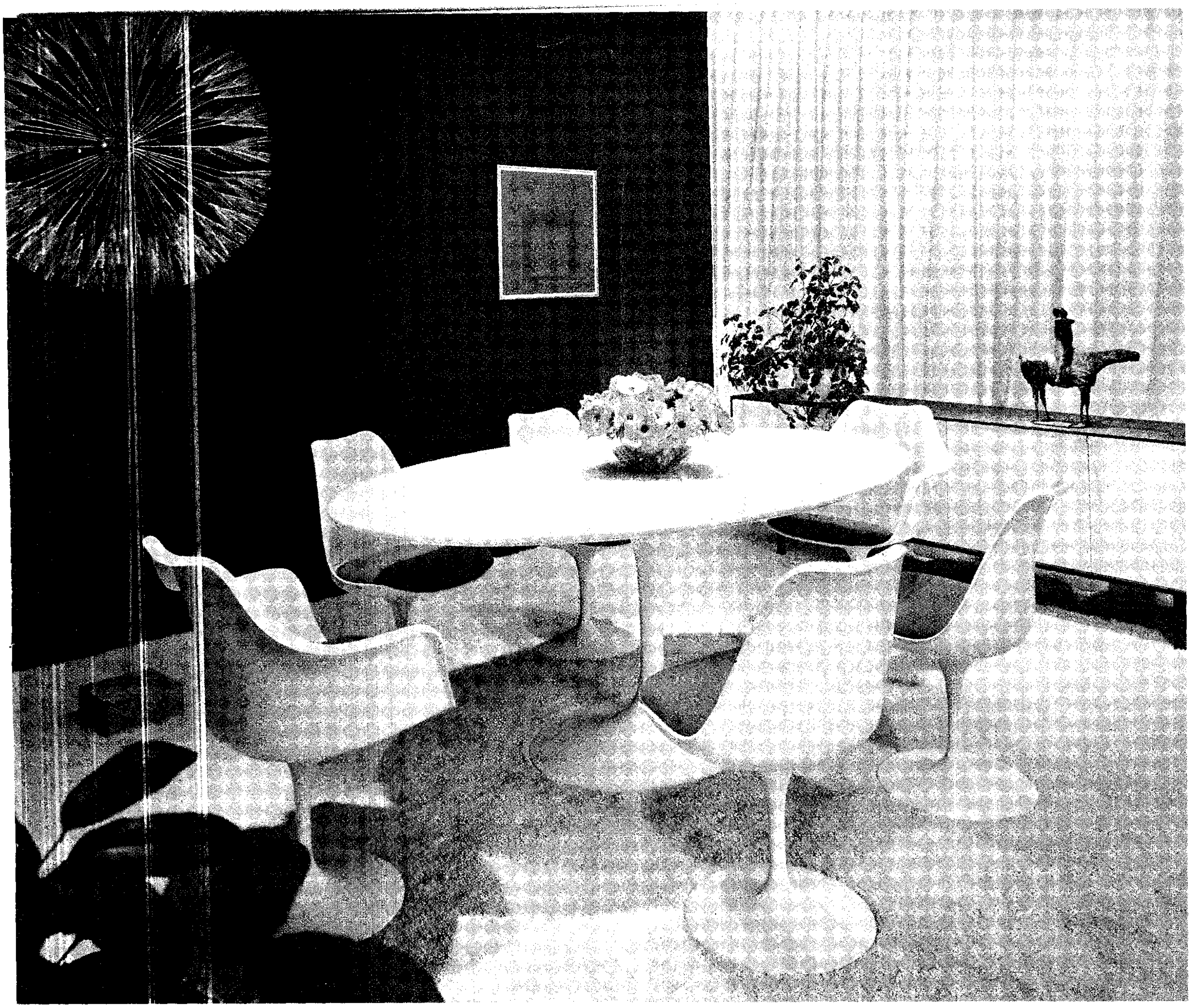

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European delivery arranged by your Mercedes-Benz dealer at overseas prices. **Mercedes-Benz Sales, Inc.** *(A Subsidiary of Studebaker-Packard Corporation)* stract theorist runs the risk that, as with modern décor, the furniture of his mind will be sparse, bare, and uncomfortable." Worse yet, Merton has a penchant for sneaking an occasional little academic joke into a serious discussion, as when, in addressing the American Sociological Society a couple of years ago, he said with a characteristic self-deprecating smile, "Neither under the laws of logic nor under the laws of any other realm must one become permanently wed to a hypothesis simply because one has tentatively embraced it." Many of Merton's writings, furthermore, are liberally flavored with apposite references to literature and history. An introduction he wrote to an anthology called "Sociology Today" either quotes or alludes to John Aubrey, Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Seneca, Descartes, Hegel, and John Stuart Mill, and another of his books, "Mass Persuasion," is sprinkled with choice morsels from Thomas Hobbes, Plato, Aristotle, de Tocqueville, Julian Huxley, and Kate Smith.

All this has merely confirmed the suspicion of some sociologists that Merton, despite his grave and scholarly demeanor, is not only indecently clear-spoken but inwardly frivolous. Not long ago, a candid young colleague reported this view to him, whereupon Merton peered at him owlishly through his glasses and observed mildly, "You know, of course, what St. Augustine said on the matter: 'A thing is not necessarily true because badly uttered, nor false because spoken magnificently.' " "Great!" said the young colleague, gazing at him in open admiration. On the other hand, an older sociologist has remarked, "There is less to what Merton says than appears on the surface. He casts a spell over the younger men, but I suspect that later on they're going to wonder just what their euphoria was all about." To a detached observer, it would seem that if introducing a semblance of literary grace into modern sociology is casting a spell, then it is a spell worth casting. Humanists have for some time derided sociologists for their tendency to cement abstract words together with a thick mortar of dependent and parenthetical clauses, producing a bulwark of impenetrable prose. Merton's Harvard friend, Talcott Parsons, is often cited as the worst offender of all. In a recent article, for instance, he suggests that one way to classify and differentiate among social systems can perhaps most usefully be designated as the "instrumental-consummatory" axis. This means that the alternative of consummatory primacy may be divided, according to the external-internal reference,

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into the case where consummatory interests for the system as such in relation to the situation external to it (goal-attainment) constitute the primary reference, and the case where the consummatory interests of the units in their relations to each other (integration) constitute the primary reference. Instrumental primacy, on the other hand, may refer either to instrumental considerations for the system as a whole relative to the external situation, or to the instrumentally significant resources of the units in their internal functional references.

The layman may well suppose this to be hundred-proof double-talk, and even Merton, though he was once a student of Parsons and greatly admires his work, has admitted that sometimes he cannot easily make out what his former teacher is talking about.

Criticizing the obscuring qualities of most sociological prose, Jacques Barzun, the versatile Columbia historian, has written in his "The House of Intellect" that by repeatedly using a given made-up abstraction the sociologist is gradually "confirmed in the belief that the vague entity to which he gave a generic name does exist as a *thing*." To this, Merton has an answer of sorts. "There *is* a good deal of empty jargon in our writings," he admitted to a guest the other evening after dinner in Hastings. "But much of what is thought of as jargon is actually the emerging technical language of a developing science—a more precise and condensed means of communication than the vernacular. The test of any specimen is whether it says much in little or little in much." He unbent his lean frame from the sofa, pushed a couple of cats off a side table, and picked up a copy of T. S. Eliot's "Notes Towards the Definition of Culture." "Here," he said. "Listen to this: 'A man should have certain interests and sympathies in common with other men of the same local culture as against those of his own class elsewhere; and interests and sympathies in common with others of his class, irrespective of place. Numerous cross-divisions favor peace within a nation, by dispersing and confusing animosities.' All very well and clearly said, but a sociologist would only have had to write, 'Cross-cutting status-sets reduce the intensity of social conflict in a society,' and he'd have said it all—and more."

Another complaint about modern sociologists is that they labor long and mysteriously to prove the perfectly obvious. Merton concedes that in his day he himself has occasionally been guilty of the charge. In the summer of 1935, while working toward his Ph.D. at Harvard, he spent several tedious months

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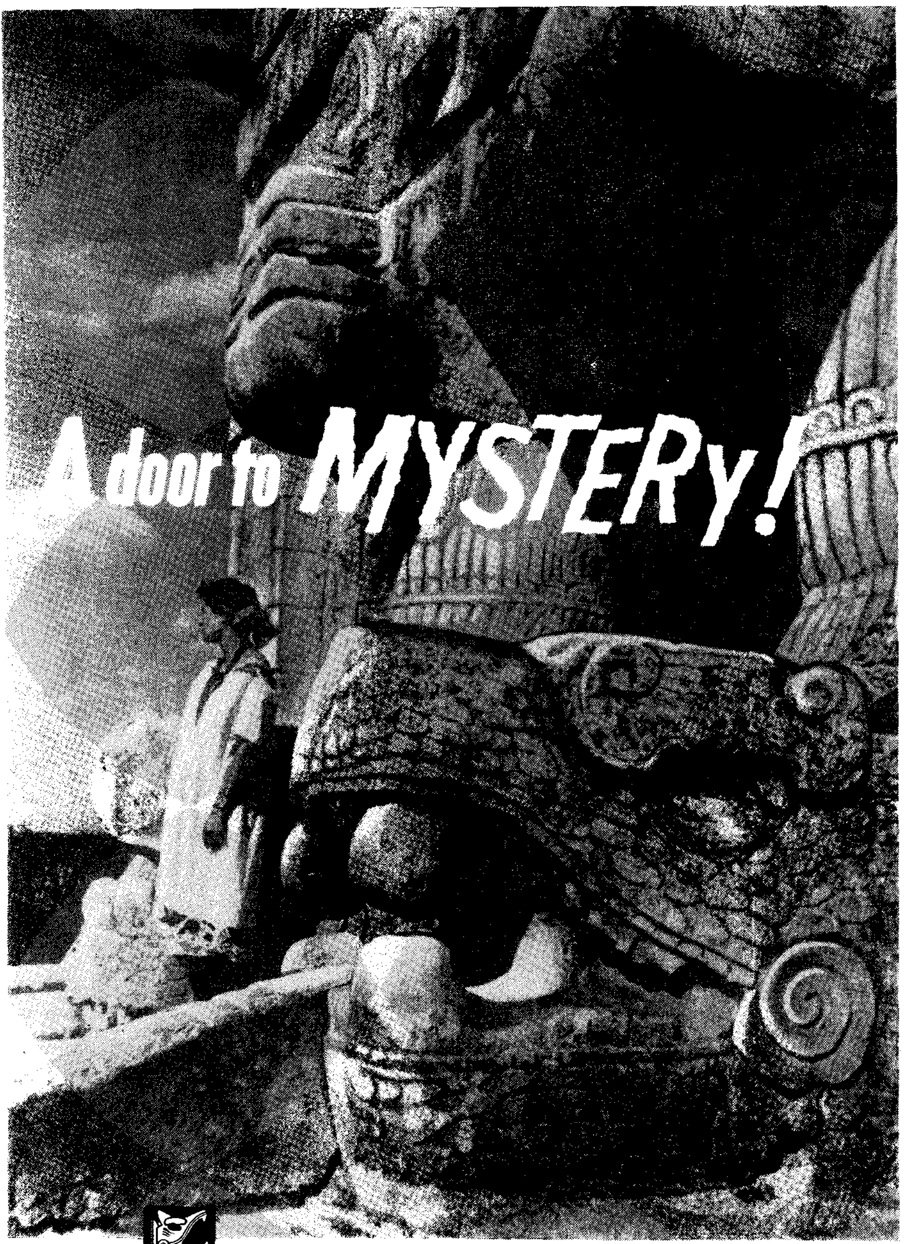
tracking down recent high-school graduates and determining, by means of intricate statistics, the relationship between their school grades and their success in getting jobs. The world was hardly electrified to learn that the superior students got jobs more readily than the dull ones. Hundreds of similar papers are published in sociological journals each year, laboriously testing such self-evident hypotheses as "Engaged people 'date' a lot more today than they did fifty years ago." (Finding: They do.) To sociologists, however, no hypothesis is self-evident without proof, and this is the crux of their dilemma. Folk wisdom and popular knowledge are not necessarily accurate; indeed, for almost any proverb there is an equally cogent one that contradicts it. That being the case, sociologists consider it entirely reasonable to question and examine *any* popular assumption. "No matter what we find, we're in trouble with the Philistines," Merton says, in a faintly amused tone. "If we find that a widespread belief is true, we're called bores for confirming something that everyone already knows, and if we find that it is untrue, we're called heretics. If we test a hypothesis that is not generally believed and find that it *is* false, we're considered fools for wasting time and money on a silly undertaking, but if we find that it's *true*, we're called charlatans for claiming that something false is true." Last summer, addressing the World Congress of Sociology, in Stresa, Italy, Merton amplified his defense. "Perhaps the most pervasive polemic against sociology," he said, "stems from the charge by some sociologists that others are busily engaged in the study of trivia, while all about them the truly significant problems of human society go unexamined. This charge typically assumes that it is the particular objects under study that fix the importance or triviality of the investigation. To some of his contemporaries, Galileo and his successors were obviously engaged in a trivial pastime as they watched balls rolling down inclined planes, rather than attending to such really important topics as means of improving ship construction."

Happily, there are several ways for sociologists to escape their dilemma. One is to explain *how* and *when* a particular truth is true, thus giving it content and precision and raising it above the level of a mere platitude. Nothing could be more obvious, for instance, than the fact that a man makes friends only among the people he happens to meet, and that chance and geog-



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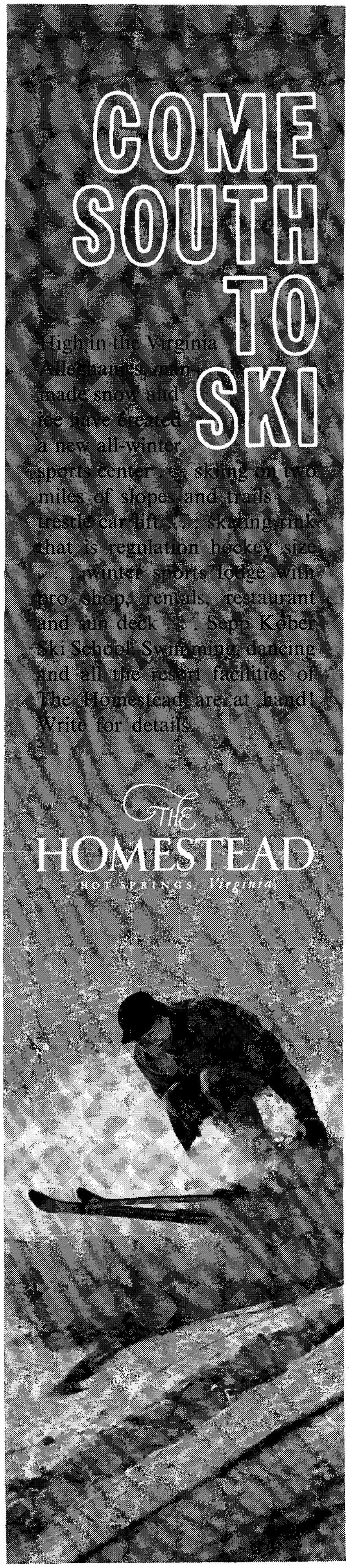
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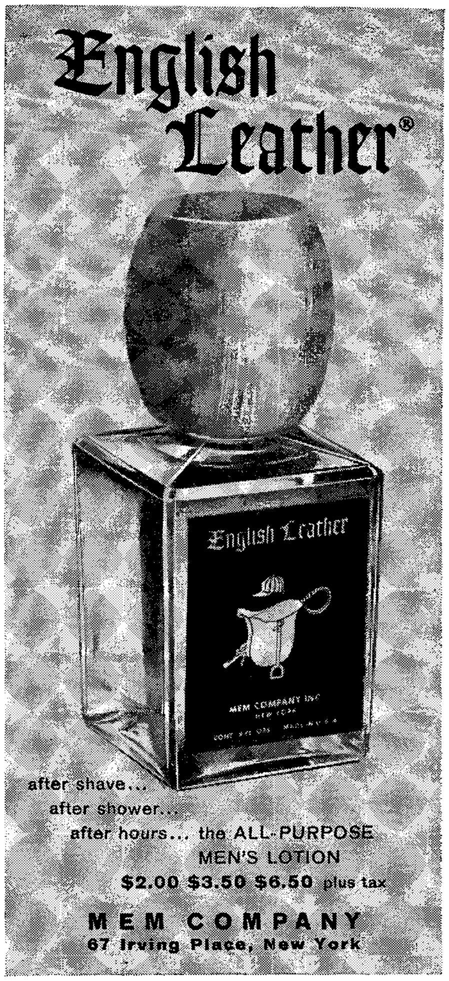
raphy therefore play an important part in human relationships. But Merton, by charting the patterns of friendship in a suburban housing project, has found that so seemingly trifling a factor as the direction in which the front door of a building faces is statistically significant. Tenants whose front doors open on the street are very likely to make friends across the street, while those whose doors open on the side of the buildings make their friends from among their next-door neighbors. His findings do nothing to flatter humanity, but, as he points out, flattery is not the function of the scientist.

Another solution to the sociologists' dilemma is to discern some unsuspected social mechanism in a parcel of familiar facts. At Harvard, Merton chose seventeenth-century science as the subject of his doctoral dissertation, and while he was preparing the paper he began collecting odds and ends of information about the squabbles that great scientists have engaged in over priority of discovery. Descartes charged Hobbes with plagiarism, for example, and Newton got into a fight with Leibnitz about which of them had invented the calculus. The reaction of the public to such wrangles is usually no more than "What a remarkable coincidence!" or "To think that great men should be so petty!," but Merton dug into the matter and for twenty-one years after receiving his degree kept adding intermittently to his file on the subject, waiting for some ray of illumination to explain why such highly intelligent men—all dedicated to the cause of knowledge and most of them shy, self-effacing scholars who were thrust unwilling into the controversy by their friends in the interests of fair play—should have been at one another's throats so bitterly. Four years ago, he came to a conclusion. "As we know from the sociological theory of institutions," he wrote, "the expression of disinterested moral indignation is a signpost announcing the violation of a social norm." In this instance, he went on, the social norm is a man's right to fame, which for a scientist is something more than the mere gratification of his vanity; the concrete rewards of discovery, unlike the marketable ones of technology, can be derived only from fame. Recognition that a scientist has done a thing first and made it known is therefore the major "property right" he can possess, and thus, Merton concluded, the matter of priority becomes a grave social issue, transcending personal vanities and hungers.

This kind of analysis—involving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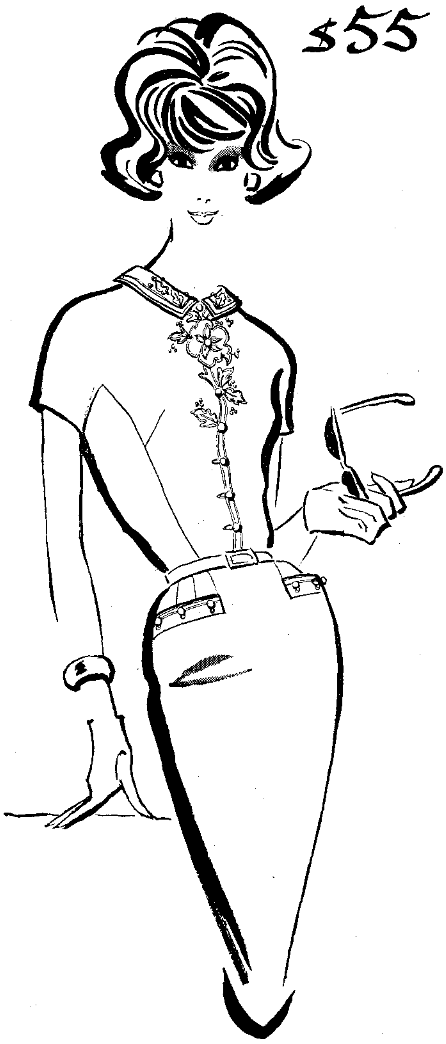

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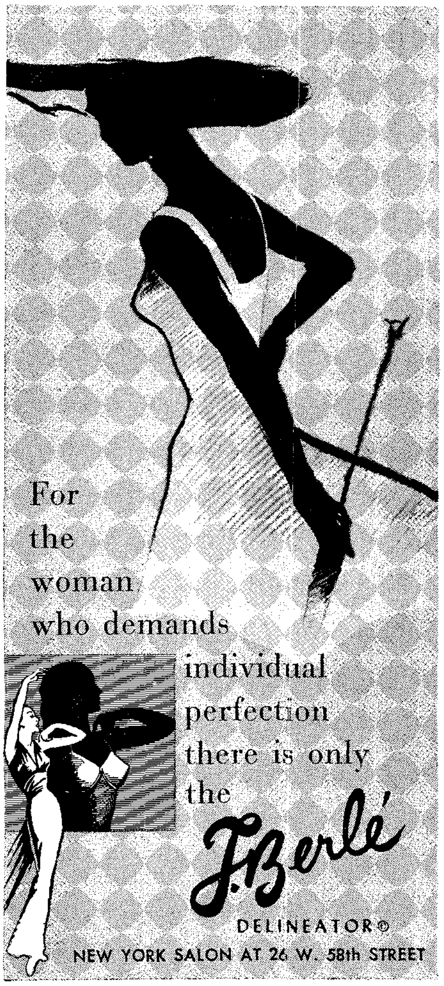
some unsuspected factor and offering an explanation that is at the very least plausible—is what most delights the sociologist's heart, and Merton's abiding concern for the unsuspected factor is often unwittingly reflected in his speech. "Ah, to be sure, but that is only the surface aspect," he frequently says, and "All this still does not ask or answer the *real* question. Now, if we restate the matter . . ." Dr. Kingsley Davis, professor of sociology and demography at the University of California, who has known Merton since they were at Harvard together, says of him, "It is his knack for seeing the ordinary world through extraordinary eyes that is characteristic of him and of good sociology. One tends to feel, after reading an analysis of his, 'I hadn't thought of it that way before, but that is really the way it works.' "

MERTON's interest in social structure, it might be argued, stems from his childhood, which he spent almost at the bottom of his own social structure. He was born in 1910 in a South Philadelphia slum, where rows of dingy, decrepit houses sheltered first-generation immigrants from Italy, Ireland, and—Merton's parents among them—Eastern Europe. His father, a small, slight man with a ripe Slavic accent, alternated between carpentry and truck driving. Although Merton, the second of two children, spent his juvenile years in the kind of environment that is nowadays condemned as an incubator of neurosis and delinquency, his recollection of it is that it was nothing of the sort; he remembers it as a friendly, noisy, and continuously interesting place to live. Gang warfare was as much a feature of slum life then as it is now, and he became thoroughly adept at it. "I was a good and loyal gang member," Merton once told Lazarsfeld, who, having grown up in middle-class Vienna, finds Merton's childhood as curious as the folkways of the Kwakiutl, "but things weren't as dangerous as they are today. Our boundaries weren't so rigid, and our membership wasn't ethnically restricted. Of course, I took part in the fights of my gang, but they were always more ceremonial than deadly. Most of the time, we fought at a distance, throwing rocks and bottles." Meanwhile, like many other children born here to impoverished immigrant parents, he felt the stirrings of an almost obsessive hunger for learning; by the time he was eight, he had become a regular visitor to a neighborhood public library, where he read extensively, sam-



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pling literature of all kinds and taking particular pleasure in biography. Then, when he was twelve, he began to study magic with his next-door neighbor, a semi-pro conjurer. Merton's fingers were dexterous and his tongue was apt for the patter, and shortly he was earning from five to ten dollars a show at neighborhood social functions. In fact, he might have made magic his career if it had not been for a show that he put on before several hundred children at a Sunday school. As a finale, he performed the Houdini needle trick—seeming to swallow several needles plus a length of black thread, washing them all down with a glassful of water, and then pulling the thread out of his mouth with the needles neatly strung on it. A couple of days later, he began getting agitated messages from mothers, demanding that he return to the Sunday school, tell the children that it was all a trick, and make them quit trying to eat thread and needles. Merton decided to take up something less harrowing, and turned to philosophy. Winning a scholarship at Temple University, he matriculated there in February, 1927, and got top grades from the start. James Dunham, who doubled as dean and professor of philosophy at the university, considered him a lucky find in a field of study where the pickings were growing leaner and leaner, but Merton let him down when, in his sophomore year, he took an introductory course in sociology given by a young instructor named George E. Simpson, and in a matter of weeks underwent something akin to a conversion. "It wasn't so much the substance of what Simpson said that did it," Merton recalls. "It was more the joy of discovering that it was possible to examine human behavior objectively and without using loaded moral preconceptions." Simpson, who was single and lived on the campus, all but adopted Merton, making him not only his research assistant but his principal drinking and talking companion as well.

By 1931, when Merton graduated from Temple and, with the help of a fellowship, became a graduate student at Harvard, he had acquired not only an itch for sociology but a taste for classical music and an ability to fox-trot and to play a respectable game of tennis. In the little world of sociology at Harvard, whose inhabitants tended to be tweedy, baggy of pants, and as argumentative as Talmudic scholars, social and intellectual graces like these marked him as a comer. Lack of ready money didn't seem to cramp his style—after all, he had learned in his youth

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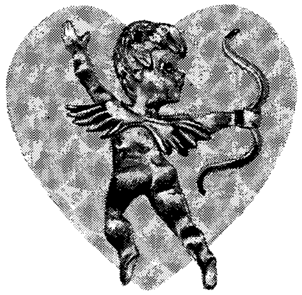

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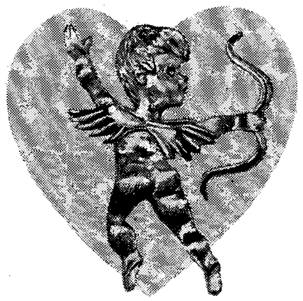

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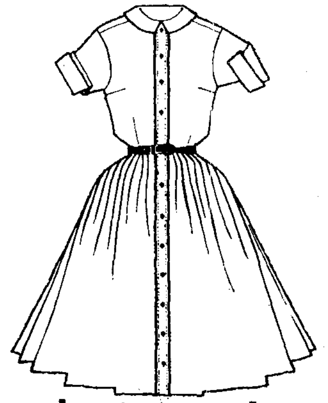
how to get along on very little—and as he went on to establish a brilliant academic record under men like Pitirim Sorokin, Talcott Parsons, George Sarton, and L. J. Henderson, he managed to survive handily on five hundred dollars a year, a feat he achieved in part by subsisting for long stretches on sandwiches and milkshakes and by making his own whiskey. His agreeable manner won admiration beyond the campus, too. "Bob had a way with him that was inordinately attractive to intellectual women," a former fellow-student says, with only a trace of faded envy. "I doubt that there was any bright girl who met him who didn't fall for him." One girl who was inordinately attractive to him, in turn, was a handsome, auburn-haired social worker named Suzanne Carhart, who had attended Temple with him, and in 1934, when Harvard made him an instructor, he married her.

For all his sociability at Harvard, Merton was, as he has been ever since, an extremely hard worker, keeping long hours and sleeping little. He devoted one of his graduate-school summers to visiting all the Hoovervilles and hobo jungles of Boston, interviewing their homeless tenants to find out who they were and had been and where they came from. He spent four or five months immured in the cellar of Harvard's Widener Library classifying tens of thousands of patents issued in the United States between 1860 and 1930 in order to chart the fluctuations in the rate of invention within each industry and to relate these fluctuations to changing social conditions. And for his doctoral dissertation he doggedly read 6,034 biographies in the fine type of the Dictionary of National Biography—just as a starter. At the urging of his professors, Merton submitted papers on these three studies, as well as on some of his other efforts, to a variety of learned journals, including the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, the *American Journal of Sociology*, the *American Sociological Review*, the *Isis*, and the *Osiris*, and, phenomenally, none was ever rejected. Clearly, the young man was on his way.

To some extent, these papers were youthful tours de force, but Merton's next effort—in 1936, while still in his middle twenties—was a theory of such striking insight and utility that when word of it got around, it established him once and for all as a major figure in sociology. As a graduate student, he had read the writings of the French sociologist Émile Durkheim, one of the founding fathers of the new sci-



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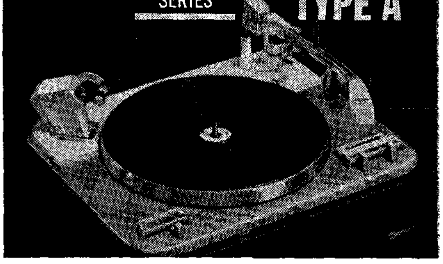

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED SOLELY BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY © 1960 ence, who, after compiling and studying statistics on the suicide rates in many countries, had expressed the belief that they differed according to the prevalent degree of something he called *anomie;* that is, a breakdown of social standards leading to a lack of cohesion and solidarity within a society. Merton assigned himself the task of discovering what produces *anomie*, and eventually concluded that it is most severe in societies where people do not have access to acceptable means for achieving their cultural goals; if, for instance, a society powerfully impelled its members to accumulate wealth (or to attain power or to become holy), and yet offered inadequate acceptable means of doing so, the resulting strain would make many people violate norms, and so create *anomie*. At this point, it seemed to Merton that perhaps he had hit upon a sociological explanation of all kinds of rule-breaking behavior, and he undertook to formulate it by creating theoretical combinations of human attitudes toward both goals and means, varying one factor at a time until he had what he felt was a complete set of five categories. In the first category (Conformity), he put persons who are satisfied with both the goals of their society and the accepted means for reaching them; in the second (Innovation), those who are sympathetic with the goals but find the means so confining that they turn to new ones (the avant-garde artist, the sharp trader, the scientific radical, the racketeer); in the third (Ritualism), those who lose sight of the goals but cling blindly to the means as an end in themselves (the organization automaton, the religious compulsive, the *petit fonctionnaire*); in the fourth (Retreatism), those who simply abandon both the goal and the means (the vagrant, the bohemian); and, finally, in the fifth (Rebellion), those who vigorously seek to introduce a new pattern of both goals and means (the true rebel, the remaker of society). Reducing his theory to a shorthand form of sociological notation, Merton produced the following chart:

A TYPOLOGY OF MODES OF INDIVIDUAL ADAPTATION

Modes of Adaptation	*Culture Goals*	*Institutionalized Means*
I. Conformity	+	+
II. Innovation	+	—
III. Ritualism	—	+
IV. Retreatism	—	—
V. Rebellion	±	±

Chilly and unprepossessing though the chart may look, it was truly a thing of beauty to Merton and many another sociologist, bringing into one readily comprehensible taxonomy such seem-

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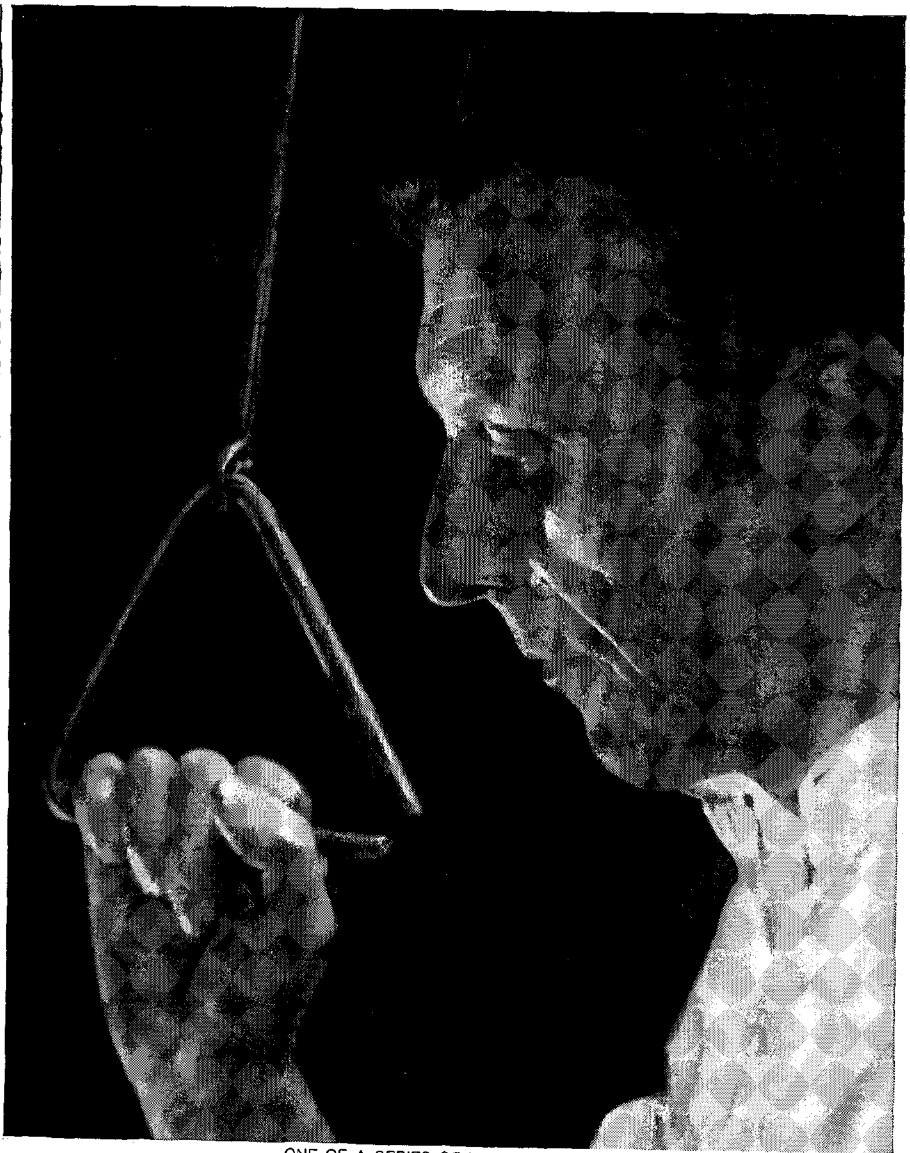
ingly unrelated deviant personalities as Cubists and alcoholics, lone-wolf inventors and religious martyrs, executives and beggars, card-carrying Communists and members of the Society of the Cincinnati. Although everything Merton had learned about aberrant behavior from his gang days on seemed to fall into place, he still felt shy about publishing so sweeping a concept at his age, and he did not make it public for nearly two years. Then he outlined it in a brief essay, which appeared in the *American Sociological Review* in 1938. Sociologists everywhere reacted with what they call "resonance"—praising it, attacking it, expanding upon it, or incorporating it bodily into their own studies—and soon almost every new work on any aspect of deviant behavior either adhered to Merton or criticized his discovery and professed to offer an improvement on it. "To be frank," one of these critics has said, "I find his typology too neat and too pat to ring true. But there just isn't any other generalized theory of deviant behavior around. The job he's done is so polished and stimulating that until something better comes along we'll all have to use it."

WITH the publication of this paper, Merton was firmly established as one of the leading young theorists of his field. Two years later, he advanced in one leap from his instructorship at Harvard to a professorship at Tulane, where he became chairman of the department of sociology. His tenure there was short-lived, though, for in 1941 he accepted an invitation to join Columbia University as an assistant professor in one of the most active sociology departments in the country, where he would work in the company of such men as Robert Lynd, the explorer of Middletown, and the scholarly Robert MacIver. Not until some time after his arrival on Morningside Heights did Merton learn that he had been hired almost as much for his symbolic value as for his ability. The sharpest fight in modern sociology—a field in which there is even more sectarian bickering than there is in psychiatry—is between the mathematically oriented, opinion-sampling empiricists and the pontificating, concept-making theorists. The sociology department at Columbia was so badly split between these factions that for several years it had been impossible to hire a new man, simply because the two sides couldn't agree on one. At last, a compromise was arranged: each side would make one appointment. The empiricists chose Lazarsfeld, who had already created his



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♥ ♥

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VERMONT
is a state of mind

Office of Radio Research, and the theorists chose Merton, at that time an excellent specimen of a concept-maker.

For a while, the two newcomers had little contact with each other. Then, in November of 1941, Lazarsfeld felt that, as the older man, he ought to do the graceful thing and acknowledge the existence of his opposite number. He invited the Mertons to dinner, but on the afternoon of the engagement he got an urgent call from the Office of Facts and Figures (the predecessor of the O.W.I.), requesting him to conduct an audience-reaction test that evening on a new radio program that had been devised as part of the agency's prewar morale-building effort. When the Mertons arrived, Lazarsfeld met them at the door of his apartment and said, as the guests recall it, "How nice, how nice that you are here at last! But don't take off your coat, my dear Merton. I have a sociological surprise for you. We will have to leave the ladies to dine alone together, and we will return as soon as we can." Then he bustled off with Merton to a radio studio where a score of people were listening to a recorded broadcast of "This Is War" and pushing "Like" or "Dislike" buttons wired to a computing machine. Merton found the whole thing a bore, and thought regretfully of the *gulasch* and *palatschinken* that he was missing. But after the program, when an assistant of Lazarsfeld's questioned the audience as to the reasons for its recorded likes and dislikes, Merton perked up; he detected theoretical shortcomings in the way the questions were being put. He started passing scribbled notes to Lazarsfeld bearing such cabalistic phrases as "fluctuation of the polygraph curves" and "inadequate specification of the effective stimulus." Lazarsfeld beamed at his dinnerless guest and scribbled delighted rejoinders. As a second batch of listeners entered the studio, Lazarsfeld asked Merton if he would do the post-program questioning. Merton did, and his errant host said afterward, "Marvellous job! We must talk it all over. Let's phone the ladies and let them know we're still tied up." This they did, and then unchivalrously went down to the Russian Bear, where they ate caviar, drank champagne, and talked sociology until long after midnight.

In the two decades since, Merton and Lazarsfeld have been tireless collaborators at the Bureau of Applied Social Research, and devoted friends. (Characteristically, they have made a scientific issue of their relationship, in a joint study published under the title

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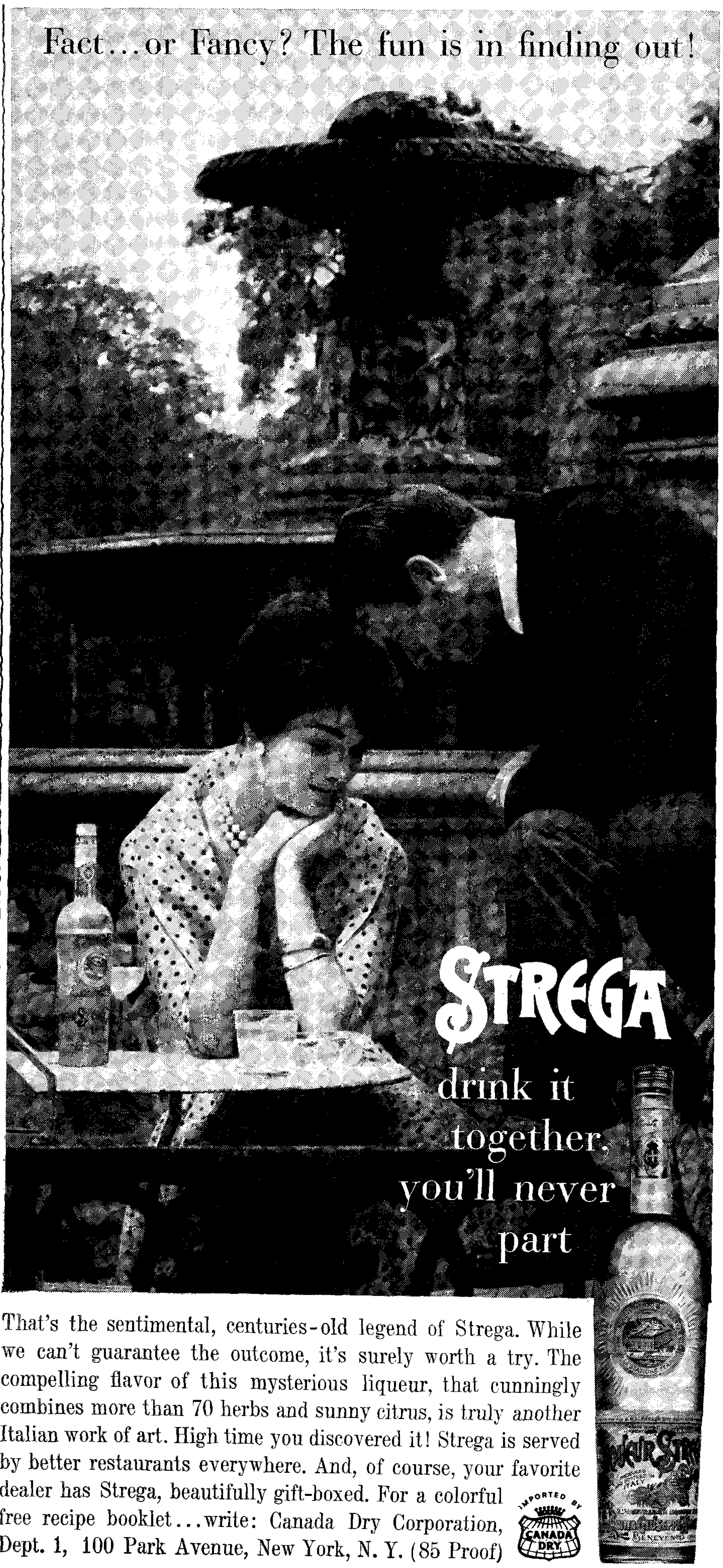
"Friendship as Social Process.") At intervals during their collaboration, Merton has co-authored two published books with his friend's wife, who in a recent volume (by other hands) was beguilingly indexed as "Kendall, Patricia L., see under Lazarsfeld, Paul, and Merton, Robert K." It is largely because of his collaboration with Lazarsfeld that Merton is now looked upon not as a typical theorist but as a many-sided sociologist who sees some good in each of the science's warring factions and is a champion of unity. Merton's view of himself, however, is not colored quite so brightly. Despite the external impression he creates of effortless brilliance, he alternates between quiet satisfaction with his own efforts and desperation at their shortcomings; his family and close friends can tell which phase he is in merely by the sound of his hello. As time has passed, he has become more and more a perfectionist in his work, fussing endlessly to find the right phrase, the accurate theoretical construct, the precisely appropriate bit of empirical evidence. In consequence, it now takes him nine or ten years to finish off an important project and release it to the printer—extraordinary behavior in a field where most men deluge the editors of scientific journals with almost weekly reports on every completed little study, every half-completed big study, and any study, big or little, about to be started. Stacked on a shelf of Merton's study, in neat brown leather binders, are the typescripts of enough completed books and finished research to make a respectable bibliography—if he could only be persuaded to release them. Once, when an acquaintance gently taxed him with letting perfectionism unduly restrict his published output, he replied, with uncharacteristic tartness, "On the contrary, I've published too much. As for a lot of other men, I suspect they've published *much* too much." Perfectionism notwithstanding, in the last quarter of a century Merton has written, edited, or collaborated on ninety published articles and books. Since 1954, his major project has been his study of medical students—an attempt to determine how they gradually acquire the values, the attitudes, and the emotional equipment of physicians. The project is being supported by the Commonwealth Fund, and the spadework is being done at the Cornell Medical Center, Western Reserve, and the University of Pennsylvania by half a dozen younger associates of Merton's. Thus far, only one book and a dozen or so brief papers have emerged; the rest—thousands of pages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of typescript and notes—is still aging in the bottle. Other Mertonian *crus* laid away to await maturity include a book on the sociology of science, a book on the practical uses of sociology, and a mass of essays, articles, and chapters of an untitled over-all review of structural and functional theory. His friends hope he will soon settle down to the magnum opus they feel he is capable of producing—an integrating work, which will weave the scattered strands of theory into a sturdy fabric. On good days, Merton thinks that some of his unpublished manuscripts are the beginnings of such a work; on bad days he is glumly certain that nothing of the sort can be written by anyone for at least fifty years.

ONE might say of Merton, using the terms of his trade, that he is a formidable role-model whose image in his peer-group is splendid, whose self-image is markedly ambivalent, and whose public image is nil. One might add that he is a deviant personality, because he writes too well for a sociologist and gets up too early for a bourgeois, and also because he lives by choice in a racially integrated neighborhood. Like most other sociologists, Merton maintains that his attitude toward minority groups derives less from his personal feelings than from the sociological evidence. In any case, when the Mertons arrived in New York from New Orleans nearly twenty years ago, they rented a house in Hastings and went looking for one to buy. The house they eventually chose as best suited to their needs, tastes, and pocketbook was in a section known as Pinecrest, which they knew was almost the only racially integrated, stable, middle-class community in Westchester. Merton, however, denies that this had anything to do with their decision. "Sue and I simply liked the house and the area," he says. "The fact that Negroes lived there was incidental—so did some people of French origin, and a couple of Mayflower descendants, and a lot of others. Your parlor liberal would say that they're all human beings, and all the same. That's well-meaning but absurd. Actually, they're all culturally and socially different, which I find interesting. But I must admit we didn't take even that asset into consideration when we moved there. We just liked the place." The Mertons have liked the place ever since, and when they needed more space some years ago, they simply moved two hundred yards down the road. Pinecrest is still racially integrated and stable, but liberalism alone has not been sufficient to keep it that way; a

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good many community meetings and arguments have been required to prevent the whites from succumbing to periodic waves of resentment or panic and upsetting the balance of about eight Negro families to forty white ones. In these efforts, Merton has played an active part, speaking to his neighbors on the subject in a reassuringly scientific fashion. As a result, he has done a lot of good for the local popular image of a sociologist. But he still has trouble with outsiders. At a large party a while ago, someone introduced him to a visiting United States congressman as a prominent sociologist, and the congressman said he wondered whether Merton would mind if he asked a perhaps impertinent question. Merton urged him to go right ahead. "Well, then," said the congressman, "considering the present state of the world, all this talk about status-sets, image-makers, social mobility, cultural lag, and so on, strikes me as, frankly, rather pointless. Why don't you sociologists get to work and contribute something useful?"

Merton looked thoughtful for a moment, and then, in a mild and reasonable tone, said, "When someone asks of scientific research 'What is it good for?,' he misses the whole point of the scientific attitude, which must ask, rather, 'How does it come to be so?' And the answer to that precedes the practical applications. It's not the sociologist's fault that society is in bad need of his help today, when his science is still immature. Suppose that three centuries ago Harvey had been told to limit himself to the problem of coronary thrombosis just when he was trying to establish the fact of the circulation of the blood? If sociology in its present state were to address itself only to practical problems, it would never become the science you yourself want it to be—a science whose benefits will be as wonderful as they are unpredictable."

"Very nicely put," said the congressman, "but I still don't get what you fellows are really trying to do."

"That damned popular image again!" Merton mumbled into the depths of his raised whiskey glass.

"I beg your pardon?" said the congressman.

"Oh, nothing," said Merton.

—MORTON M. HUNT

•

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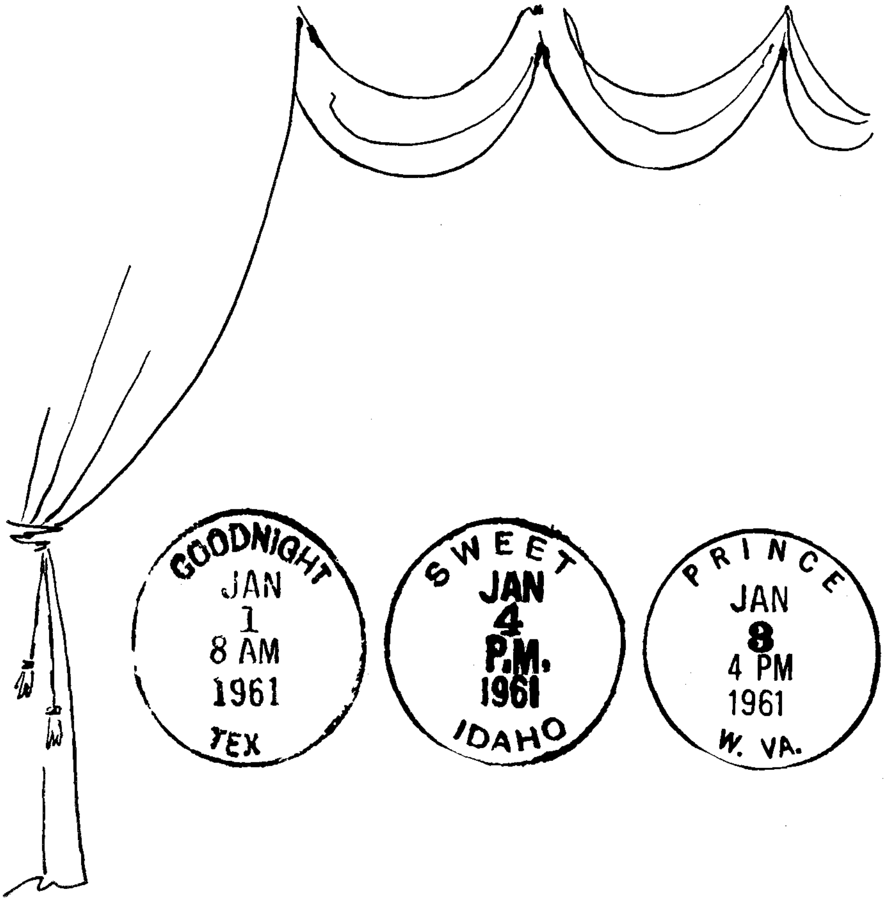

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"THE CONQUERING HERO," which expired at the ANTA last Saturday, was a shapeless but intermittently amusing musical in which some diverting performers, such as Tom Poston, Lionel Stander, Jane Mason, Kay Brown, and Elizabeth Kerr, figured to no avail. Derived from a movie—and a good one—that was written and directed by the late Preston Sturges back in 1944, "The Conquering Hero" was handicapped by a score of no particular value and by the inability of the adapter, Larry Gelbart, to duplicate on the stage the carefree comedy that Mr. Sturges got into the original version. Even so, the show had a degree of merit, and certainly was not as actively annoying as some of the song-and-dance affairs that now endure despite all the actuarial rules of entertainment. The basic idea of the late-lamented was a funny one. The scion of a Marine Corps hero of the First World War was rejected by the outfit during the Second World War because of hay fever, and, rather than tell his dear old mother about this contretemps, he took up residence in a city remote from his homestead, became a civilian flash in the war effort, and presently fell in with a quintet of Marines, all victims of momism, who insisted that he go back and see his mother in the guise of an outstanding member of the Corps. Mr. Poston did a nice job as the mock Marine, but when it developed that his head had been turned by the offer of his fellow-townsfolk to make him mayor, "The Conquering Hero" began to come apart at the seams. Oh, well, I guess there's no purpose in dwelling on the good and bad in "The Conquering Hero." Let's just wish the members of an admirable cast better luck on their next go around. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

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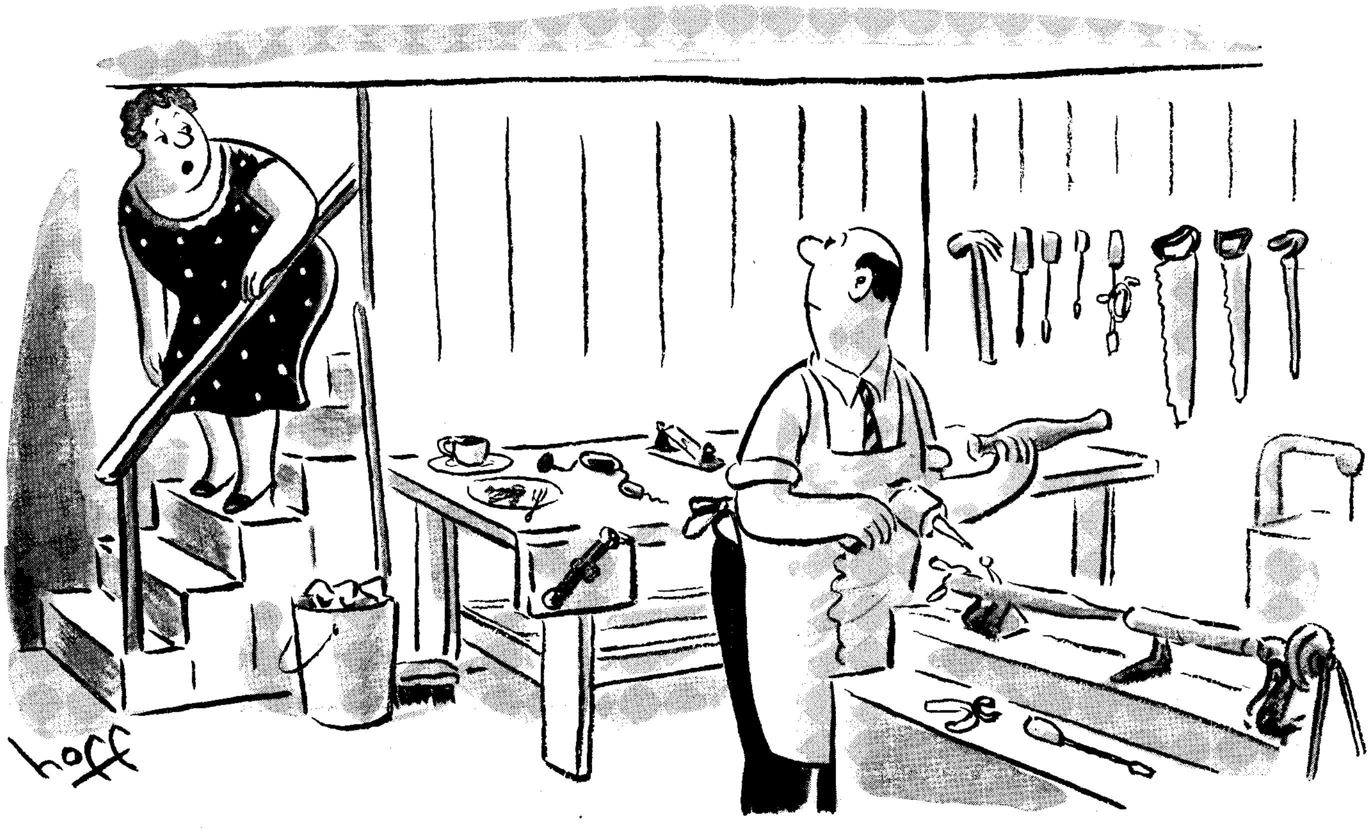
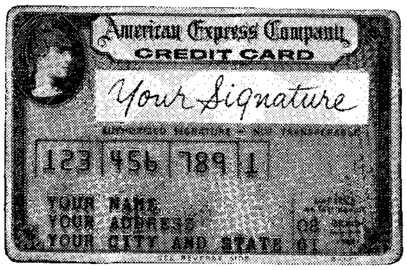
COMPOSERS are often bruised by their interpreters, but playwrights—their twins in the collective arts—are often destroyed. At the worst, a bad performance of a symphony only blurs its subject, but playwrights are at the mercy of whimsical folk who with the twist of an eyebrow or the swallowing of a syllable make tragedy comic or comedy tragic. They are also at the mercy of their audiences, who enjoy the superior feeling of being bored as much as the flattery of being entertained. The most recent instance of this arbitrariness is on view at the Greenwich Mews, where Jules Romains' "Donogoo" is undergoing its American première in a translation by James B. Gidney, with an assist from Gilbert Seldes. Written in 1930 as both a comedy and an experiment in transplanting cinematic techniques to the stage—it is subtitled a "*conte cinématographique*"—the play has now been reduced to a collection of japes about academicians, bald heads, financiers, suicide, advertising, and seasickness. True, there are incidental traces of the author's intent: characters passing and repassing each other rapidly behind a scrim resemble figures in a silent film; the confused sound of many voices is transformed by a recording into a surrealistic gibberish; a spotlight leaps around a dark stage, garishly illuminating clumps of people; there are quick shifts of focus to establish simultaneous action in two places. But these devices, which were probably also designed as tonics for a rather thin, episodic tale, are now barely noticeable. Indeed, what is left is near-vaudeville, so broadly played that its jokes are blown out as fast as they are



"Well, what hath God wrought today?"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lit. Through a series of incongruous accidents, a young failure, Lamendin, becomes the lifelong servant of Professor Le Trouhadec, a celebrated geographer. Le Trouhadec is up for a seat in the French Academy but fears that the single mistake in his monumental ten-volume geography—the inclusion in the Brazilian jungles of the nonexistent city of Donogoo-Tonka—will prevent his election. Lamendin hits upon a solution—create Donogoo-Tonka. Stock issues are floated, advertising converts Donogoo-Tonka into a household term, and emigrants leave France for Brazil by the boatload, in the belief that the city is located in rich gold fields. M. Romains carries all this to its inevitable conclusion. The city is founded, Le Trouhadec gets into the Academy, stocks soar, and so forth. But by this time the present production has become so fortissimo and so arch that even the play's considerable ironies are extinguished. Adrian Hall is the whimsical director.

"A BANQUET FOR THE MOON," at the Theatre Marquee, by John Cromwell, is a fevered reworking of both Marlowe's and Goethe's versions of the Faust legend (everybody, including Margaret and Helen of Troy, is on hand), in which the hero is an aged nuclear scientist who sells his soul for the customary twenty-four years of fun and frolic before being, we are told, swallowed by the moon, which licks its lips. Jean Shepherd, a radio and television personality who has a rich, pendulous baritone, plays Mephistopheles in an insouciant Ivy League manner, despite all the smoke caused by his comings and goings. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

He had not shaved yet this morning, and the gray mingled with the black of his beard was like frost on his face. His eyes were wistful an instant as he looked out over the land, or perhaps Ben imagined it, for when he spoke the look was like frost on his face. His eyes were wistful an instant as he looked out over the land, or perhaps Ben imagined it, for certainly when he spoke the look was gone.—From a story in the Saturday Evening Post.

Gone like the frost.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "In Anger and Pity," by Robert Magidoff, 1949*]

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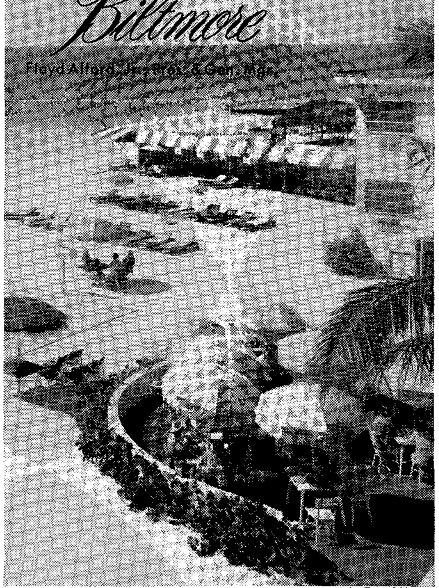

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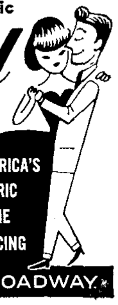

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THE RACE TRACK

Snowbirds

DESPITE the blizzard earlier in the week that left nearly twelve inches of snow in its wake and sent the temperature down into the twenties, Bowie opened on the dot last Saturday. What's more, there were 9,281 racegoers in the glass-enclosed clubhouse and grandstand. The long-shot players among them must have been tickled pink, for the winners were anything but favorites. Scotch Bull, who won the big race of the afternoon—the Francis Scott Key Stakes, for three-year-olds—paid $37.60, but that wasn't a patch on the $111.60 that Leah H. paid in the second race. The daily double—Jeff's Jet and Leah H., whose numbers, if you like to play things that way, were 1 and 2—came to $424. For one reason and another, none of which would interest anybody, I didn't get down to Bowie last weekend, but my favorite observer did, and he reports that the competition was keen and that the runners were about the same sort you are likely to see during the first few weeks at Aqueduct. From all accounts, getting to Bowie and back by motorcar, bus, or the Pennsylvania's special trains was something of an adventure. Oh, well, I wonder how many of the grousers ever made the trip in those rattlety-bang wooden cars on the old Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis electric line. Of course, in those days Bowie opened on April 1st.

The wisdom of starting the season in January is still more or less subject to debate. However, Don Lillis, who runs things at the track—and has done a fine job, if I may say so—believes that Bowie is just the ticket for winter racing, and while he never bets on horses, he is willing to take a gamble on the weather. Last week, it certainly looked as if he were going to lose. The storm swept away the last three days of the meeting at Charles Town, West Virginia, which had been running since Pimlico closed in December, and from all I heard I didn't think Bowie had a chance. But it did. Marty Meyer, the track superintendent, working around the clock with a big crew, did a remarkable job of clearing the racecourse and the park-

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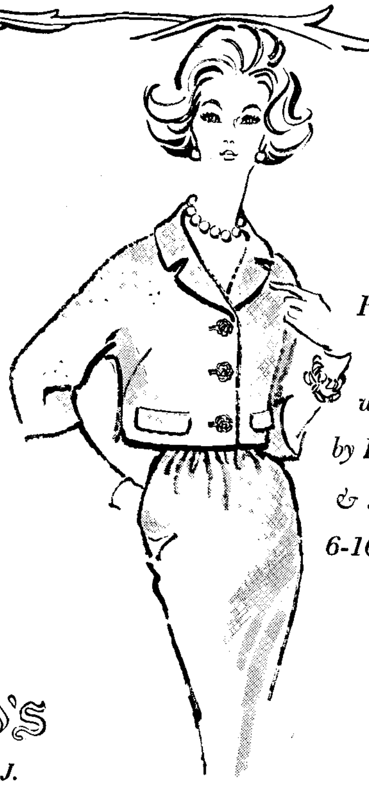

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ing lots and opening up the roads leading to the grounds. Let's hope Bowie has no more blizzards. The meeting will continue through March 29th; no racing on Tuesdays.

RACING in Florida boomed along merrily last week. To begin with, Bourbon Prince won the Tropical Park Handicap, which wound up things at Tropical Park, and the next day April Skies romped off with the Royal Poinciana Handicap, which marked the opening of Hialeah. The day after that, Crozier led all the way in the Hibiscus Stakes, the first of a series of events for three-year-olds leading up to the Flamingo next month. On Saturday, Yorky made his opposition in the Royal Palm Handicap look like selling-platers. To get back to Bourbon Prince, he was idle most of last year with tendon trouble. When he's all right, he can beat almost anything; when he isn't . . . But you never know. As for April Skies, his is a more interesting case. He had a persistent blood infection last year that was a problem to his stable, the April Fool Farm, but he showed high speed at times, and last October he was bought by Jerome DeRenzo, his present owner, for $50,000. Next day, the barn at Narragansett Park in which he was stabled caught fire, and he was one of the few horses to escape. Curiously, the blood ailment hasn't bothered him much since. A month after the fire, he won the Sport Page Handicap at Aqueduct, and then went south. He won the Hurricane Handicap the first day at Tropical Park, and followed it up by taking the City of Coral Gables and the New Year's Handicaps. Right now, he's the top sprinter in Florida. Crozier was heralded last summer as the fastest two-year-old in Chicago, where he won the Washington Park Futurity, but then he hurt a shin while training at Aqueduct in September. I fancy he's a sprinter. Yorky is one of those colts Calumet Farm pulls out of a hat now and then. He didn't race at two, and last year his form was nothing to speak of, but in the Royal Palm he went around the leaders like a hoop around a barrel. We'll probably know more about him after the McLennan Handicap a week from Saturday.

I SUPPOSE Prove It will be a hot favorite for this weekend's Santa Anita Maturity Stakes—the first of the season's six-figure sugarplums. The opposition, no doubt, will come from Tompion, T. V. Lark, and New Policy,

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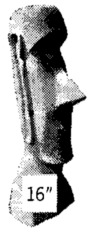

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—AUDAX MINOR

◆

With the crash of a breaking champagne bottle against the doorstep the new salon of Raymond's—Mr. Teazie Weazie as he is known to many—in Norfolk House, High Street, Guildford, was opened on Thursday.

The opening ceremony was a lavish spectacle with a £500 champagne party for the invited guests, a crowd outside which nearly blocked the High Street traffic as people scrambled for Raymond's blue carnations which he threw away in handfuls, and a retinue of London models with special hair-styles escorting him to the door on motor-scooters.

While Raymond was opening the salon in Guildford a walk-in thief got away with £535 and some cheques from the top floor office in his premises in Albemarle Street, Mayfair. His chief accountant, Mr. R. M. Perkins, noticed the theft when he returned from lunch. He said: "Nothing was forced open. Someone must have had knowledge of my movements and where the money was kept and had duplicate keys made to get in."

KISSES FOR SOME

Mr. Perkins added: "I phoned Mr. Raymond shortly before he was due to open the new salon but he was too busy to speak and I could not tell him what happened."

Unaware of this Mr. Raymond was smiling when he got out of his car, kissed one or two of the cheering women in the crowd and stepped up to the microphone to declare the salon open. He was told about the theft during the afternoon and a member of the staff told the "Surrey Advertiser" later that Mr. Raymond was very upset.

Inside there was a crush of guests waiting on the gold staircase, in the reception hall with its cream telephones, mural and gold framed portrait of Raymond, and in the large rooms above where countless bottles of champagne waited in the ice-filled wash basins.

FIRST CUSTOMER

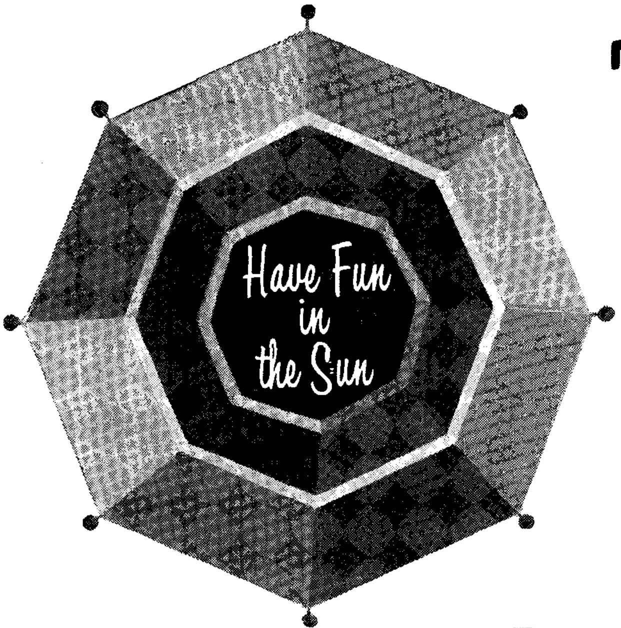
The interior decor, which alone was said to cost £30,000, is colourful and modern and the salon can seat 70 women.

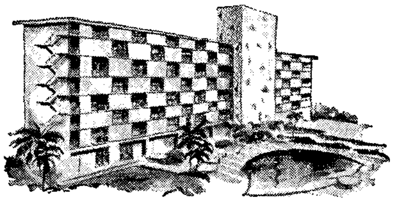
Mr. Raymond, who was dressed in a turquoise blue suit, white cravat and red spotted white shirt, told a "Surrey Advertiser" reporter that he aimed at offering his Mayfair styles by Mayfair hairdressers at 20 per cent less than he charged in Mayfair.

"We have such a big clientele from this area who will not have to endure the difficulties of parking their cars in London now," he said.

Surrounded by an admiring throng of smartly dressed women, Raymond himself dressed the hair of his first Guildford customer within an hour of the opening ceremony. Shortly afterwards many more customers were being attended to while the champagne glasses were still being collected.—*Surrey Advertiser & County Times, England.*

Let's get back to that red-spotted white shirt. Blood?


Have Fun in the Sun



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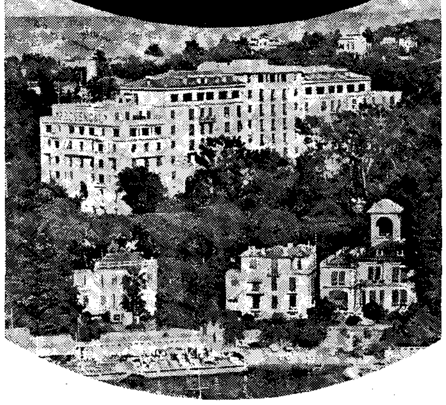

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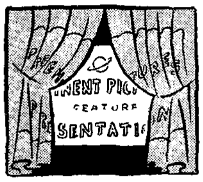
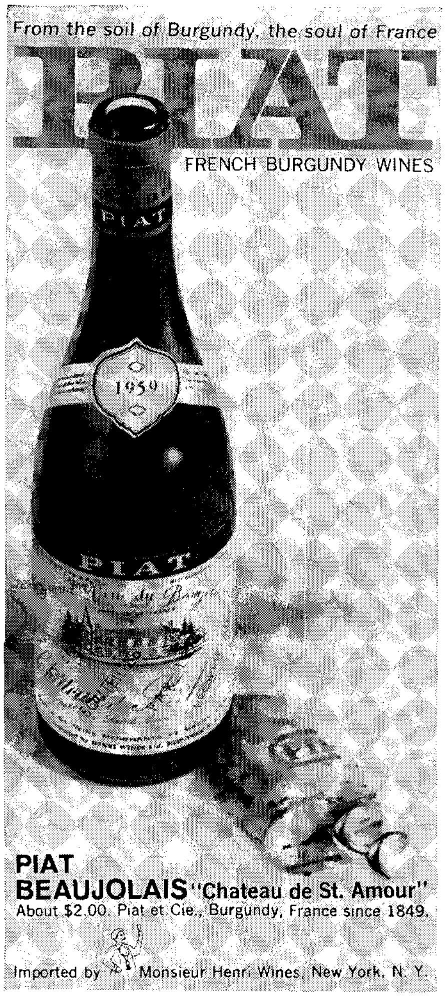
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Lower Depths



IMMUTABLE are the laws of economic reality! It had not occurred to me before I saw a couple of new British films—"The League of Gentlemen" and "Two-Way Stretch"—that criminals, poor fellows, are also suffering from the high cost of living and the law of diminishing returns. In each of these offerings, we are made witness to an elaborate heist—in the first case, a bank robbery, and in the second the hijacking of a truckload of diamonds—and after estimating the staggering cost of overhead on both jobs I concluded that it is almost impossible to clear a dishonest buck these days, and that the shady last fortress of free enterprise is under sore siege. In "The League of Gentlemen," for instance, the loot is a cool million quid, but the logistics of its acquisition—the assembling of a vast arsenal and motor pool, the quartering and rationing of troops, the training of combat specialists—seemed to me of such dimensions that they could only have been paid for by floating an issue of war bonds. Cor, chaps, a man might as well go straight!

Unfortunately, these military exercises are the only matters of real interest to be found in "The League of Gentlemen," a movie that suffers from a nervous indecision about its own plot and tone. It opens most promisingly, when the field marshal of the robbery, Jack Hawkins, gathers a platoon of frighteningly *louche* ex-Army officers, including a captain who peddles smut in clerical garb, a homosexual Fascist, and several unsavory confidence men. Once they are assembled, alas, they brace up into a dull, competent company of good fellows, and the melodrama goes awry. There ensues an episode of broad farce as the criminals raid an Army base for supplies, and then the film turns documentary and heroic, to a background of martial music. The robbery itself is ingenious, though far less absorbing than the jobs depicted in such classics as "The Asphalt Jungle" and "Rififi," and the work concludes on a dismal note of happenstance and anticlimax. Mr. Hawkins, Nigel Patrick, Roger Livesey, Richard Attenborough, Kieron Moore, and Bryan Forbes (who wrote the screenplay) are the principal hoods



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in "The League of Gentlemen," and I have nothing but praise and commiseration for them all.

"Two-Way Stretch," though awash with felons and felonies, is another and much happier affair. Its tone of pure spoof is established in the opening moments, when we discover three time-servers in an insanely progressive prison at breakfast in their cell, which is furnished with a cuckoo clock, a stove, larders and liquor cabinets, tastefully ruffled bedclothes, and a cat named Strangeways. There is a knock on the cell door, and one of the cellmates looks up from a copy of the *Investors' Chronicle* and calls cheerfully, "Come in! It isn't locked." Obviously, we are in good hands here, and John Warren and Len Heath, who wrote the picture, and Robert Day, who directed it, see to it that the larky times continue almost without letdown. Peter Sellers, flashing a magnificently dishonest smile, is top-hole as the chief jailbird and plotter, and he receives distinguished, foolish support from Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins. Together, they execute the lifting of a maharajah's diamonds by means of a series of dodges too lunatic to summarize, in the course of which the story manages to poke fun at almost every prison and holdup movie ever made, including, unless I miss my guess, "The League of Gentlemen." Anyone to whom an hour and a half of solid, unimproving time-frittering is as welcome as it is to me will almost certainly find "Two-Way Stretch" a cure for January *cafard*, snow blindness, and all the other afflictions of our current dreary season.

"Where the Boys Are" is a work of CinemaScope anthropology dealing with the spring fertility rites of young North Americans—ceremonies that appear to be somewhat more primitive and vastly more public than those of the Maoris or Bushmen. These studies were filmed in a Florida sandbox called Fort Lauderdale, which, we are told, is invaded every spring by hordes of collegians suffering from mating fever. This deplorable tale requires its young actors and actresses to spout a good deal of frank talk about sex, but its moral message, thank heaven, is loud and clear. In the end, the Good Girl wins a senior from Brown University who possesses an I.Q. of 140 and a fifty-thousand-dollar yacht, while the Naughty Girl gets run over by a car. Makes you think, all right.

—Roger Angell

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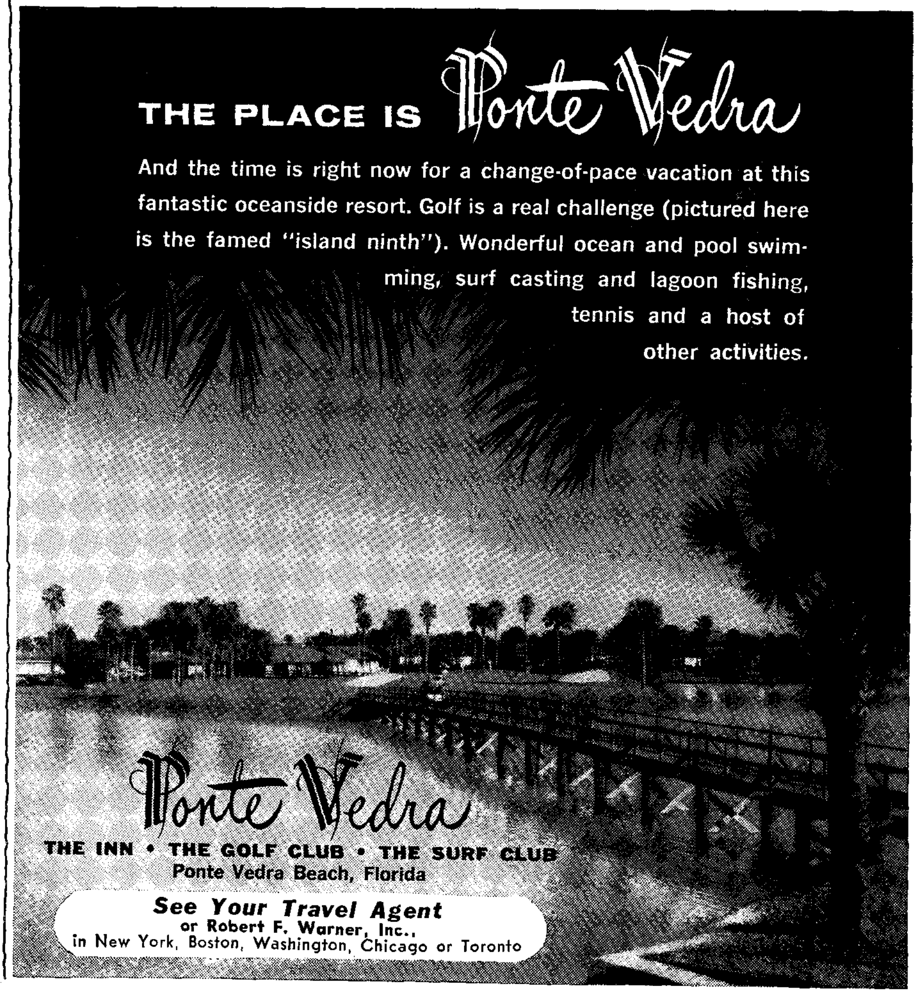

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This happy dockside gathering converges on Nassau daily. The boats are built following centuries-old traditions. And the ports they hail from reflect the lusty past: Hatchet Bay, Spanish Wells, Bimini, Green Turtle Cay and Tarpum Bay.

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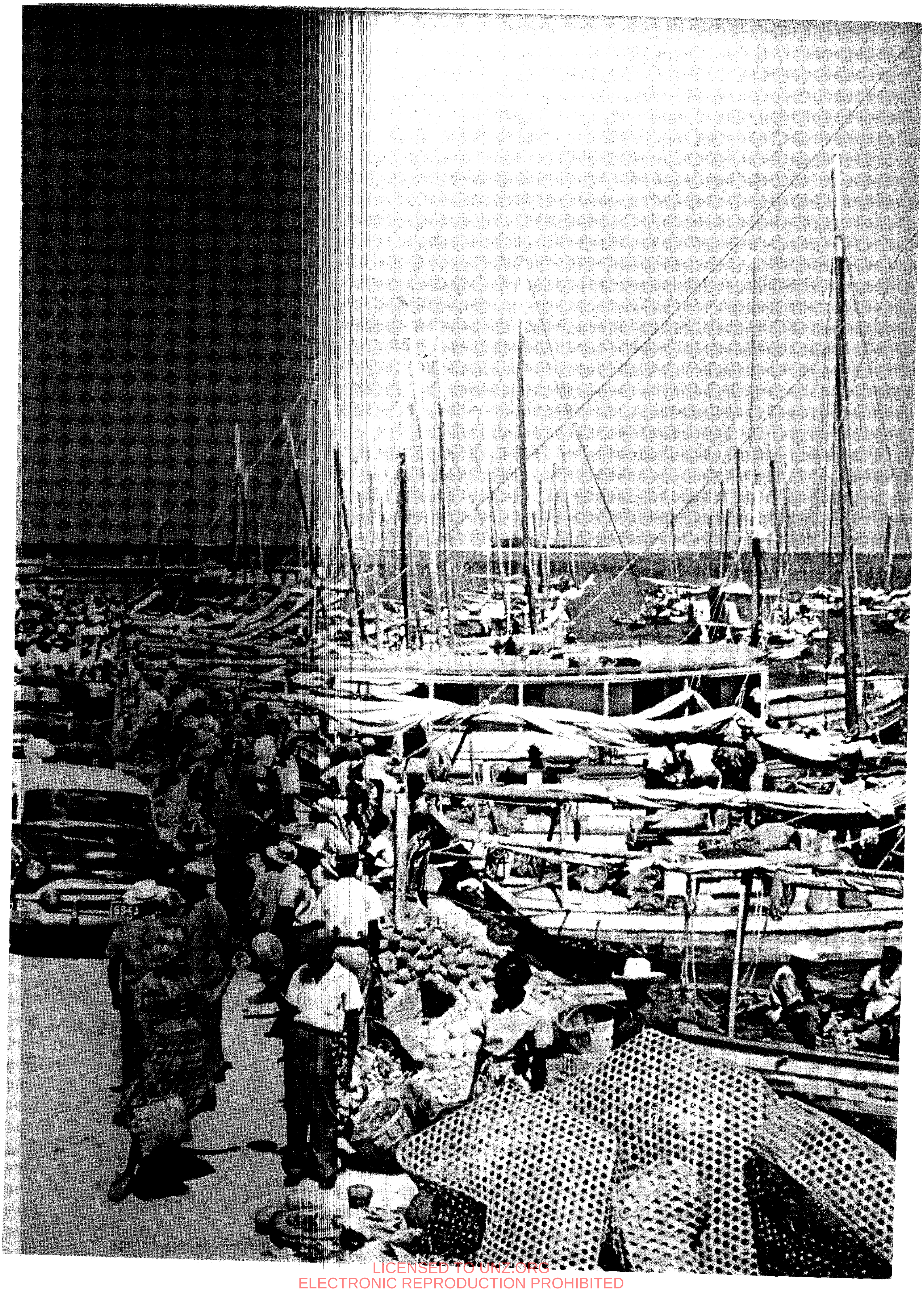
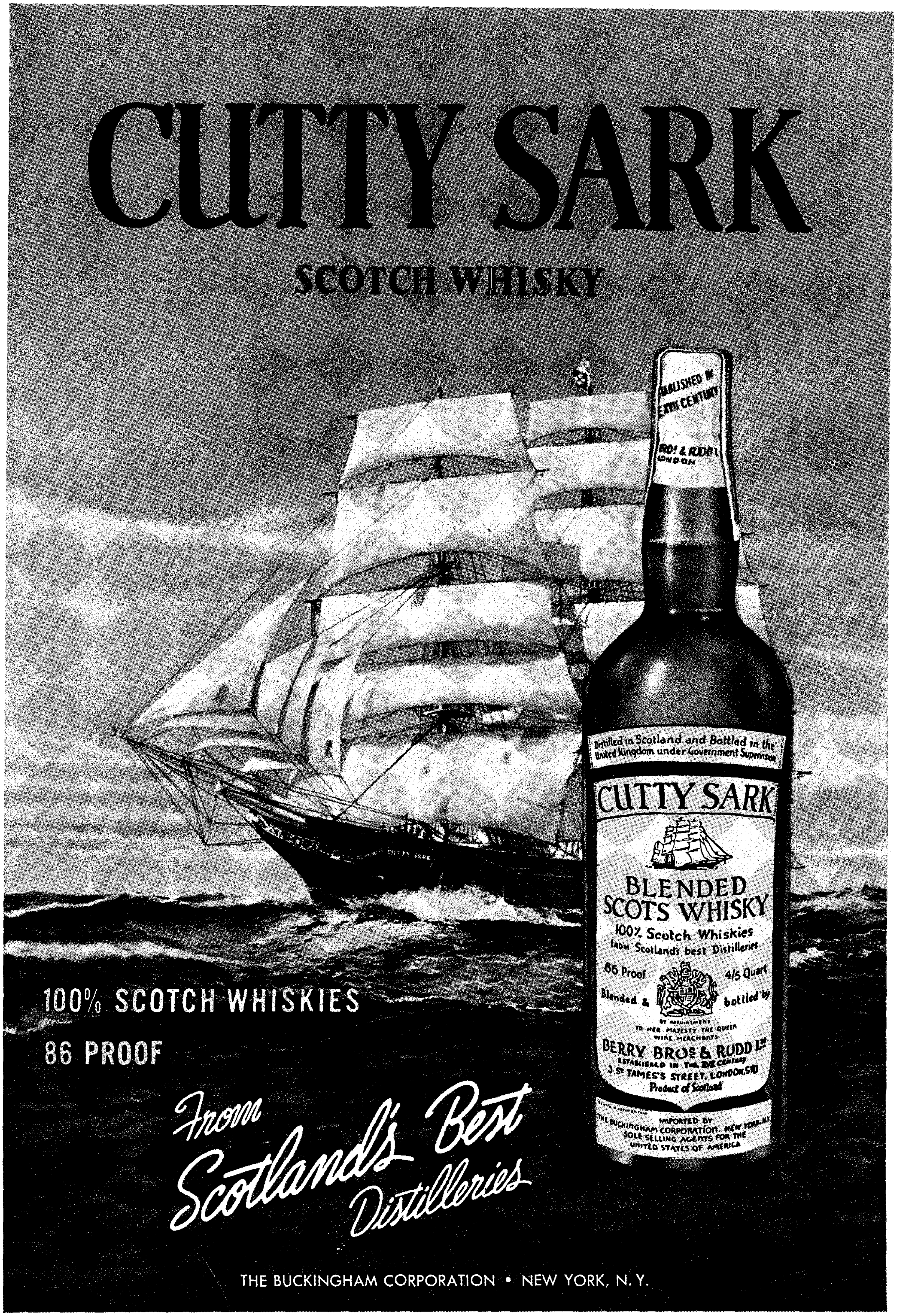
Self-service market, Bahamian style, along the quay in Nassau. Photographed by David Preston.

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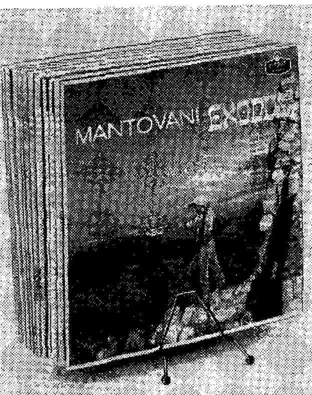

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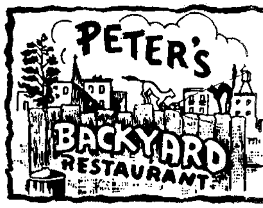

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TABLES FOR TWO

On the Lee Side

ALL at once, from the thicket of instruments that have come to Basin Street East to praise Miss Peggy Lee, a harp takes gentle wing to trail her through a phrase or two, and suddenly we are listening to a Jerome Kern heroine quietly intent upon following, to the letter and to the note, another hymn to the vernal urge that has beset our composers from Kern on down. (Indeed, mostly on down.) A flute ensues, then the piano of Joseph Harnell, the leader of the musicians, and soon afterward a choir of horns softly joins in. The illusion of a pleasurable long ago and far away is complete, and it *is* only an illusion, for Miss Lee is not a Kern heroine in dimity but a sturdy girl in an assertive gown that closely pursues her hourglass configuration, and what she sings is often a decisive statement of fact instead of an admission of wistful thinking. Breathy but truly on pitch in her pensive periods, she is firm in her declarative sentences, and as she approaches her climaxes of exultation her orchestra rises with her, but never is it so intense and closely woven that there are no loopholes through which her words shine clear. Crescendo and diminuendo are her principal assistants; the latter-day habit of disguising the outlines of a ballad with hollandaise has not waylaid her. She is, rather, a pair of honed skates evolving vast figures on a pond of glare ice, leaping into the air and descending with a vehemence that scatters little jets of frosty crystals.

ANOTHER aspect of a pleasurable long ago and far away is the Latin Quarter, the last of the flamboyant palaces of the arts that once rimmed Broadway, for pristine is the innocent delight of its year-long pageants devoted to the female form and to the sort of variety turn that seems to have almost disappeared from earth—such as the Rudas Dancers, a sextet of golden-haired Australian maidens who, chained to one another hand and foot, bound across the stage in a passion of giant cartwheels and pinwheels. And in place of Marcel Duchamp's single nude descending a staircase (that hallmark of the age under discussion) we find a dozen nudes, or nearly, descend-

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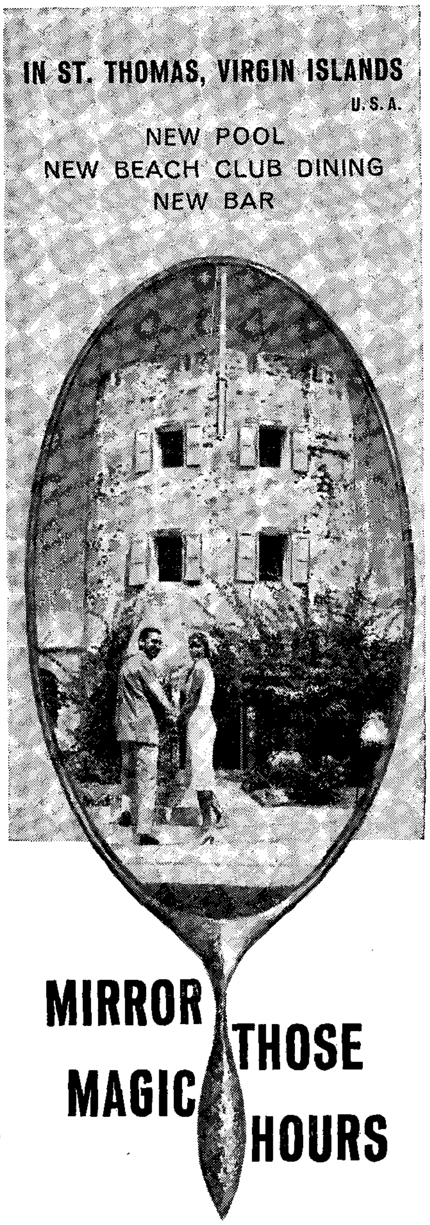

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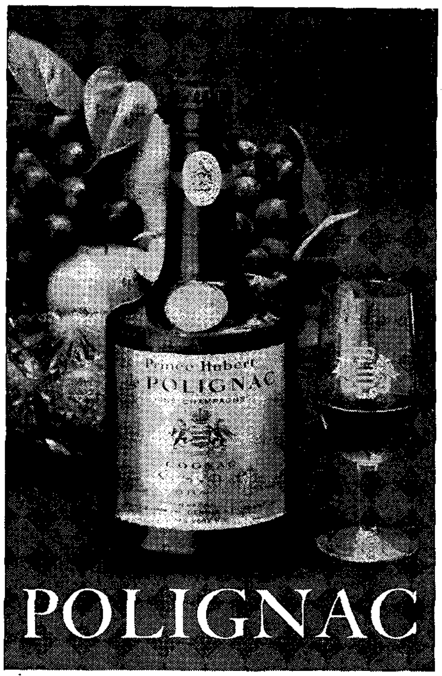

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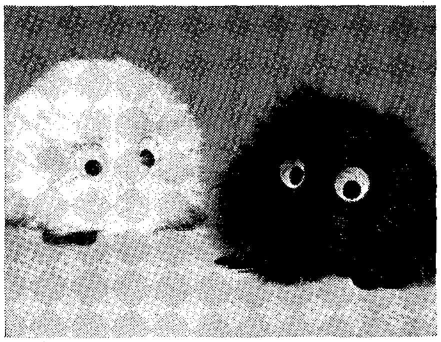

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ing two staircases—and spiral ones at that—plus a cascade of ballerinas falling out of the ceiling and down chutes to engage in a hail of small but hellion shrieks and an appropriately costumed can-can. And as proof that nothing is to be taken seriously there is a burlesque of the strip tease, sung (and undressed) by a cheery Devil's disciple named (what else?) Gloria LeRoy—partly while she is being stood on her head by her partners. There are stage waits, to be sure—a trio of rataplan humorists, a dogged and glum operatic troupe of the kind that Willie Howard, in an arena very much like this one, used to decapitate nightly with a leer—but such interludes cannot hold back the force of this densely populated and handsome extravaganza for more than a moment.

CURRENT events are still in the hands of the conversationalists. The coverage is improved whenever Shelley Berman, soon to vacate the chair—or, rather, high stool—of philosophy in the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room, is the lecturer. I am not at all convinced that so vast an expanse does not detract from the pertinence of what his followers call his telephone-side manner; even so, the Empire Room should probably be commended for temporarily putting aside chanteuses à la hollandaise in favor of public speakers. In this Age of Anxiety, Mr. Berman appears now to occupy a fairly anxious seat himself, and this can diminish the authority of his discourse. But he is a wit to be listened to, and his digression into autobiography—a father resigning himself to the fact that his son is giving up the family store and going into the theatre—is as real a slice of life as the ones Wally Cox used to hand us, quite unbuttered, in another era.

At the Blue Angel, where the Messrs. Berman and Cox were once full professors, the lecturer is now Pat Harrington, Jr., scion of the demon whose speakeasy humor laid waste the Fifty-second Street audiences of an even earlier era. The scion, too, is broad-gauge, as befits a career man in television, but he has attributes not acquired by other venturers from this medium into night life—a neatness of dispatch, and a manner that has already attained assurance but has stopped well short of conceit. Some of the characters in his parables are too well established to be of continuing interest, such as the folk who winter in Miami Beach, but he has other people to grind, particularly spokesmen for the Deep South way of life.

The discussion group at the Bon Soir is at present led by Milt Kamen, another

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career man in television, but one who quickly reverts to type, which is commendably narrow-gauge. Kamen listens before he talks, and thus his speech pattern is an accurate reflection of that glorious paraphrase of language by which millions of New Yorkers communicate with one another. His constituency is the Little Man, permanently and perilously suspended between what's-the-use and I'll-show-'em. Beautiful in his bluster, cynically funny in despair, noble in defeat, Kamen is a man we all feel like encouraging never to give in.

OTHER improvements have lately been made at the Bon Soir in an effort to restore it to its ancient eminence. Felicia Sanders, in every sense a dramatic soprano (*now and then she* is Clytemnestra in the throes of a *nuit blanche*), is nevertheless exemplary in her choice of subject and in her understanding of it, and she has a voice that requires no orchestral obscuring of any faults. Leonard Bernstein and such are the popular composers she sings, and they are men to whom the Sanders clarity of phrasing and diction is important. The second improvement is Isobel Robins, a fresh little daisy of a soubrette who, though she is constantly, like a good penny, turning up on this island, always augments her welcome with a sheaf of new songs.

An improvement of a much more critical situation is being effected at the Blue Angel by two unbelievably young men who first saw the light of night in San Francisco's Purple Onion, long a nursery for beginners with something to say for themselves. These young men are the Smothers Brothers, a felicitous rhyming that is also legitimate, as their drivers' licenses prove, and what they are aiming at is the mortal wounding of the "documentary" and "ethnic" attitude toward folk music. The Brothers look, act, and sound like folk singers, which is forgivable in the young, and in between their ballads, all of them genuine, they wheel into explanations of them that are discomfitingly reliable parodies of what we are apt to hear all around us these nights. It is to be hoped that the Smothers Brothers will help to clear air that has lately grown murky even in clubs with the best of air-conditioning.

—R. W.

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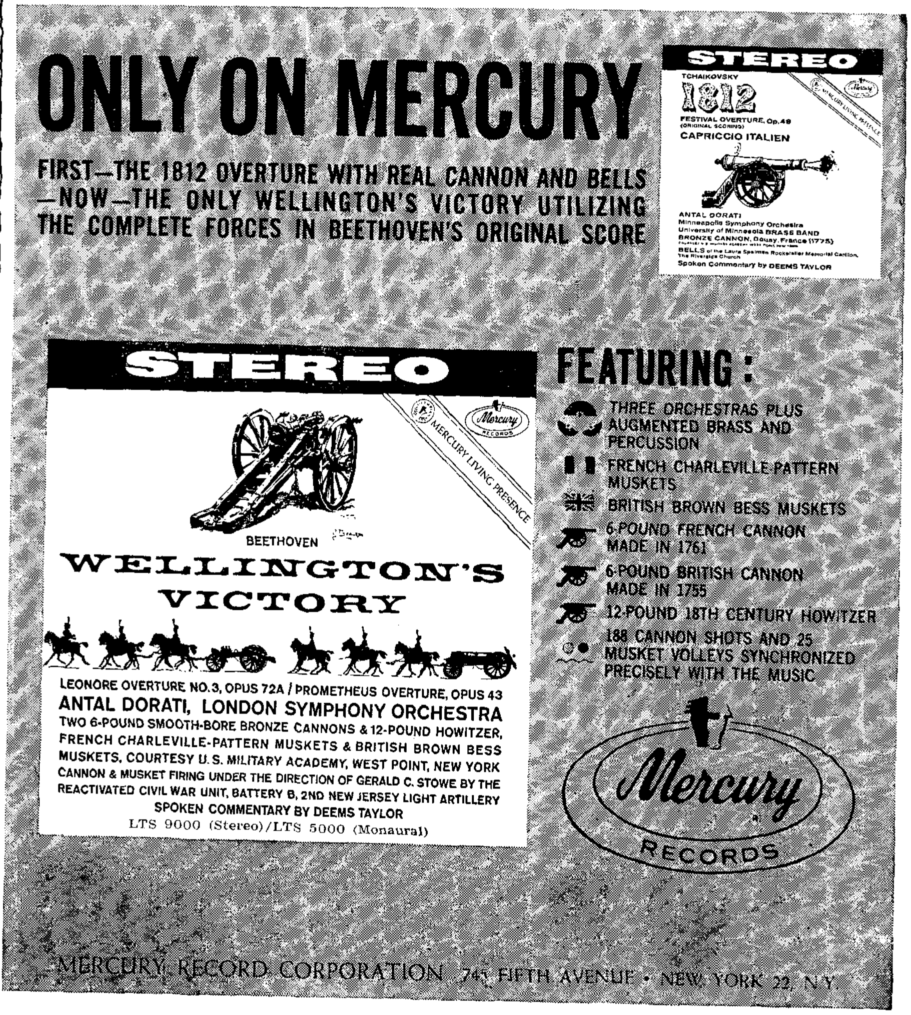

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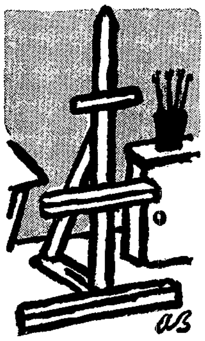
THE ART GALLERIES

In the Museums



TWO museum exhibitions form the main items on our list for the week—"The Arts of Thailand," at the Metropolitan, and the retrospective of paintings by Mark Rothko, at the Museum of Modern Art. Rothko was one of the first of what is now coming to be called, appropriately, the "New York School" of modern artists, who pushed the Abstract-Expressionist technique into the realm of the completely nonobjective. There were a few others, like Barnett Newman, Franz Kline, and Ad Reinhardt, who were heading in the same direction. But most of the group, possibly because of the very exuberance of their approach, have never quite got away from some traces of natural forms in their canvases. Philip Guston, for instance, with his shimmering, Tachiste touches of color, inevitably relates to Monet's lily-pond pictures of his late period. Flowers, or the reflections of flowers, are suggested here, while in the works of others—like Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Jack Tworkov, and James Brooks—the cascades, billows, and massings of color carry perhaps broader (and frequently more tormented) but equally inevitable landscape suggestions. Even Adolph Gottlieb's more formalized arrangements seem based on similar motifs, while Hans Hofmann's brilliantly colorful paintings often look to me like gardens in full bloom. Rothko made his own escape from the figurative in the classic fashion of Mondrian and, later, Albers by returning to the rectangle and the square, and though his patterns are less exact than those of either of his predecessors, they are still essentially geometric in structure. He is thus to a considerable degree one of the modern innovators, and I was a little disappointed that the current collection didn't reveal the processes of his development in this direction in a more detailed fashion.

As things are, the show starts with a group of four water colors, dated 1945-46. They are small and slightly Surrealist in manner, with a hint of Miró, perhaps, in their quick, wriggly,

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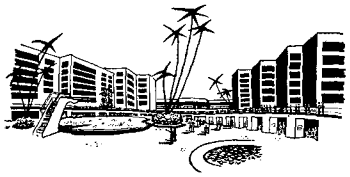

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darting forms and summary symbolism, and of them only one, “Ancestral Imprint”—its horizontally tiered construction faintly foreshadowing Rothko’s present manner—bears any relation at all to his painting today. These were done, moreover, when he was approaching his middle forties (he was born in 1903, in Russia, and his family migrated to this country when he was ten; he is largely self-taught as an artist), and by that time he had been exhibiting rather regularly for a decade or more. From that early group, one moves on to a series of paintings done toward the end of the decade, and if the jump is not great in time, it is in artistic implications, for even the first of these, “No. 10, 1947,” reveals him—Surrealism forgotten, along with whatever influences may have earlier engaged him—already committed to his present, primarily non-objective approach.

Yet if we are left, tantalizingly, pretty much in the dark not only about his youthful background but about the mechanics of his shift from it, the show does record his development in maturity with commendable thoroughness. It wasn’t, apparently, an entirely easy process, and its general direction has been consistently toward broader massing and greater simplification of design. “No. 10, 1947” is pyramidal in pattern, and though the horizontality of the structure in “No. 24, 1947” hints at later trends, the design otherwise is loose and a little lumpy, as is “No. 18,” of the following year. (Rothko is a devotee of the strictly noncommittal title, and occasionally it pushes reticence to the point of aridity.) In “No. 12, 1948,” floating squares of color appear for the first time, but not as dominants, and on the whole it is not till the nineteen-fifties that we find him painting confidently in the style that he was to make peculiarly his own—a design that consists basically of two or more roughly rectangular areas in contrasting colors set one above another, and so large that their background, in still another color, is only a sort of border, “framing” them and centering them on the canvas. It’s a design that seems admirably fitted to Rothko’s talents, for its simplicity and complete lack of naturalistic references leave him free to deal with color as he wishes. Even textural variations are minimum, and since Rothko has become primarily a colorist it is almost solely his astuteness and daring in this field that give his works their value.

He is not entirely unerring. Generally he is most at home with the “hot”

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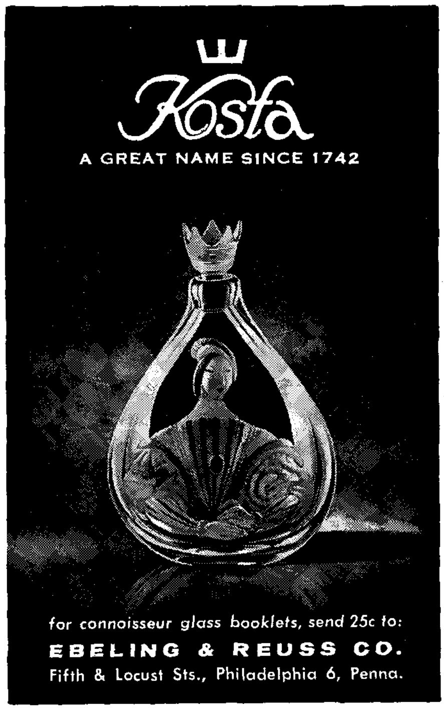

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colors, like reds, orange-yellows, and violets; the cooler tones tend to defeat him, and there are times when his usually sure feeling for design deserts him. Thus, in "White and Greens in Blue" (one of the few canvases with a Christian name to it) the blue, unfortunately, is the wrong blue, while in "No. 8, 1953" the composition is marred by the striated greens and yellows dividing the picture. His best effects are gained, as I've said, at the opposite end of the palette, and here his command of tonal variations and his understanding of the emotional and sensual evocations—the "vibrations," to use the current term—that can be set off by odd, slightly discordant juxtapositions are profound indeed. I liked especially "No. 7, 1960," done mainly in reds, ranging from a deep, sooty crimson to a kind of tangerine-orange; "No. 3, 1956," in which the contrast is between orange and yellow; and the "Mural, Section 2, 1959," done in dark, winelike reds, so close in value that they are almost indistinguishable. Despite his restricted color and limited design, I felt little monotony in the show—again a tribute to Rothko's coloristic dexterity.

"The Arts of Thailand" is the first travelling exhibition of art treasures ever to be sent out from that nation, and though it is smaller than I had expected for so momentous an occasion, there's no question about its sumptuousness. Some three hundred items are included, ranging mainly from the sixth to the eighteenth century and from paintings and illuminated manuscripts, through ceramics, jewelry, and other decorative objects, to religious statuary, and they've been arranged to bring out both the richness and variety of the art of the people and the mixture of playfulness and ritual fervor that seems to have marked their daily life. It was a way of life, one gathers, in which religion was almost synonymous with entertainment, in which processions were gay with masks and banners (and there are ranks and rows of these to suggest their character), in which dancing and plays were part of temple ritual (see the marionettes and shadow-play figures), and in which (so the catalogue says) "the capture of skilled craftsmen was one of the main motives for waging war." Practically everything was considered worthy of decoration, and I imagine most people will enjoy as much as I did just wandering around from the carved and lacquered screens to the brooches and bracelets, the dolls and the small, exqui-

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sitely carved votive objects, and poring over the intricacy and delicacy of the work that was lavished on them. The most important items, however, are the statues, usually in bronze, of Buddha and other figures in his mythology, and here, for all the strictly formalized poses and gestures, there is a surprising amount of stylistic variation. I was especially taken by a "Buddha" (No. 2 in the catalogue) that is severely traditional in design, and hence in sharp contrast with a "Standing Divinity" (No. 7) nearby, which has an almost Grecian ease and grace, and there are similarly interesting juxtapositions throughout the collection.

WE return briefly to the moderns—in particular to David Hare, a new set of whose sculptures, together with a few paintings, are on view at the Saidenberg. Here, too, a certain air of playfulness is evident, since the artist has put aside, for the moment at least, his customary gaunt, rather haunted figures, done usually in welded metal, in favor of a cheerful fling at experimentation in other styles and materials. These range from an almost Rodinesque small study called "Lovers" to a construction in found objects called "A King," which is made up of such items as a cutter bar from a mowing machine, harpoon points (for the king's crown), and some dangling pieces of iron chain, and if some of the entries sag a little artistically the others make up for it by their exuberance. I liked especially his "Bull," an even more reckless experiment with found objects (a pair of ice tongs, the scoop of a mechanical shovel, and a strip of hide are among the features here), and, for contrast, the curiously poetic, paired reclining figures called "Man [and Girl] Looking at the Sky." —ROBERT M. COATES

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Miss *Betty McCue*, director of the women's physical education department, was elected chairman of the Philosophy and Standards Section of the Division of Girls' and Women's Sports of the American Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation, a department of the National Education Association. —*Oberlin Alumni Magazine.*

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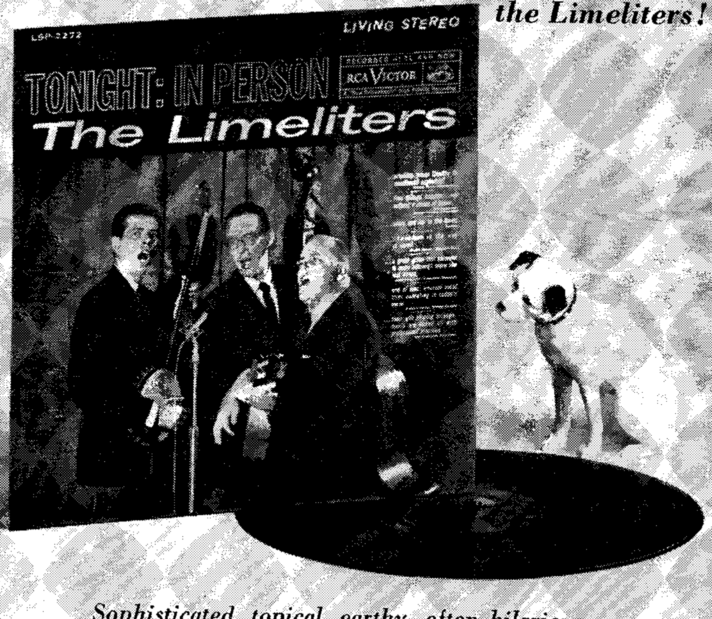

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A MOROZHENOE A DAY KEEPS THE M.V.D. AWAY

NOW that more and more tourists are going to Russia, there arises the vital question of what's to be done if and when you are followed by the Secret Police. One answer that has come to my attention is that of Mrs. Robert B. Meyner, the governor's wife, whose thought-provoking report appeared under the headline "MRS. MEYNER ROUTED RED WITH SWEETNESS" in the *News* of July 25, 1959.

> The attractive wife of Gov. Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey gave a lesson yesterday on how to handle suspicious characters who follow you in Moscow.
>
> Interviewed at International Airport after she and her husband returned from a governors' tour of Russia, Mrs. Meyner said a man had followed her for about 20 minutes while she was shopping.
>
> "He might have been a security policeman," she said. "I stopped to buy an ice cream cone, suddenly turned and gave it to him, and he thanked me in Russian and disappeared."

"*Spasibo*" is the Russian word for "thank you." With that in mind, a little imagination should be able to bring alive the whole heartening incident—Mrs. Meyner elbowing down the aisles of GUM, a Moscow department store, the Russian secret agent treading behind her, Mrs. Meyner ordering him a double scoop of chocolate chip, the Russian muttering "*Spasibo*" and, with a shy, apologetic smile, disappearing through the door on Kuibyshev Street.

Meyner himself is tagging along at some distance, grumpily picking up the bills. "Who the blazes was *that*?" he asks her.

"I don't know. He might have been a security policeman," Mrs. Meyner replies.

"You seemed to set him at ease quickly enough."

"Shucks. I gave him an ice-cream cone, that's all."

"An ice-cream cone . . . clever! How did you think of that?"

"Well, the way to a man's heart is through his stomach—Mother always said."

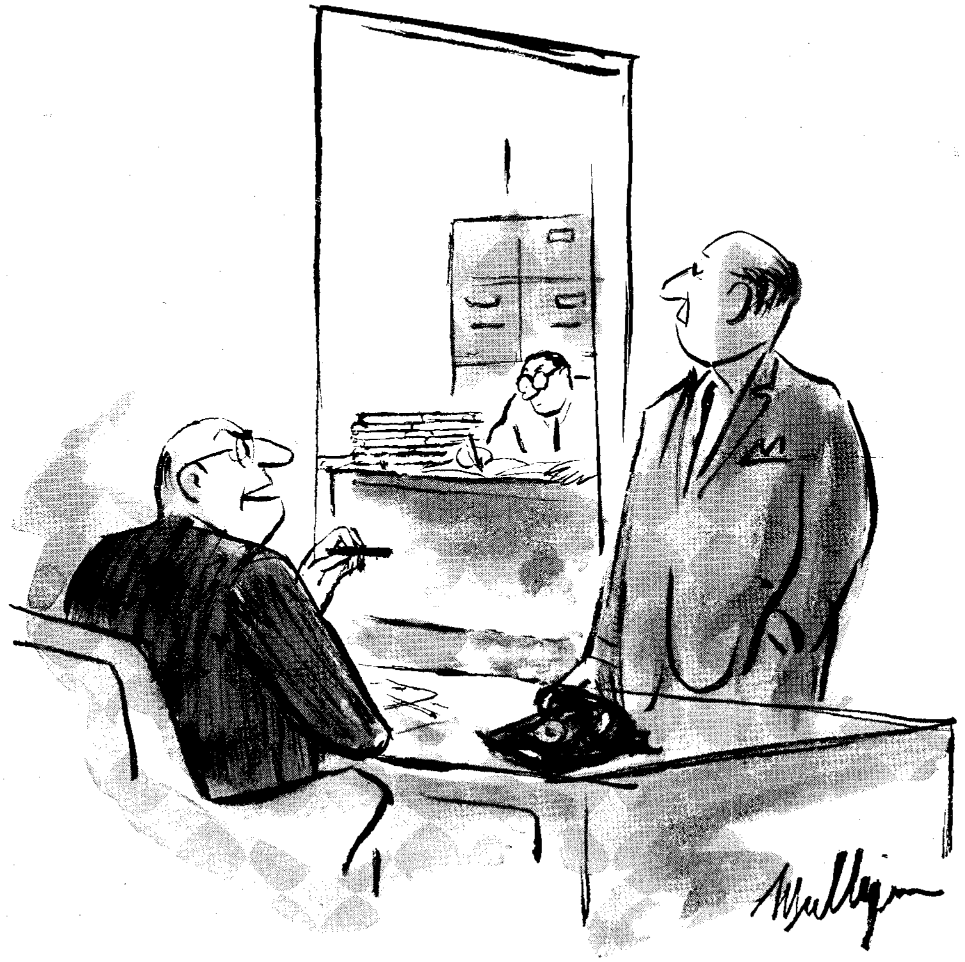
Much the same reassuring experience has been reported by other visitors to Moscow. Memorable among them are Marvin L. Kalb, the correspondent there for the Columbia Broadcasting System and author of "Eastern Exposure," and Mr. X, an English scientist who appears under that pseudonym in John Gunther's "Inside Russia Today." Let me rehearse their adventures. Kalb's occurred on January 29, 1956, while taking the Kirovsko-Frunzenskaia line of Moscow's subway from the Gorky Park of Culture and Rest to the Sverdlov stop. It was in this subway car, he writes in his book, that he first became suspicious of a man standing to his left, dressed completely in black.

> He was not at all bad looking, rather young, and somewhat nervous (he kept twitching his moustache). He stood not two feet from me, looking at me, not smiling, dead serious.
>
> At the third stop, I got off, walked out to the street, and spotted the huge and marvelously impressive Bolshoi Theater. I stood looking at it, but the cold made me change my mind about too long an appreciation, and I darted back quickly, only to bump into someone. The same man in black. I suspected he was on my tail. I had heard in Washington that, though times have changed, the Russians might put a tail on a newcomer to Moscow. By the time we reached Red Square, I was certain. He was right behind me, no more than 10 feet away, and no one would follow me around on this freezing afternoon who wasn't assigned the job. I entered GUM's, the fabulous, large Macy-ish department store which fronts on Red Square, to get out of the cold and to look around. My man was right behind me. I smiled to him. He did not smile back. I approached a small stand where a woman was selling ice cream. I asked her for two cones. I paid her, started to eat one and then, without looking around but sensing he was right behind me, I simply extended one of the ice cream cones back. *To my amazement, he took it.*

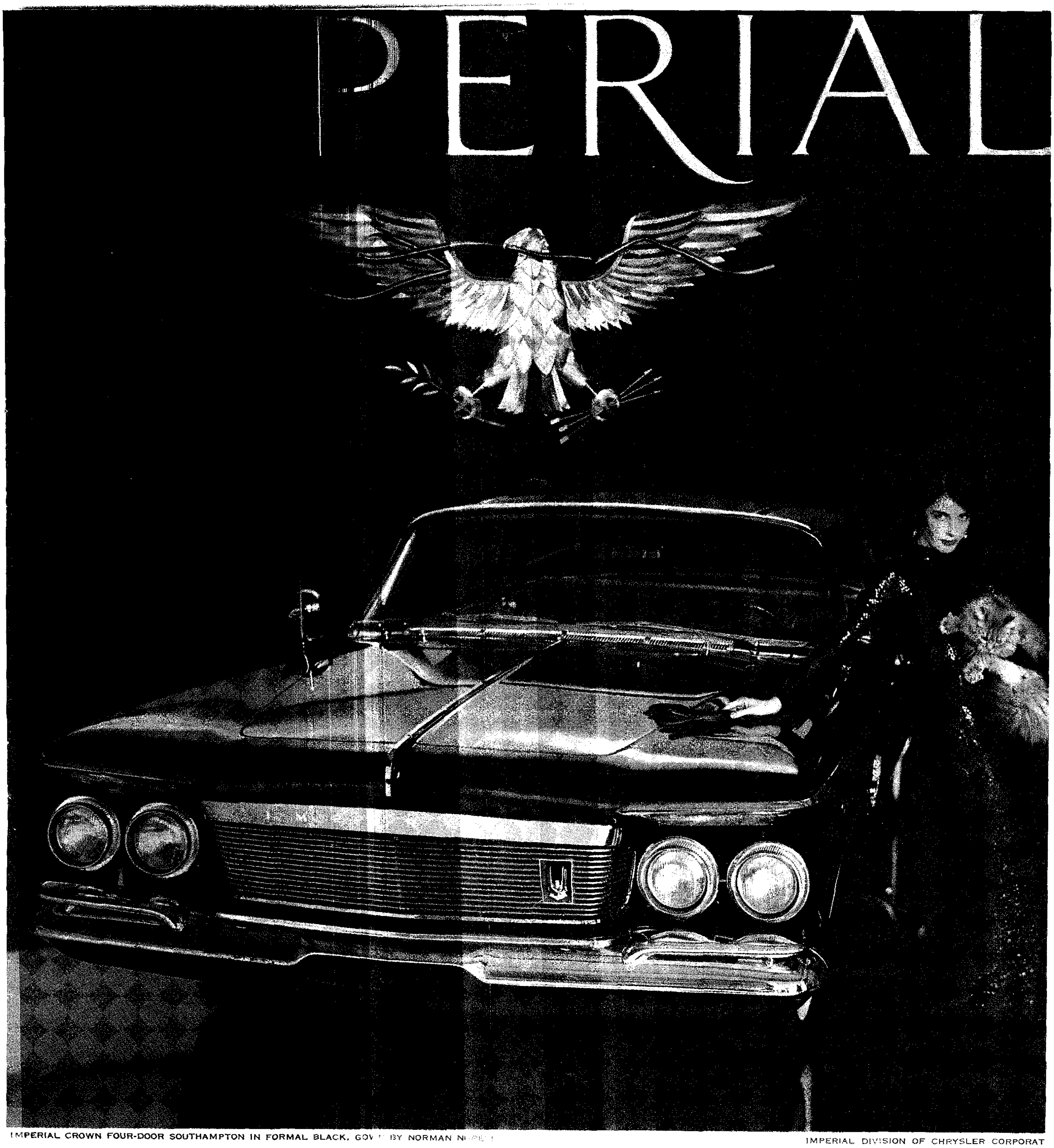
And never came back again, according to Kalb.

Mr. X's beguilement of the Secret Police occurred in 1956, Gunther reports, and it seems to have followed a like pattern in spite of X's rather pinch-fisted behavior in going Dutch.

> A young Englishman whom I shall call Mr. X arrived in Russia early last year to do some scientific research. He knew Russian perfectly. On his first afternoon, he took a walk. He noticed at once that a man who had been waiting in the hotel lobby followed him. Mr. X walked hard and fast down one street and up another; his shadow stuck close behind. Mr. X took a bus. His shadow got on the same bus. Mr. X went to GUM and wandered through its corridors, but he could not separate himself from his friend. He left GUM, took a ride in the subway, and walked back. His shadow never left him. At last, exhausted, he stepped into the elaborate ice cream shop near the Red Square, and ordered some *morozhenoe.* His shadow



"If there's anything that gives me the creeps, it's an auditor who keeps going 'Tch, tch.'"



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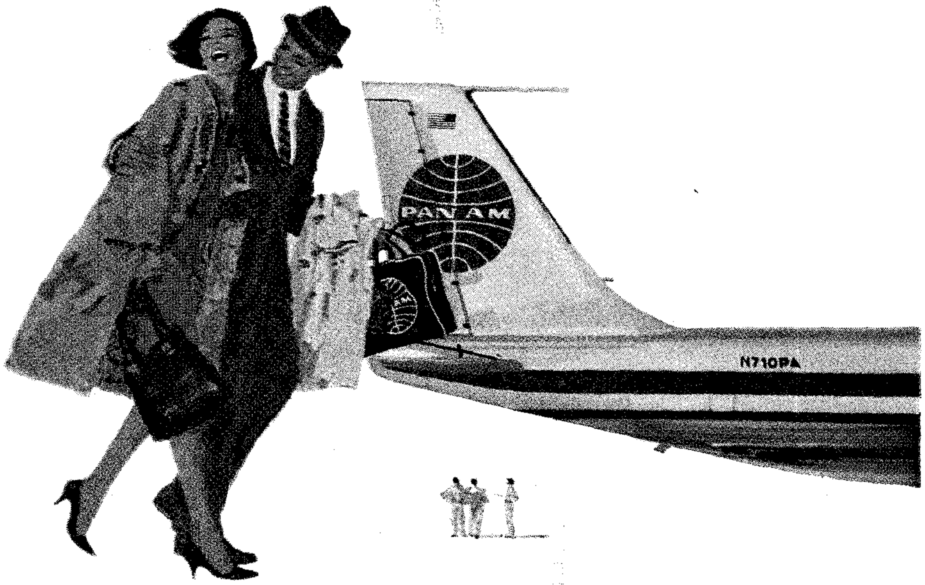

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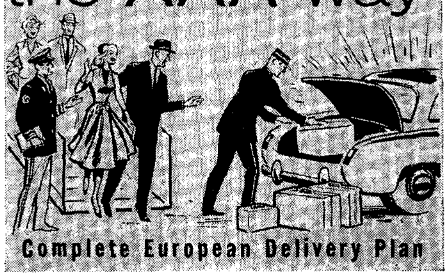

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sat down at the next table, and ordered the identical dish. Mr. X then turned to him with outstretched hand, grasped his warmly, and exclaimed, "We might as well be friends!" From that day he never saw the man again and, so far as he knows, was never shadowed or followed a second time.

I AM citing these episodes in detail for a particular reason. As fortune would have it, I myself was sightseeing in Moscow not so long ago and happened to meet with a weird experience there—one that, while similar to the ice-cream incidents I had read about before leaving America, suggests that they may have been gravely misinterpreted. Understand, I wouldn't call in question the strange appeal that ice cream is said to hold for the Russian palate. I agree with such temperate appraisals as Marguerite Higgins', in "Red Plush and Black Bread," that the quality of Russian ice cream is a "gastronomic surprise," and Santha Rama Rau's, in "My Russian Journey," that the Russians have a "passion" for that dessert, but I must take issue with the intimations of Mrs. Meyner, Marvin L. Kalb, and Mr. X that the blandishments of ice cream are such that even the Russian Secret Police cannot resist them.

Now to my story. Having flown to Moscow, I spent the first four days there in the steady, decorous company of my Intourist interpreter-guide, Olga. On the fifth, I finally escaped her by descending from my hotel window on a rope made of bedsheets, and found myself strangely exhilarated in mingling alone with the crowds in the chilly sunshine outside. Apprehensions of being "tailed" couldn't have been farther from my thoughts as I strolled across Revolution Square and past the Historical Museum to Red Square itself. Then, while losing myself to the drama of Spasskaia Tower, I slowly became aware of a long black shadow falling on the cobblestones—the shadow of somebody behind me. Almost menacingly, the left hand of this shadow reached upward until it was twitching the spot on its face where a mustache would be. My memory stirred uneasily, and, feigning a casual architectural interest in GUM, I turned around. The man was scarcely an arm's length away. He had, indeed, a long, tapering mustache, and he was alternately twisting its ends and whetting the point of a black goatee, while staring at me from out of Svengali eyes. He wore a black snap-brimmed hat and a black cloak, and he wasn't smiling.

It was, I confess, as much a sudden sense of disquiet as a natural curiosity

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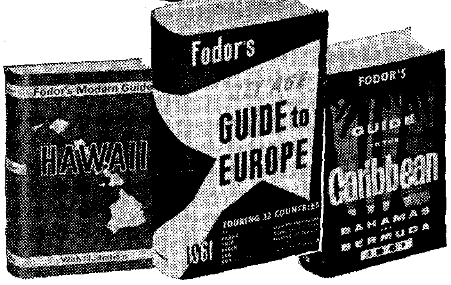

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that began urging me—at first slowly, then at a pace brisker and brisker—toward the other end of Red Square and the refuge of St. Basil's Cathedral. Once inside, I climbed deviously up and down the stairways under the famous onion-topped towers. By now there couldn't be any doubt about it—the man was shadowing me, seldom allowing the gap between us to exceed a foot and a half. I went outside and jogged across the Square to GUM; Svengali did the same. My hopes of giving him the slip in a crowd of ladies struggling at the notions counter proved to be ungrounded, for he took hold of my tweed jacket, and only when we had emerged from a side door, on 25 Oktiabria Street, did he relinquish his grasp. I grinned at him sheepishly, but he didn't reciprocate. Spinning around, I ran down the street to Dzerzhinskaia Square and, the sight of Liubianka prison fetching me up, into the Dzerzhinskaia stop of the subway. I changed from the Kirovsko-Frunzenskaia line to the Gorkovsko-Zamoskvoretskaia line at the Sverdlov stop, and then to the Koltsevaia line at Paveletskaia. Never was I out of my companion's hypnotic sight, and I could feel the moist weight of his breath on my neck as I rose, on the long escalator, from the subway station at the Gorky Park of Culture and Rest.

Half an hour later, I was riding high in a compartment of the Gorky Ferris wheel, Svengali directly opposite me, when a growing exasperation and, to be frank, a real anxiety finally gave me the courage to try that ice-cream maneuver. Immediately after both of us had disembarked from the wheel, I walked to a small pavilion nearby, seated myself at the counter, and held up two fingers toward the counter girl, and then pointed them toward the black-caped figure already seated beside me. "*Morozhenoe*," I told her, for I had remembered the Russian word for "ice cream" from the anecdote in Gunther's book.

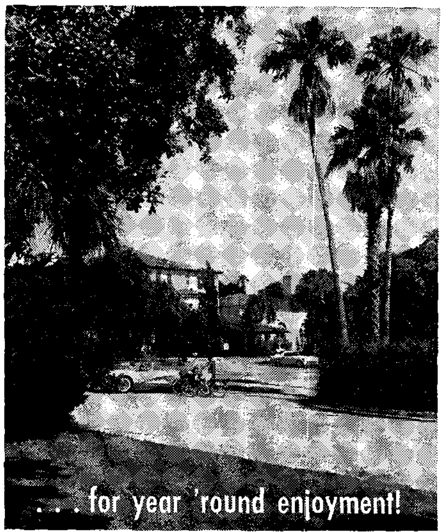
"*Shokoladnoe, slivochnoe, ili zemlianichnoe?*" the girl asked. She waited impatiently for an answer, and then began again, "*Shokoladnoe, sli—*"

"Er . . . *shokoladnoe*," I said, realizing this was the word for "chocolate."

"Excuse, am here preferring vanilla. *Slivochnoe*." To my astonishment, the husky voice that said these words came from the mysterious Russian beside me. "*Slivochnoe mne*," he added to the waitress, before returning to me with the English, "You are taking care of bill—no?"

"No—I mean yes," I said.

"Am asking because of misfortunate



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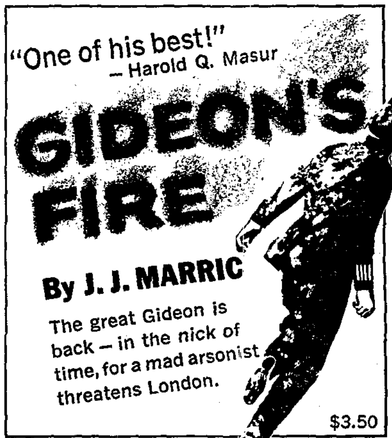

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incident. Was left by Englishman holding check!"

"I—I promise to pay," I said.

"Big handshake he gives me, and 'We are friends' he tells me—but ice-cream remuneration? *Nyet.*"

"Really, it won't happen again," I said. I hastily reached for my wallet, and, fumbling, removed a ten-ruble note in time to give it to the waitress as she brought us the chocolate and vanilla cones. My companion grunted, and both of us began eating in silence. After a couple of tense minutes, he finished the last cacophonous bit of his cone and slowly wiped the knuckles of each hand across his lips.

"Well . . . *spasibo* and *do svidaniia*, friend. Don't take wooden rubles," he said, and, pulling the cloak around him, started to walk leisurely toward the park's exit.

Relief at being alone again and a dreamlike sense of unreality combined to fix me numbly to the ice-cream counter for another minute. Then I sprang to my feet and started hurrying down the central mall of the park in pursuit of my enigmatic acquaintance. Most likely it was at the children's carrousel that he caught sight of me, for there he began walking more quickly, but I speeded up, too, and overtook him at the gate leading to Krimskii Val. He whirled around irately as I grabbed at his cloak's hem.

"Please," I said, "I just have a question, that's all. Why—why do you stop following people if they buy you ice cream?"

"Ha! I have a question *you*," said the Russian. "Why people buy me ice cream if I following them?"

"Because you— Wait a minute. You *are* in the Secret Police, aren't you?"

"Fabrication! Am simple apprentice cabinetmaker in Novokuzminki suburb."

"Then—then why do you keep following people?"

"*Because.* Already told you, always they buy me ice cream!" With a look at my suddenly debilitated jaw, he added, "Russians have an ice-cream passion—you haven't heard?"

"I've heard," I said.

"Is truly a gastronomical surprise." He then threw a cape-shrouded arm over my shoulders and started easing me back toward the ice-cream pavilion. "I tell you of experience with actual wife of Governor New Jersey Robert B. Meyner. Happened this way . . ."

—JOHN SACK

• •

THE THRIFTY ELEPHANT

In my rudyard-kipling-simple years I read
Of mid-jungle where the elephants go to die.
Old bulls know, and, rather than death by herd,
Wait alone, and add to the fabulous ivory.

My uncle had a wiry chicken yard, and told
Me in my chicken-childish time that one,
Bleeding or sick, would be pecked and killed
By hens terrified silly of the different hen.

Into the big ears of children wisdom goes,
Out of the mouths of grown-up men it comes—
The hencoop-jungle myths turned into laws
For one another, and given longer names.

Man's in his second childhood now. He'll take
As gospel anything barnyard-rudyard speaks.
What flurry of feathers and hysterical squawk
All around me, and deadly incessant beaks,

The sick healing the sick with the sickness.
The last of hens will peck at itself, cluck,
Flop in the gravel, and die of uniqueness.
The thrifty elephant saves even his neck.

A health of dying. An anguish without rant.
Who's seen an old bull elephant lately, old
Red-eyed, foot-dragging, single-minded blunt-
Tusk, lugging his bones to the bones piled?

—JOHN HOLMES

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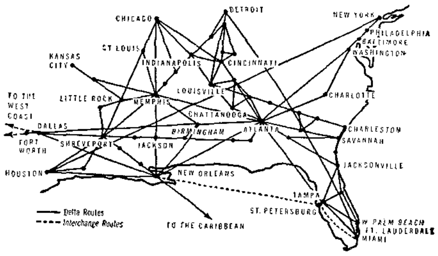
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Boffo for Miss Moffo

IN writing those comparatively rare columns that might be entitled "If I Were Bing" or "Bing for a Day"—columns in which I presume to tell Mr. Rudolf Bing how I think he should run his opera house—I assume the risk of belatedly discovering that Mr. Bing has been planning to do something or other that I have just loudly proclaimed he ought to do. This occurred last week when the public announcement that Wagner's Ring cycle is to be revived next season hit the newsstands at the precise moment my piece complaining about its neglect appeared in print. Needless to say, I am delighted to have been anticipated in this matter. The Ring will be very welcome after its four years of absence from the repertory, and I look forward to hearing it again.

Meanwhile, last week's events at the Metropolitan were brightened by at least two new ventures in casting: Victoria de los Angeles' appearance as Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser" (which, unfortunately, I missed), and the first appearance as Gilda, in Thursday night's "Rigoletto," of the young Philadelphia-born soprano Anna Moffo, which I found more than gratifying. Miss Moffo, whose appearances last season, in "La Traviata," were sudden and brief—the press of other events kept me from attending them—is a beautiful figure on the stage and an actress of considerable natural endowments. Rumor had prepared me to expect these things, but I was not prepared for the elegant and nearly flawless quality of her singing the other night. Though she is officially listed as a lyric soprano, the coloratura hurdles of Gilda's role held no terrors for her whatever. She negotiated her trills and rapid scale passages with the utmost aplomb, singing every note beautifully in tune and with the most fastidious sense of emphasis imaginable. Unlike the general run of coloratura sopranos one hears in this role, she has a voice of great expressive character, capable of underlining the emotions of the part and giving it real dramatic eloquence. Her "Caro nome" was a demonstration of cultivated style that sent

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my mind back through memories of countless Gildas, beginning with Amelita Galli-Curci (whom I remember in her final years as a brilliant and evocative singer with an unfortunate tendency to get off pitch), and nowhere could I find a more charming version of this aria. Later on—in the third-act duets—I found a few flaws. There was one rather squeezed high note (though even this was perfect in intonation), and Miss Moffo's voice is not quite large enough as yet to make a really stunning effect in the role's more robust bravura passages. But the flaws were slight, and they were concerned with mere physical volume, rather than artistry. Considering the fact that Miss Moffo is only twenty-six, it seems obvious to me that we have in her the makings of a great diva.

The other members of the cast ranged from adequate to very good indeed. Cornell MacNeil's Rigoletto, while it does not have quite the heart-rending lyricism of the late Leonard Warren's, is a worthy and at times a quite affecting interpretation. William Wildermann's Sparafucile is superbly sung. Dino Formichini, as the Duke, has a very pleasant voice when it is not forced, and a sense of musical style that seems to me somewhat callow. His appoggiaturas in "È il sol dell'anima," for example, were not sung with the scrupulousness that one expects from a finished artist. Still, in a somewhat unsophisticated way, he managed to produce an agreeable impression, and the total production, with its fine scenery by Eugene Berman and some crisp conducting by Kurt Adler, was well worth attending.

TO those who dote on Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas even when they are rather innocently performed, I can recommend the current season of the City Center Gilbert and Sullivan Company at the City Center. The more critical Gilbert and Sullivan buff, who hangs on every point of hallowed style and ritual, may have his reservations. I attended the opening performance of "The Mikado," on Tuesday evening, and enjoyed myself a great deal. I love the transparency, melodic inventiveness, and lightness of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, and I thought that Robert Irving conducted it with delightful spirit. Taking a more critical attitude, however, I must point out that the performance of such works poses a special problem, which is concerned not so much with Sullivan's music as with W. S. Gilbert's plots and lyrics. These

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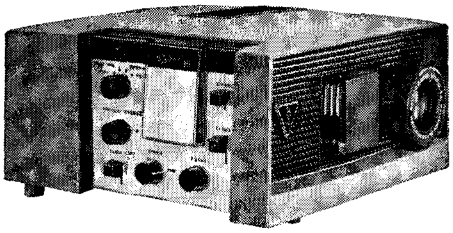

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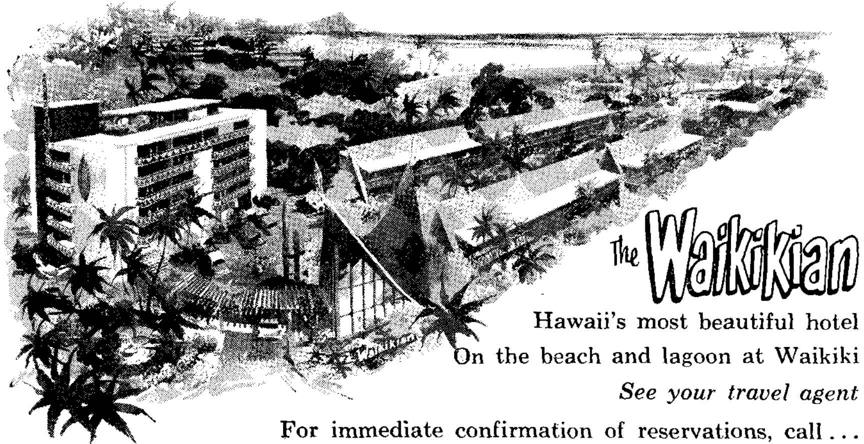

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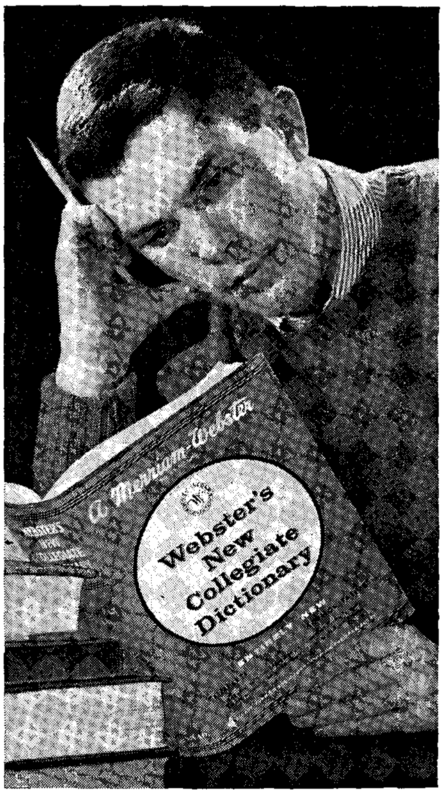

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plots and lyrics are, in their way, masterpieces of sly wit, but they are securely grounded in the Victorian era that gave birth to them. Their wit depends on a formal complex of morals and attitudes that now belongs to the past; their references to sex are arch and sometimes coy to the modern mind; and their satire is aimed at pomposities and foibles that belong to a distinct period. Because of these factors, it is scarcely desirable nowadays to play Gilbert and Sullivan straight. The operettas are period pieces, and good modern productions of them demand the sort of stylization that recognizes this fact, placing them in a framework where one can be amused not only by the humor of the originals but also by the humor with which a present-day audience must regard their dated quality. All this demands exquisite style, a feeling for nostalgia, and the conscious use of mannerism, and makes Gilbert and Sullivan production a more difficult art, by far, than grand-opera production. In "The Mikado" the other night, only the comic characters—Ko-Ko (Norman Kelley), Pooh-Bah (Herbert Beattie), Katisha (Ruth Kobart), and the Mikado himself (George Gaynes)—had a touch of this sort of stylization, and what they did was pretty broad. The boy-and-girl stuff between Nanki-Poo and the three little maids from school was so lacking in sophistication that it sometimes suggested a Shubert road company of a Rudolf Friml operetta somewhere around 1920. Doing "The Mikado" with the formal, traditional approach of the D'Oyly Carte company is, I am afraid, something that is beyond the capacities of a new repertory group like the one at the City Center. But if you like the tunes (as I do) and are willing to put up with a slight amount of naïveté, you can get your money's worth of enjoyment. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

CHICAGO (UPI)—Sir Edmund Hillary, the conqueror of Mt. Everest, says he believes the abominable snowman is a myth.

Hillary arrived in Chicago Sunday with a dried scalp which Himalayan villagers believe is the Chicago Museum of Natural History.—*Newport (Ind.) Hoosier State.*

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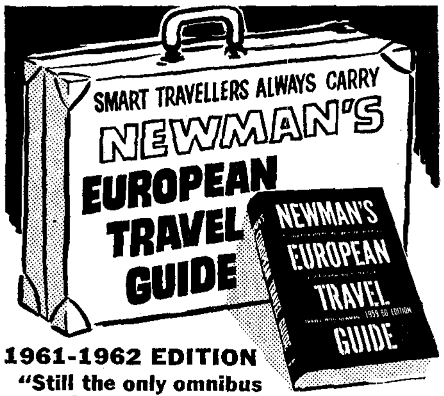

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A MONKEY IN WINTER, by Antoine Blondin, translated from the French by Robert Baldick (Putnam). M. Blondin's novel is set in a little French resort town called Tigreville. Tigreville is quiet enough at the best of times, but now, late in the year, it is almost fast asleep. The monotony of the season is broken, very slightly, by the arrival of a youngish stranger, Gabriel Fouquet, who settles into a room at the small Hôtel Stella and proceeds to keep very much to himself and to drink a good deal. The hotel proprietor, Albert Quentin, a man who has substituted dreaming for the alcohol that formerly dominated him, takes a fatherly interest in Fouquet, and their respective stories unfold as their friendship grows. M. Blondin's work is rich in atmosphere and in the promise of excitement and even of revelation, but the promise is not fulfilled, and what we have in the end is a mild tale of the growth of intimacy between two strangers cast into each other's company by accident.

THE TAKERS, by Max Ehrlich (Harper). This story about the Internal Revenue Service centers on the Upper Manhattan District Office, at 484 Lexington Avenue. Ed Vogel, an agent stationed there, has a wife and two children to support on a small salary, and the additional expense of an old and mentally disordered mother, who is in a private institution. Vogel lives meanly and in a state of constant anxiety. Through no fault of his, his anxieties become unbearable, and all the time he is forced to spend his days interviewing citizens who are mostly better off financially than he is, and who in many cases are trying to cheat on their taxes. Finally, in desperation and terror, Vogel accepts a bribe from a particularly well-heeled taxpayer. At this point, the second important figure in the story enters. The newcomer is Bill Wyman, also employed by the Internal Revenue Service, but as a spy to track down men like Vogel. Mr. Ehrlich's writing has little distinction, and his characterizations are for the most part both thin and facile, but he has reason to be proud of Ed Vogel, a memorably ordinary little figure who is lifted out of the pathos and futility of his situation and into the tragic realm where men are tempted beyond their strength.

A KIND OF LOVING, by Stan Barstow (Doubleday). This English novel, set in an industrial town in Yorkshire, records the heartaches of a very young man who is forced to marry his girl when she becomes pregnant, even though he believes that he doesn't love her. The young man, Victor Brown, who tells the story himself, speaks in a voice that is alive and very human, although the self-conscious pathos and general lack of joy in his nature spoil the effect of his performance to some extent.

GENERAL

TROPICAL AFRICA, by George H. T. Kimble (Twentieth Century Fund). An invaluable two-volume study of the immense section of Africa that lies between the Sahara and the Union of South Africa. The first volume, "Land and Livelihood," meticulously surveys all the soils and climates, from jungle to quasi-desert, in this huge territory, and describes how Africans cope with them. Tropical Africa, Professor Kimble tells us, is potentially rich—richer, indeed, than the Cities of Gold that European explorers once set out to find—but its wealth is in forms (hydroelectric power, mineral deposits) that cannot be realized without modern technical equipment and tremendous capital investment, which are hard to come by in a land denied nature's most important gift of good, fertile earth. Some economists and politicians believe that tropical Africa must raise capital at any cost for a series of crash programs to build dams and power stations, and industrialize immediately; others favor a slower course of improving agriculture and animal husbandry, and so creating a prosperous African yeomanry whose children, perhaps, will build the dams. Kimble,

Walter Bird

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a geographer, presents both sets of arguments without espousing either; he simply reports what has been attempted, done, and learned. His detachment is not cold but kindly, and in his second volume, "Society and Polity," kindly detachment is particularly welcome, for here he must deal with controversies that impassion both Africans and Europeans—and to which there are, as yet, no absolute answers. For example: Do the virtues of tribal life outweigh the gains of city life? What style of colonial administration is the best preparation for self-government? Is there an "African soul," as some African intellectuals insist, that can never be Europeanized? The author discusses these matters equably, optimistically, and, above all, factually. His book is not topical, and it will not be dated for a long time to come; as far ahead as one can imagine, the news made in Africa will develop some subject that Professor Kimble has delineated and clarified.

CHILDREN OF THE MIST: A TRUE AND INFORMAL ACCOUNT OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SCANDAL, by Elizabeth Foster (Macmillan). A lugubrious reconstruction of the notorious *ménage à trois* that sheltered the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Elizabeth Foster—who was the former's mistress and the latter's best friend—for over a quarter of a century. The title refers to the two children that Lady Elizabeth (no kin to the author) bore her protector. The subtitle is merely misleading, for while the triangle that Miss Foster describes existed, she has gone so far beyond the facts (inventing conversations, imagining reflections, conjuring moods and motives) that the result is a foolish and ill-written soap opera. ("The window was lit by one brilliant star, and she murmured that it was like a great love, fixed and unwavering, guiding poor frightened mortals through the dangerous shoals of life.")

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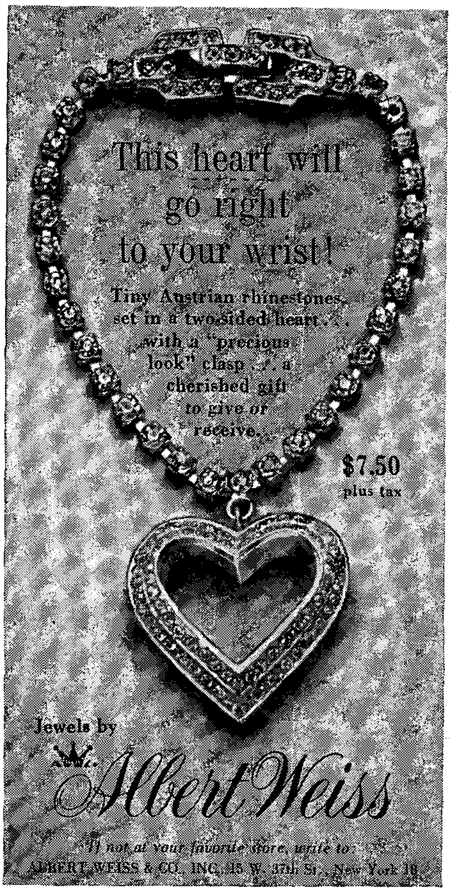

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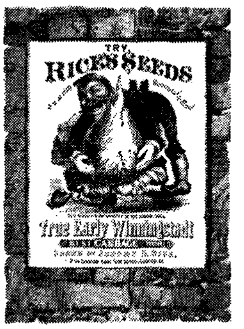

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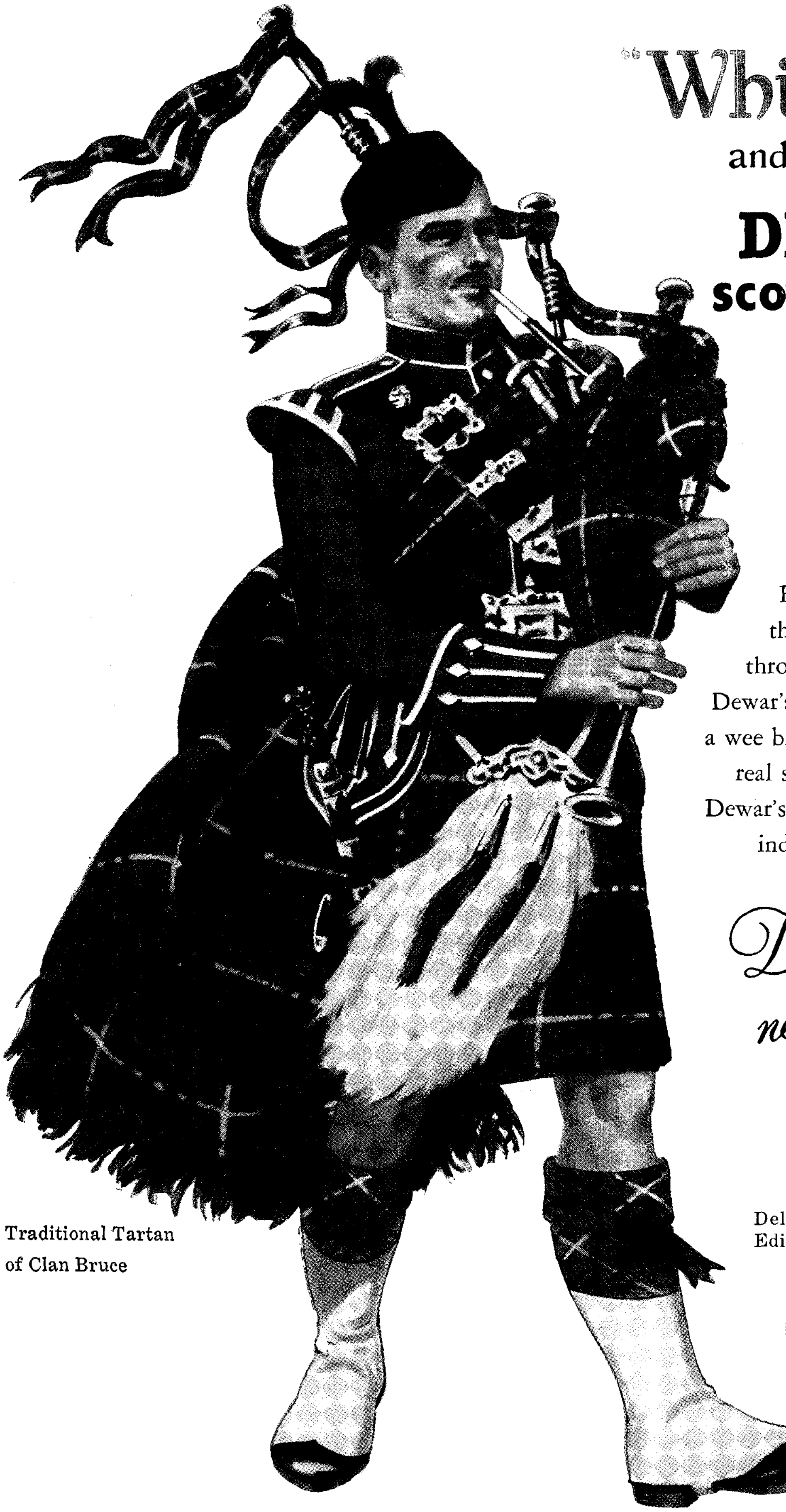

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